Jan. 19, 1963

THE NEW YORKER

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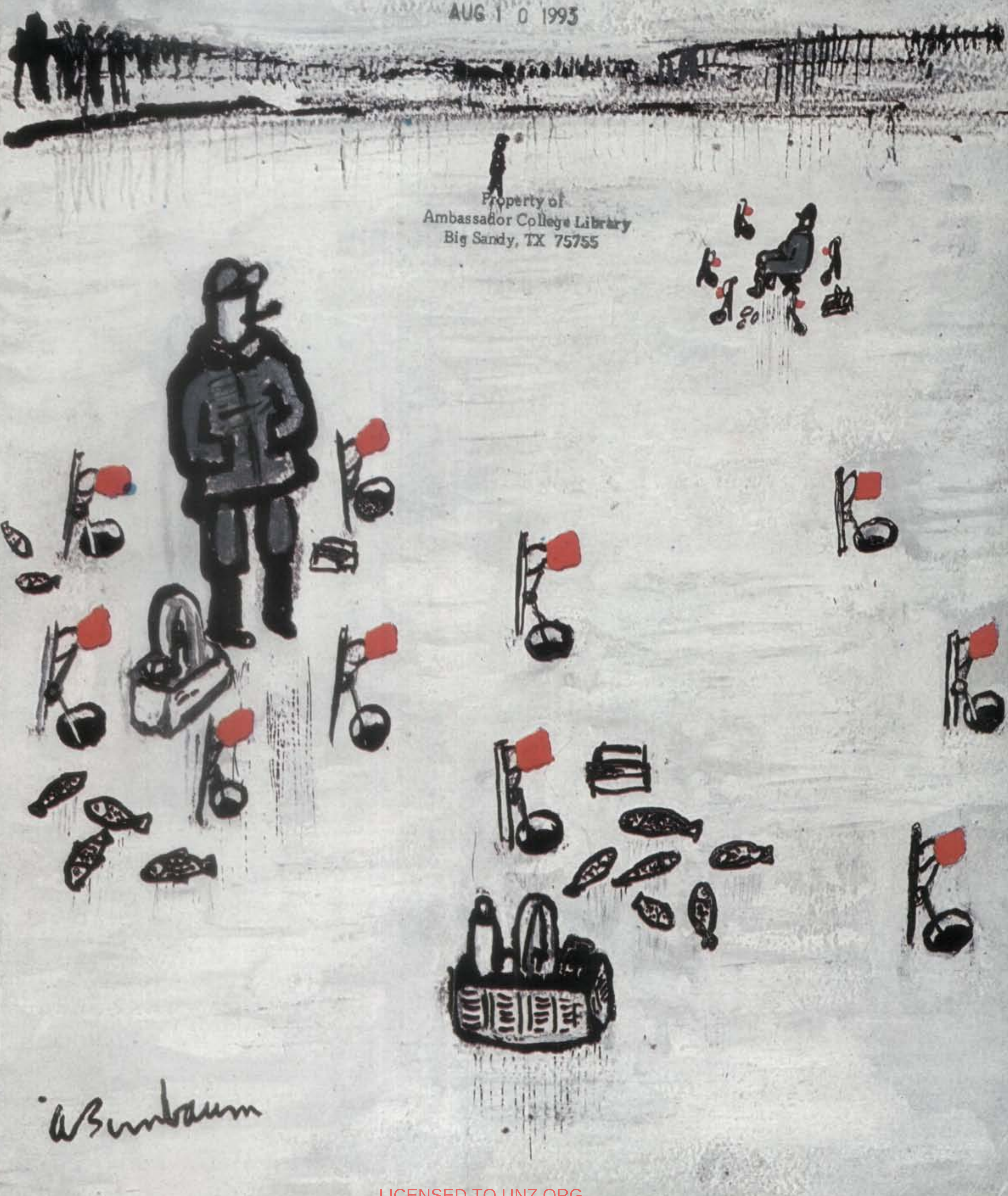

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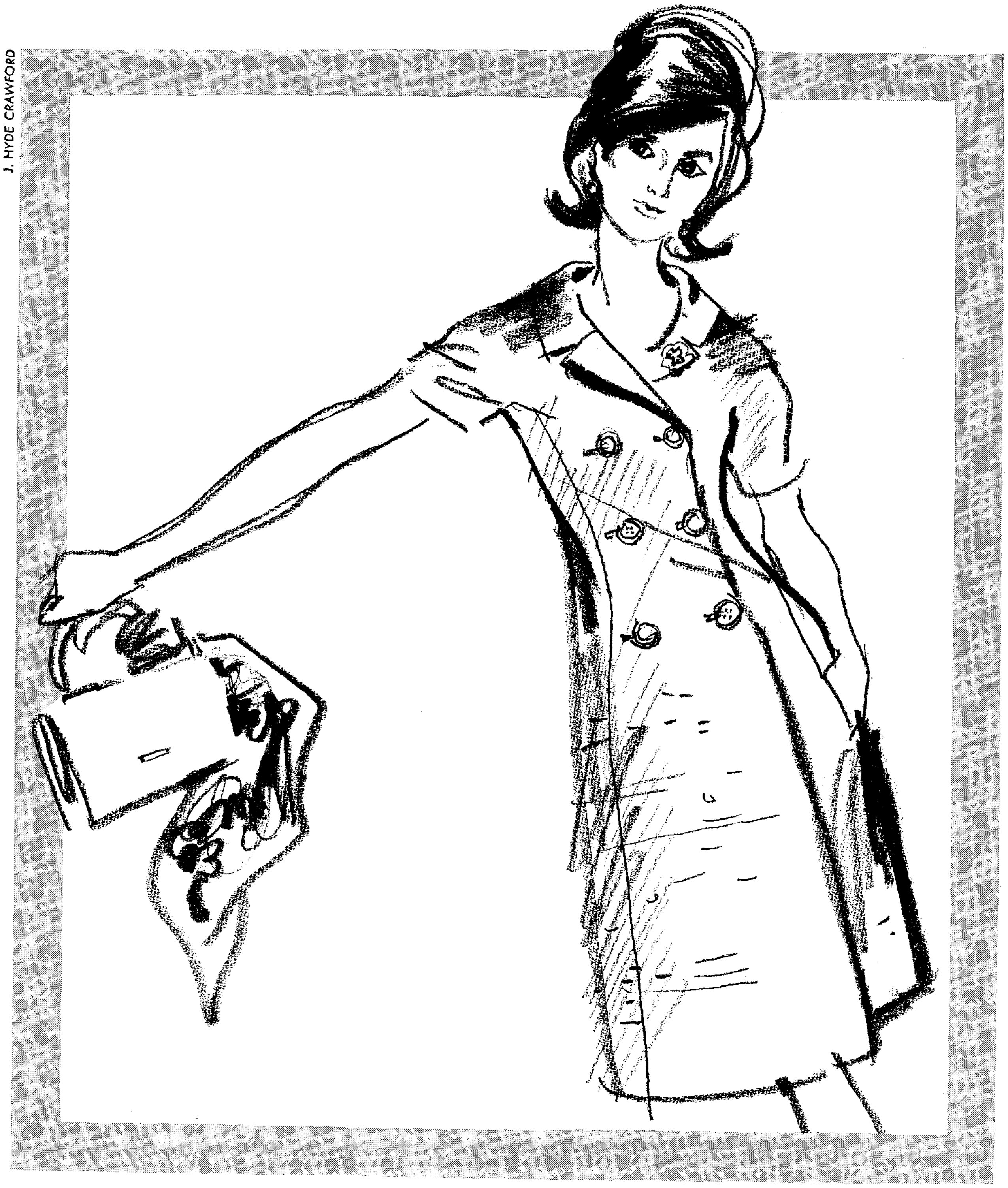

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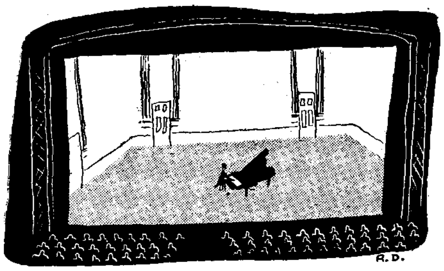

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Beauty Part—There are any number of merry scenes in this potpourri mixed together by S. J. Perelman, and Bert Lahr, who plays half a dozen characters, prances through them with great enthusiasm, as do all the others in the cast. Noel Willman is responsible for the direction, which is jaunty, and William Pitkin for the settings, which are admirable. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Beyond the Fringe—Various aspects of modern life drolly and acutely surveyed by a quartet of Englishmen—Dr. Jonathan Miller, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook—who are just about the funniest men around. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)

Calculated Risk—A cliff-hanger about the struggle for control of a New England woollen mill. As written by Joseph Hayes, it isn't long on suspense, and the actors don't seem to be very excited about the fate of the beleaguered corporation. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Lord Pengo—S. N. Behrman's witty and perceptive study of an art dealer as influential as the late Lord Duveen. Charles Boyer's performance in the title role is flawless, and Brian Bedford, Ruth White, Henry Daniell, Cliff Hall, and Agnes Moorehead give him stout support. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Never Too Late—A jolly comedy, by Sumner Arthur Long, that has to do with a man in his sixties who learns to his dismay that he is about to become a father again. (His other child is now a married woman.) Paul Ford is delightful as this disturbed character, and Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon, portraying his son-in-law, wife, and daughter, are all first-rate. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Seidman and Son—A lovable view of a lovable man in that lovable garment district on Seventh Avenue. Sam Levene is, as usual, diverting as the hero of this bland affair. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tchin-Tchin—There isn't much substance in this drama about an English lady and an Italian-American construction boss who get together after their spouses have abandoned them, but Margaret Leighton and Anthony Quinn do themselves proud in the course of it. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tiger Tiger Burning Bright—A melodrama about the worries and woes of a matriarch in a New Orleans slum area who can't keep her two sons or her daughter under what she considers proper control. The play is weak in its motivation, but Claudia McNeil is commendable as the afflicted mother. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?—A quartet of unseemly characters have been assembled by Edward Albee to represent some denizens of a New England college. Everybody is soused most of the time, and the language is no contribution to the art of conversation. However, Mr. Albee now and then comes up with a galvanic scene. The cast at the evening performances consists of Uta Hagen, Arthur Hill, George Grizzard, and Melinda Dillon; for the matinées it is Kate Reid, Shepperd Strudwick, Bill Berger, and Avra Petrides. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 20.)

Long Runs—**A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS:** A play (by Robert Bolt) concerning Sir Thomas More, the sixteenth-century martyr, now played by Emlyn Williams. Others in the cast include George Rose, Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, William Redfield, and David J. Stewart. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MARY, MARY:** An estranged couple making their way back to the old nest. Inger Stevens, Tom Poston, and Edward Mulhare are in Jean Kerr's comedy. Diana Lynn will succeed Miss Stevens on Monday, Jan. 21. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **A THOUSAND CLOWNS:** Jason Robards, Jr., in a comedy by Herb Gardner concerned with a television writer who has shaken the dust of Madison Avenue from his shoes and doesn't want to get them soiled again. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore—Mildred Dunnock, Hermione Baddeley, and Paul Roebling in Tennessee Williams' new play. Herbert Machiz is the director and Roger L. Stevens the producer. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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MUSICALS

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Zero Mostel, David Burns, Jack Gilford, and John Carradine, among others, clowning about ancient Rome in a jolly combination of burlesque and vaudeville. The comedy was put together by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart, who based their play on the works of Plautus. The score, by Stephen Sondheim, is undistinguished, but his lyrics are volatile, and so is the direction, by George Abbott. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Little Me—Sid Caesar plays all kinds of roles in this comedy adapted by Neil Simon from a book by Patrick Dennis. He represents the various lovers in the life of a lady called Belle Poitrine, who in the course of the play makes her way from the Middle West to Southampton. But, for all Mr. Caesar's efforts, the comedy is lukewarm, and the music, by Cy Coleman, and the lyrics, by Carolyn Leigh, are not at all memorable. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Mr. President—Imaginary doings in the capital, which turn out to be not as lively as the real doings under the Kennedys. The play has its elementary charm, although the music, by Irving Berlin; the book, by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse; and the direction, by Joshua Logan, don't show this quartet off to best advantage. Robert Ryan, Nanette Fabray, Anita Gillette, and Jack Haskell are conspicuously present. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oliver!—A loose-jointed adaptation of Dickens' "Oliver Twist" that eliminates most of the misery the novel is built upon and settles instead on an assortment of production numbers, some of which are quite effective. Lionel Bart is responsible for the book, music, and lyrics, and the cast is headed by Clive Revill, who plays Fagin; Georgia Brown, who plays Bill Sikes's doxy; Bruce Prochnik, who plays Oliver; and David Jones, who plays the Artful Dodger. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Stop the World—I Want to Get Off—Pantomime and other alleged diversions supplied by Anthony Newley in a revue that takes a man through his seven ages, which seem like eons. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** The saga of a young egomaniac who skips to the top of the mercantile world by duplicity, chicanery, and just plain gall. Robert Morse plays the youth on the upswing, and Rudy Vallée plays his employer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MILK AND HONEY:** A tour through modern Israel with a clutch of American widows, all anxious to head for the altar again. The cast is led by Robert Weede, Molly Picon, and Terry Saunders. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Jan. 26.) . . . **NO STRINGS:** A show in which Diahann Carroll is a model for Paris *Vogue* and Richard Kiley an expatriate American novelist. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** Rodgers and Hammerstein tell us all about the Austrian Trapp family. Now with Nancy Dussault and Donald Scott. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly,

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MARIA MARTEL

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The School for Scandal—Sheridan's play, with an English company headed by Ralph Richardson and John Gielgud, who also directed it. Presented by Alexander H. Cohen for a limited engagement that starts Thursday, Jan. 24, and will run through Saturday, March 16. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

The Blacks—Jean Genêt's sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. The direction, by Gene Frankel, is not all it might be; the cast of thirteen, an all-Negro one, is better. A maddening, capricious, and indelible evening. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Coach with the Six Insides—A comedy adapted by Jean Erdman from James Joyce's "Finnegans Wake." (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. CH 3-0153. Tuesdays through Fridays and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Connection—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays at 8:30 and Saturdays at 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Days and Nights of Beebee Fenstermaker—A play by William Snyder. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3224. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Desire Under the Elms—George C. Scott plays the old New England farmer who takes a youngish wife, and Colleen Dewhurst plays the two-timing bride in this high-pitched but undeniably lively revival of the O'Neill melodrama. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Hostage—A revival of Brendan Behan's rollicking comedy about an English soldier who is held captive in a Dublin lodging house, and about everything else on earth. Geoff Garland heads the cast. (One Sheridan Square, between Sixth and Seventh Aves. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 27.)

Man Is Man—The final revision (1953) of a play in which Bertolt Brecht, with cumbersome irony, recorded the metamorphosis of a credulous, obliging day laborer into an enthusiastic soldier. The production as a whole is shrill and tedious, in spite of many good performances, notably those by Joseph Chaikin, in the leading role, and Judith Malina, as a sinister widow who runs an army canteen. Gerhard Nellhaus was the translator. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7.)

A Man's a Man—An earlier and more limber version of the same script, translated by Eric Bentley. There is a lot of horseplay onstage, some of it entertaining and some just repulsive. (Masque Theatre, 442 W. 42nd St. CH 4-1350. Tuesdays through

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Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad—A young playwright named Arthur Kopit, a young actress named Barbara Harris, and a veteran director named Jerome Robbins split the limelight in this disturbing farce about a man-eating mother, her spindly son, and a girl who tries to seduce him. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2:40.)

The Pinter Plays—A pair of dark comedies, one low and the other high, by the extraordinary English playwright Harold Pinter. They are very well acted by Dana Elcar, John C. Becher, Henderson Forsythe, James Patterson, James Ray, and Patricia Roe. Alan Schneider directed. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man and **The Barroom Monks**—A double bill. The more important half is a faithful and quite effective dramatization of key episodes from Joyce's novel. "The Barroom Monks," a sentimental yet also rather affecting first play by Joseph Carroll, deals with the encounter of an alcoholic priest and a young medical student who works as a bartender. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Riverwind—An appealing and tuneful musical comedy, with a score and lyrics by a new composer named John Jennings. The setting is a rustic motel in Indiana; the dramatis personae are the garrulous proprietress and three couples in various stages of attachment; and the performances by all hands are considerably more than adequate. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Tenth of an Inch Makes the Difference—A couple of unpretentious and rather charming one-acters, the first set in India, the second in Japan, that Rolf Forsberg has fashioned from Buddhist fables. There is also a prologue in which a number of Chinese characters cheerfully act out Zen riddles and maxims. (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. AL 4-9520. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete art form starring Ann Corio as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. The girls are young, the routines are old, and the veteran comedians—Steve Mills, Charley Robinson, and Mac Dennison—are sometimes funny and sometimes merely dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Marcel Marceau—The French pantomimist, with Pierre Verry, in an all-new program.

(City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Through Sunday, Jan. 27.)

Ice Show—"Ice Follies of 1963," with Donald Jackson, Ina Bauer, and others. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Thursday at 7:30; Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 11, 3, and 8:30; and Sunday at 2 and 6. Closes Sunday, Jan. 20.)

Les Poupées de Paris—A revue, for adults, of three-foot-tall puppets produced by Sid and Marty Krofft. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45 and 10:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at midnight.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The talents of Janet Blair, who was cut out to be a fun-loving Rover Girl, are being hidden under a bushel basket (one of those specialty acts by Las Vegas out of Miami) in the Royal Box, where she goes bravely on twice every night but Sunday. Lester Lanin and his big band contribute determined dance music.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The animal kingdom—nutria, mink, chinchilla, sable, ermine—at play. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra do dance music for anyone for whom this pageantry is not enough. In the adjoining Champagne Room, Freddie Fassler, a New Yorker from way, way back, takes bow and fiddle in hand for people who just have things to talk about. Curfew for the whole place every Sunday.

Little Club, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800)—That everlasting twain—the sporting element and the spectator-sporting element—meet elbow to elbow and (after ten) foot to foot when they populate the tiny dance floor presided over by Ernie Warren's band, which has a very cozy sound. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—A sort of Regency rectitude is the guiding spirit of the Café Pierre. Phil Wayne's trio is for dancing, and Renato Rossini's guitar is for dreaming about the Côte d'Azur. Mondays, another band is the whole show.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Russell Nype, who likes to look like a Rhodes scholar and whose taste in deportment and lyrics gives him Grade A's, has a couple of girl undergraduates at his heels when he arrives in the Persian Room, twice a night, for his recitals. Dance orchestras run by Emil Coleman and Mark Monte make the appropriate noises during the interludes. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano, supported by a violin, starts its day in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and brings it to an end in the Edwardian Room from seven-thirty to nine-thirty. Mondays are silent.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The stroke on the varsity crew in the Maisonette is Peter Duchin, whose dance band has the perfect New York sound (gliding arabesques instead of unrelenting thump). This useful work is supplemented by Ray Bari's group. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The elegantly appointed chalet called La Boite, a perfect setting for an Edith Wharton novel, is actually the setting for baroque piano and violin, which ply their blissful trade from dinner until after the theatre. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Moon-gazing is made easy in the Columns, whose Riviera architecture is permanently swathed in a pale and lunar light. Payson Ré's orchestra, an early settler in these parts, makes things easy for people who dance as well as dine. Ray Hartley, the house pianist, is the graceful soloist from seven to eight; after that, the Rés and Arturo Arturos's triad of Latin lovers share the podium. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Mr. Hartley spends the cocktail hour and the rest of the evening after eight in the lei-

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surely Savoy Room, where he turns out piano that, no matter how relaxed, is pièce de résistance. He's absent Sundays.

SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Two plots in the Elysian Fields are assigned to the Embassy Club and the Knight Box, the first of them sprinkled with the dance music of Gunnar Hansen's and Quintero's orchestras, the second with Jani Sarkozi's dreamworld violin. Both operations are dormant Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Sergio Franchi, whose face has a classic Renaissance Medici cast and whose voice has the strength of ten (but with a satinwood finish), is the dinner and supper chanticleer in the Empire Room. His rousing and romantic interludes are surrounded by two dance bands, one of them Milt Shaw's reliable regiment; there is also an audience-participation dancing class in *bossa nova* that provides a good talking point for people who are wondering what's happened to Park Avenue. Closed Sundays.

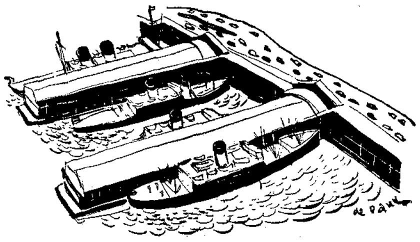
SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Peter Pans and Wendys who are planning never to grow up, plus a lot of genuine youngsters. The leading pro at this country club is Goldie Hawkins himself, who does single piano during the evening and double piano, with Wayne Sanders, along about midnight; Mr. Sanders is around the whole evening, too, and Sam Hamilton patrols a piano from five-thirty to eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Grand manner is the attitude of the café over which Cy Walter presides. His pianoforte, which is lightning ever so loosely chained, operates from cocktails until one in the morning. Forrest Perrin sits in at the instrument panel on Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The Puccini copyright on this Florentine opera house will probably never expire. Aldo Bruschi—pianist, basso profundo, and commentator—is the mainstay of the sound department, which is in continuous service. From Thursday through Sunday, he also runs a miniature dance band. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): When knights were bold and all that, but not enough to suppress Norbert Faconi and his drink-to-me-only Stradivarius, whose orbit includes every table in the house. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): King Henri's other château, glittering like a crazy Christmas tree. Through its delirious décor perambulates Herman Honigsberg, a violinist of superior strain (or strains). A pianist is his accompanist. They're at work every evening but Sunday. . . . **RITZ BAR,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): In the board room of the Carlton House, Victor del Monte quietly addresses his piano at the cocktail hour and again from nine to one every night but Sunday. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco running close to riot. Dancing for the visitors as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bubbly Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic portfolio, principally British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. No music on Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A Roman army that loves to travel on its stomach. Strolling among the viands and *vini* are a group of street musicians who arrive at six and reluctantly go home at two. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Life is real, life is earnest when guitar, piano, voice, and girl flamenco dancer get to work on Spanish fandangos. They can carry on far into the night. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Once in a while, a quintet of Basques gains the stage for a small symposium of foot-and-mouth work; the rest of the time, a dance band is usually encouraging the diners to rise and shine. Rising and shining are also permissible on Sundays from two to seven. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A rage to live happily ever after pervades the cast (which ranges from zimbalons to sopranos) of this homestead way down upon the Danube River. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): One of the Society Islands. George Feyer's piano provides hand-crocheted samplers for décor. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Sidewalk tables on the sunny side of the Via Veneto. Vigorous contributions to the traffic jam are made by a posse of patrolling violinists and accordionists. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The minute *salle à manger* becomes a minute *salle à chanter* when the chatelaine, Rita Dimitri, reprises (with a full panoply of Continental airs and graces) the songs she used to do in this musical comedy and that. Betweentimes, a pianist and (every night but Sunday) an accordionist keep the echoes slowly circulating. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): A well-behaved casbah with American cuisine and, in among all the Moorish arches, soft-spoken American piano by Conrad Monjoy. No music Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): This reëstablishment of the Age of Ornamentation is now the locale of the flamenco guitar wielded by a Spanish import named José Luis Franco, who's around from eight to one. Mondays are silent nights. . . . **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the bar, Jules Kuti rambles along at his piano from five to eleven at night. Closed Sundays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE,** Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): This, the taproom of the Hotel Stanhope, serves as a recital hall for Gustavo Lopez and his guitar between nine-thirty and one every night but Monday. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Merry Villagers pop up at intervals to deliver no-holds-barred snatches of opera at the diners (and sometimes horse, or at least horseplay, opera, too). Closed Mondays. . . . **BILTMORE,** Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): The Palm Court, which is apt to be an off-campus activity from five to eight-thirty, offers—by amiable coincidence—the right sort of Martini piano by Joan Bishop during the same hours. She stays home Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, a world traveller whose notebook is eclectic, reserved, yet hospitable, gets the run of the piano in the Casino-on-the-Park from cocktails until after the theatre every night but Sunday. . . . **WALLDORFKELLER,** Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): Third-man themes issue from the zither of Hans Hansberg from six to ten; the inner-man themes from the chef are Mitteleuropa for fair. Closed Sundays. . . . **NOB HILL,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (PL 8-0522): The noblest of the works of art in this renaissance of the gay nineties, eighties, and seventies is the full-fledged Mason & Hamlin of Herman Chittison, who takes the instrument in his stride, a favored form of traditional piano, from dinner to early morning every night but Sunday.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Donn Arden, who believes that woman's place is on the stage, has filled his revue with three dozen apples of his eye, draped (and undraped) them in the hues of Joseph's coat, and taught them to walk. Among them wander Barbara Heller, a girl whose wit is all the more sublime for being *sub rosa;* François Szony and Nancy Claire, whose dancing is one glorious leap for life after another; and a rout of tumblers, comics, and whatnot. The Kim Sisters, who indulge in group harmonics, are what you can get most anyplace at the twist of the dial. Dancing. . . . **INTERNATIONAL,** Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): Gigi Durston is a beautiful and (rare in these times) dutiful soprano who gives songs their due rather than the devil. The *soi-disant* revue that shares the stage must have been left over from the show-within-a-show in "Pal Joey," and the *soi-distant* humorist—Lenny Kent—is a leftover from "Fanny Hill." Dancing.



SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Julius Monk's most recent and probably best revue, "Dime a Dozen," spares no rods, spoils no points, plays no favorites—even to show. The players—Jack Fletcher, Mary Louise Wilson, Gerry Matthews, Rex Robbins, Susan Browning, and Fredricka Weber—are infallible, the music is lyric, the choreography is action suiting the words. The pit band is the concert grands of William Roy and Robert Colston; the hours are nine-fifteen and midnight. In the plush cloister alongside, there is further piano, by Carl Norman. Closed Sundays. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Bobby Short, armed with piano and his faithful sidemen, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, makes good use of the idle hours between theatre and breakfast with his gay songs, fey songs, play songs, anything but work songs. He's in the lounge every night but Sunday. . . . ¶ Barbra Streisand, the unquenchable firebird who sings in the back room, isn't visible on Sundays, either, but Jerry Stiller and Ann Meara (skits proving that Hell hath no fury like married life) and Richard & Jim, the newest folk-music group out of a clearly bottomless bin, are there every night. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The battle for men's minds goes full tilt in "Alarums and Excursions," a brusque, brash (and funny) revue without music, in which the cast—Alan Arkin, Andrew Duncan, Anthony Holland, Eugene Troobnick, and the perfectly lovely Zohra Lampert—say whatever comes into their brisk heads. They start around eight-thirty during the week. Sundays, there's a matinée at three; Mondays and Tuesdays are the rest periods. Mr. Arkin and Miss Lampert sign off on Sunday, Jan. 20; Severn Darden, an early Second City wit, returns on Wednesday, Jan. 23. . . . **THE PREMISE,** 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020): Another revue without music, set in a tiny theatre that's really a coffee-and-pastry shop. The conversation of the four characters onstage, sometimes fun-loving and sometimes furious, is both exemplary and extempore. The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty; Fridays at eight and ten-thirty; Saturdays at seven-thirty and ten-thirty; and Sundays at three and eight-thirty. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Lenny Bruce, a one-man (and generally one-sided) discussion group, deals with such topics as our national mating habits in a fashion that may lead some listeners to cry "Virginia Woolf?" Nikki Price, whose assistance comes from the Dave Mackay trio, sings simply, sweetly, and serenely a clutch of deserving arias. There are Sunday matinées, from four-thirty to seven; closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Though they're as hale and hearty as ever, Los Chavales de España seem now more sedentary, inclining toward haunted violin concertos and songs of sorrow instead of dancing and prancing. Sundays, they are replaced by a tea dance that runs (and runs riot, too) until all hours. . . . ¶ After ten, in a little den next door to the bar, the flamenco songs of José Moreno and the guitar of

Pedro Cortes compare notes on the love life of Iberia. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The stock in trade is *caffè espresso,* Woody Allen (an idea man with a lightning mind that rarely strikes twice in the same place), and Juan Serrano (a Spanish guitar that cannot get enough of even requited passion). On Tuesdays, these skilled hands are in abeyance. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The current edition of "Seven Come Eleven" (Ben Bagley is the publisher of this one) may be aimed more toward mass circulation. Nevertheless, Cy Young is first-rate as a skit player, and the same can be said for some of the words and music. Twice a night during the week and three times weekends is the ground rule. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Graham Crackers," Ronny Graham's new revue-eyed view of life, is on its shakedown cruise. Pat Stanley and Bill McCutcheon lead a light brigade of players; the words and music are the inventions of Mr. G. and quite a few others. They all set to at nine-fifteen and midnight; closed Sundays. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): Five residents of The Establishment, a London *boîte* that is both a national institution and a national critique, move into this period-piece London music hall on Saturday, Jan. 19, to begin a series of previews of their wares. Wednesday, Jan. 23, is the date of their *official* première. There'll be dinner and supper action every night except Jan. 23 (just one performance then). Closed Mondays. . . . **LIVING ROOM,** 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): Matt Dennis, operating under environmental difficulties and without his on-the-up-and-up piano (a temporarily discommoded wrist), is still the old gay blade when he sings. This time around, Ginny (that is, Mrs. D.) chimes in with notes of her own. Their larking is on tap every night. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): Hélène Darcel, a mermaid from the Seine, not the Danube, is the principal girl, and there is a lot of other singing, too, of sorts, and even an occasional Viennese strain from the orchestra. Thos. Cook & Son, Ltd., is probably the *régisseur.* Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BASIN STREET EAST, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): The bigger the band, the bluer the blues of Joe Williams, who is now back in the family nest—Count Basie's big, booming orchestra. Nipsy Russell, whose conversation is tinged with blue of an altogether different sort, is also present. On Monday, Jan. 21, there'll be some changes made—Ella Fitzgerald, who might well be considered one of Gabriel's trumpets, and Dave Astor, a stand-up-and-deliver comedian who does better than most of his sort. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): For the moment, it's simply a weekend sports arena, open Friday through Sunday. On Jan. 18-20 and again on Jan. 25-27, Horace Silver's quintet (progress, but in what direction?), Chris Connor (taking songs apart and putting them back together another way), and Lenny Maxwell (talk, talk, talk) will occupy the premises. . . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM,** 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): The jazz that came up the river to 52nd Street has come down to the Village. It's done by Wilbur de Paris and band, in which Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, Wilber Kirk, and Sonny White are apt to be embedded. On Monday, Jan. 21, Cal Bostic's flip piano solos will begin a tour of duty, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Wild Bill Davison's exulting, good-old-days sextet—Vic Dickenson, Buster Bailey, Dick Wellstood, and Willie Wayman are redoubtably part of it—stands ready to fill all ears to overflowing. Closed Sundays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Woody Herman's band is ringing out the old, which it finds much more fun than ringing out the new. Sundays, visiting bands have the use of the hall. . . . ¶ Saturdays, upstairs in the hayloft, the Twist is making what may be its last stand in our town. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Zoot Sims and Al Cohn have brought their quintet back to their favorite meetinghouse. On

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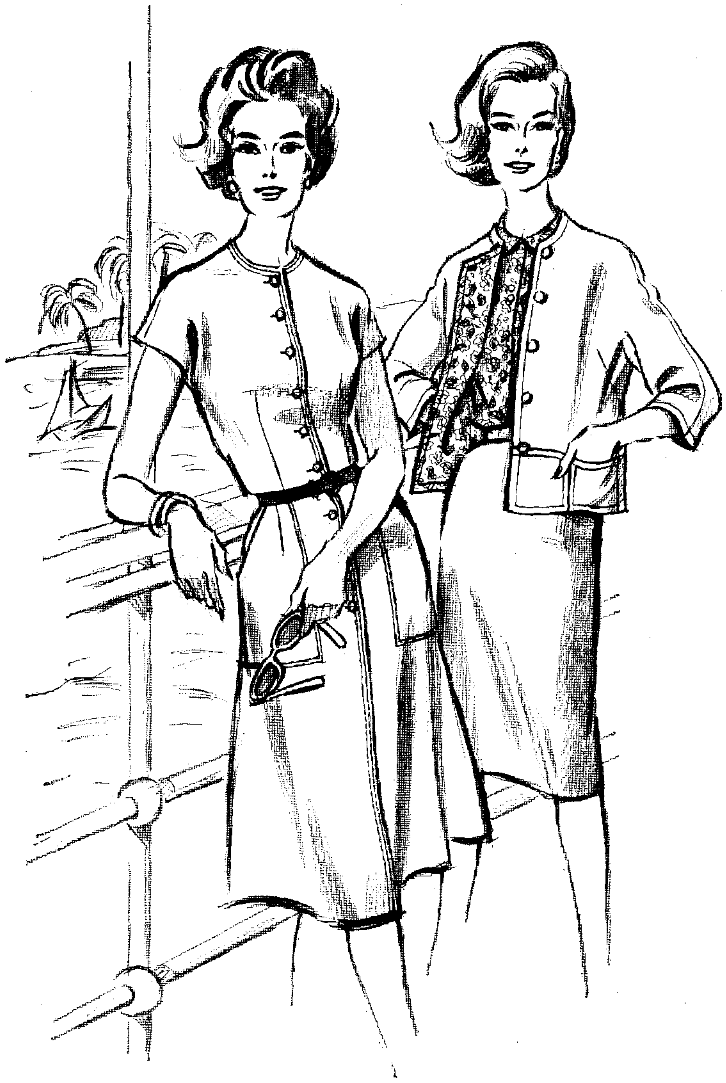

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Tuesday, Jan. 22, Lennie Tristano's introspective quartet will replace them. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Ralph Sutton's trio, with which Buzzy Drootin is concerned, reminisces with quiet cheer about the good old days. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Jonah Jones' hot lips put his trumpet through as fervid paces as the management allows. His quartet and the trio of Harold Quinn, pride of Long Island, take turns on the stand. Sundays offer potluck bouts between extra hands. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Lee Evans' threesome is energetic and enervating in approximately equal measure. The easy-does-it intermission piano comes from Frances Thompson. No sounds of music on Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): College-extension seminars in early American history are held every weekend. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 18-19, the faculty should include Jo Jones, Tony Parenti, Edmond Hall, Sammy Price, and a distinctly non-traditionalist, Ray Bryant. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Stanley Bate—Abstractions; through Jan. 28. (Key, 38 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Janice Biala—Figures, interiors, and landscapes; through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Bratby—Paintings by a young English artist of the "kitchen sink" school; through Feb. 2. (Merrill, 54 E. 58th St. Closed Mondays.)

Victor Brauner—Surrealist paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

Robert Broderson—Birds, beasts, and myths; through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Chapman—Semi-abstract figure paintings; through Wednesday, Jan. 23. (Roko, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

Albert Christ-Janer—Water colors; through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Lucien Day—Landscapes, chiefly of Vermont; through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Monede, 929 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Duchamp, Picabia, and Schwitters—Paintings and assemblages; through Feb. 2. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Edward Dugmore—Abstract paintings; through Feb. 2. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

Camilo Egas—A memorial exhibition of paintings and drawings by the late Ecuadorian artist, who for thirty years was director of the New School Art Workshops; through Saturday, Jan. 26. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Helen Frank—Oils, water colors, and drawings; through Feb. 2. (Juster, 154 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ilse Getz—Collage paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 26. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Granlund—Figure sculptures; through Feb. 2. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)

Sidney Gross—Abstract Expressionist oils; through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Rehn, 36 E. 61st St.)

José Guerrero—Abstract oils; through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Henri Joseph Harpignies—Drawings; through Feb. 15. (Schweitzer, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

June Hildebrand—Woodcuts, drawings, and pastels; through Thursday, Jan. 24. (Aspects, 100 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Sundays, 3 to 6, and Friday evenings, 7 to 10.)

Jasper Johns—Works in oil and plastic; through Feb. 7. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lester Johnson—Heads mostly; through Feb. 2. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

Paul Klee—Paintings and drawings (1910-40); through Feb. 16. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Levee—Construction-paintings by this young American Abstract Expressionist living in Paris; through Saturday, Jan. 19. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

Denver Lindley, Jr.—Primarily figure paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Nessler, 718 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.)

Jack Lubin—Figure paintings, landscapes, and still-lifes; through Feb. 2. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

Richard Lytle—Paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 19. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

John Marin—A fifty-year retrospective of paintings in oil (sea-, land-, and cityscapes, still-lifes, and figures); through Feb. 2. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

Alfred H. Maurer (1868-1932)—A small retrospective of portraits, landscapes, still-lifes, and nude studies; through Feb. 2. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kaiko Moti—Water colors and etchings by an East Indian who works in Paris; through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

Norman Narotzky—"Faces and Figures" is the theme of a showing of semi-abstract paintings; through Friday, Jan. 25. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

Daniel Newman—Oils and caseins done while he was living on the Oregon coast and in the Cascade Mountains; through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Grippi, 905 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.)

Costantino Nivola—Terra cottas; through Feb. 9. (Andrew-Morris, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hugo Robus—Figure sculptures; through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Noel Rockmore—Figures and still-lifes by this young New Yorker; through Feb. 2. (Greer, 35 W. 53rd St.)

William Ronald—Abstract paintings by a young Canadian-born artist; through Saturday, Jan. 19. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Henry Schnakenberg—Oils and water colors, principally landscapes and still-lifes; through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Jason Schoener—Semi-abstract landscapes; through Feb. 2. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Elaine Booth Selig—Paintings; through Thursday, Jan. 24. (Camino, 89 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Charles Shaw—Abstractions; through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

David Simpson—Abstractions by a California artist; through Feb. 2. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

William Steig—Drawings; through Saturday, Jan. 19. (Preston, 3 E. 63rd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Martin Sumers—Figure paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Stanley Twardowicz—Abstractions; through Feb. 9. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Maurice Utrillo and the School of Paris—Twelve oil paintings (all of the White Period) by Utrillo, against a background of paintings by Braque, Léger, Rouault, and other friends and contemporaries in Paris; through Feb. 16. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Audubon Artists—Their twenty-first annual, containing oils, sculptures, water colors, caseins, and graphics by both members and non-members from all over the United States; through Feb. 3. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors—Their twenty-second annual, with works in a variety of styles by Seong Moy, Esphyr

Sam Woodham and friends. He lives 10 minutes from the beach and he works 10 minutes from the beach—in Puerto Rico. Photo by Tom Hollyman

Winter sport—for International Paper's man in Puerto Rico

OUR photograph could have been taken in June or at Christmas. The larger of the two fishermen runs a plant for the International Paper Company in Puerto Rico. His name is Sam Woodham. He enjoys Puerto Rico's sun and sea 12 months a year.

Sam manages a plant in Arecibo where 300 people make 200 miles of paper every day. His firm's second plant on the island makes this paper into boxes. Demand is so heavy both plants are now working 24 hours a day.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Slobodkina, Doris Caesar, and others; through Jan. 27. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Closed Saturday and Sunday mornings.)

Sculptures—Pieces by American and European artists, including Degas, Henry Moore, and the late Oronzio Maldarelli; through Feb. 2. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Old Master Drawings—Examples by, among others, Leonardo da Vinci, Tiepolo, and Fragonard; through Feb. 28. (Duveen, 18 E. 79th St.)

Chinese Painting—"500 Years of Tradition," an exhibition of works by artists ranging from the fifteenth-century Ming masters Yao Shou and Wu Wei to the Shihs (Wu Ch'ang-shih, Ch'i Pai-shih, and Fu Pao-shih) of recent years; through Feb. 2. (Mi Chou, 801 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Primitive Sculptures—"Sculpture from the Congo," consisting of objects in wood, ivory, bronze, and the like used in religio-magical rituals before the European influence was felt; through Feb. 2. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **ARTZT**, 142 W. 57th St.: Water colors by, among others, Reginald Marsh, Franz Kline, and Larry Rivers; through Jan. 29. (Saturday hours: noon to 4.) . . . **BALIN-TRAUBE**, 11 E. 74th St.: Drawings by painters and sculptors—Earl Kerkam, David Smith, and Esteban Vicente, for instance; through Saturday, Jan. 19. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8:30.) . . . **DAVIS**, 231 E. 60th St.: Morris Graves, Reginald Pollack, and Larry Rivers are three of the participants in an exhibition of drawings; through Saturday, Jan. 26. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: Robert Brackman, Chen Chi and S. Edmund Oppenheim are among the contributors to a showing of oils, water colors, and portraits; through Jan. 31. . . . ¶ Pictures on Western themes by William R. Leigh, Elliott Means, and others; through Jan 31. . . . **IBM GALLERY**, 16 E. 57th St.: A show entitled "Realism: An American Heritage," made up of paintings dating from the early eighteenth century to the present by such artists as Gilbert Stuart, James Whistler, and Edward Hopper; through Feb. 1. . . . **MILCH**, 21 E. 67th St.: Paintings by the gallery group, including Leon Kroll, Ogden Pleissner, and Xavier Gonzalez; through Saturday, Jan. 19. . . . **VILLAGE ART CENTER**, 39 Grove St.: The Mid-Season Exhibition of Drawings, Graphics, and Sculptures; through Friday, Jan. 25. (Daily, 1 to 6.) . . . **WILLARD**, 23 W. 56th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Mark Tobey, Lyonel Feininger, and Dorothy Dehner (to mention a few); through Feb. 2. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Water colors and drawings by members of the gallery, including Oyvind Fahlstrom, Alfonso Ossorio, and Richard Lindner; through Saturday, Jan. 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WHITE**, 42 E. 57th St.: Works in a variety of mediums by Arp, Domela, Hofmann, Schwitters, Seligmann, and Joël Falguiere; through Saturday, Jan. 26.

Europeans; Group Show—Botticelli, Tintoretto, and Rembrandt are three of the artists represented in an exhibition called "The Painter As Historian," made up of mythological, religious, and secular paintings of the fifteenth century to the nineteenth. A joint benefit for the Alliance Française de New York and the French-American Atlantique Association. Through Feb. 2. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Stone Guest: Dialogues Between Persons and Statuary," a showing of prints, drawings, and photographs on the colloquy between Aristotle and the bust of Homer and other encounters between people and sculpture; through Feb. 24. . . . ¶ Nineteen drawings executed by John Singleton Copley after he left Boston in 1774 and settled in London. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Oils, water colors, and drawings by the Abstract Expressionist Arshile Gorky, who died in 1948, at the age of forty-four; through Feb. 12. . . . ¶ "The Intimate World of Lyonel Feininger," composed of water colors, drawings, comic strips, and prints, mostly from his estate and previously unexhibited, plus forty small wooden sculptures; through March 12. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A large display of works from the collection of the late Louis E. Stern, comprising American and European paintings, sculptures, prints, and drawings (by Marin, Chagall, Giacometti and others); objects of ancient Near Eastern, primitive, and Oriental art; and illustrated books. Through March 10. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Muslim miniature paintings chosen from major American collections; through Feb. 3. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—Thirteenth- to fifteenth-century manuscript illustrations, about seventy in all, from the private collection of Georges Wildenstein, in Paris; through March 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A loan exhibition of Neapolitan paintings by seventeenth- and eighteenth-century artists, including Batistello Caracciolo, Salvator Rosa, and Corrado Giaquinto; through Feb. 10. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A selection of four hundred and forty-four American and European sculptures (Daumier and Rodin to David Smith) from the collection of Joseph H. Hirshhorn; through Sunday, Jan. 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—African and other primitive sculptures, lent by John and Dominique de Menil; through Feb. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A new permanent display of silver coins, porringers, tankards, teapots, and the like, ranging in style from late-seventeenth-century Dutch to early Victorian. (Tuesdays, through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Paintings by eighteen Finnish-American artists; through Feb. 3. . . . ¶ The sixth annual exhibition of the Vectors, a group of nine painters and three sculptors, among them Helen Gerardia, Ben Wilson, and Ethel Stein; through Feb. 3. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—The 1962 Annual Exhibition of Contemporary American Sculpture and Drawings, an invitation show, includes items by Joseph Cornell, Hugo Robus, Philip Guston, and a hundred and sixty-one others; through Feb. 3. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Lisa Della Casa, Rosalind Elias, Anneliese Rothenberger, Otto Edelmann, Ralph Herbert, and Kurt Baum. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 18, at 8: "Aïda," with Birgit Nilsson, Nell Rankin, Jess Thomas, Frank Guarrera, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 19, at 2: "Don Giovanni," with Leontyne Price, Lucine Amara, Laurel Hurley, Cesare Siepi, Jan Peerce, Fernando Corena, and Theodor Uppman. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Régine Crespin, Lili Chookasian, George London, Sándor Kónya, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 21, at 8: A revival of Cilèa's "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Renata Tebaldi, Irene

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Dalis, Franco Corelli, Anselmo Colzani, and William Wildermann. (A benefit sponsored by the Metropolitan Opera Guild for the Production Fund; for tickets, call OX 5-4100.)...¶ Tuesday, Jan. 22, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Lisa Della Casa, Kerstin Meyer, Roberta Peters, Jess Thomas, and Paul Schöffler....¶ Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 8: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Leonie Rysanek, Lili Chookasian, George London, Karl Liebl, and William Wildermann.... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8: "Ernani," with Leontyne Price, Franco Corelli, Mario Sereni, and Giorgio Tozzi....¶ Friday, Jan. 25, at 8: "Andrea Chénier," with Claudia Parada, Mignon Dunn, Jean Madeira, Richard Tucker, and Anselmo Colzani. ...¶ Saturday, Jan. 26, at 2: "Fidelio," with Birgit Nilsson, Judith Raskin, Jon Vickers, Ernst Wiemann, Morley Meredith, and Ezio Flagello....¶ Saturday, Jan. 26, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Lisa Della Casa, Helen Vanni, Jess Thomas, Paul Schöffler, Ralph Herbert, Charles *Anthony, and Giorgio Tozzi.*

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center—Leonard Bernstein conducting on Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8:30; *Friday, Jan. 18, at 2:15; and Saturday, Jan.* 19, at 8:30 (all with Rosina Lhevinne, piano, and the Juilliard String Quartet); and Sunday, Jan. 20, at 3 (with Michel Block, piano, and the Juilliard String Quartet)....¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Tuesday, Jan. 22, at 8:30, for the benefit of the Philharmonic's Pension Fund (with Birgit Nilsson, soprano)....¶ Leonard Bernstein directing on Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 25, at 2:15; Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8:30; and Sunday, Jan. 27, at 3 (all with Helga Pilarczyk, soprano; Janis Martin, contralto; Nicolai Gedda, tenor; George Gaynes, bass; Bruce Prince-Joseph, organ; and the Westminster Choir).

TWENTIETH-CENTURY INNOVATIONS—Gunther Schuller conducting a chamber ensemble in the third in a series of six concerts, this one devoted to the music of Barraque, Xanakas, Goehr, Babbitt, and Mr. Schuller himself. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8:30.)

FRIENDS OF FRENCH OPERA—Robert Lawrence directing the Symphony of the Air and the Choral Art Society in a Berlioz-Massenet program, with Rita Gorr, mezzo-soprano; Cesare Valletti and George Shirley, tenors; Fernando Corena, bass-baritone; David Montagu, violin; and others. The second of two concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 18, at 8.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Claude Frank, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8:30.)

CONTEMPORARY MUSIC SOCIETY—Gunther Schuller and Daniel Pinkham conducting the combined New York Brass and Woodwind Quintets, with Patricia Neway, soprano, and others. (Museum of Modern Art Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8:30.)

ROBERT SHAW CHORALE AND ORCHESTRA—Robert Shaw directing. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8:30.)

COLLEGIATE CHORALE—Abraham Kaplan directing a performance of Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis," with Veronica Tyler, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; Mallory Walker, tenor; John West, bass; Harold Kohon, violin; and an orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 25, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

RUDOLF SERKIN, ALEXANDER SCHNEIDER, AND LESLIE PARNAS—Piano, violin, and cello, in a program of Haydn trios. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

MEMBERS OF THE BUDAPEST STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Jan. 18, at 8:30, the last in a series of concerts. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left....¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391....¶ *Kaufmann Concert Hall,* Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 8:30, the last in a series of concerts.)

ANDRES SEGOVIA—Classic guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8:30.)

NEW YORK PRO MUSICA—Concerts of medieval, Renaissance, and baroque music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8:30, medieval and Renaissance Spanish music....¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8:15, early baroque music of Italy and Germany. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

NEW SCHOOL CONCERTS—Alexander Schneider, violin, and Peter Serkin, piano, in an all-Schubert program. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, Jan. 20, at 3 and 9.)

DONALD GRAMM—Bass-baritone. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Monday, Jan. 21, at 8:30.)

GINA BACHAUER—Piano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 8:30.)

JOHN WUMMER, JOSEPH WOLMAN, AND DAVID SACKSON—Flute, piano, and violin. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 8:30.)

ARIANA BRONNE—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Jan. 25, at 8:30.)

INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY FOR CONTEMPORARY MUSIC—The third in a series of six programs, this one devoted to the music of, among others, Peter Westergaard and Alan Blank, performed by the Galimir Quartet; Howard Lebow, piano; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Jan. 25, at 8:30.)

VICTORIA DE LOS ANGELES—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8:30.)

THEODORE BIKEL—Folk singer. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8:30.)

NOTE—Gina Bachauer will give a piano recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 27, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Jan. 21, in the order written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden—Tuesday, Jan. 22, at 6:30: Syracuse vs. St. Louis and Knicks vs. Boston.... ¶ Friday, Jan. 25, at 8:30: Knicks vs. Cincinnati.

HOCKEY—Rangers vs. Chicago. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 7:30.)

INDOOR POLO—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

TRACK MEET—Metropolitan Association A.A.U. Senior Indoor Championships, track events. (102nd Engineers Armory, Broadway at 168th St. Friday, Jan. 18, at 7:30. For tickets, call CO 7-7334.)

FOR CHILDREN

MUSIC—OPERA FOR YOUNG PEOPLE: "The Tales of Hoffmann," the fourth in a series of six offerings with Boris Goldovsky narrating and playing the piano and with assisting artists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 3. Adults admitted only if accompanied by a child.)... **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY:** Thomas Scherman conducting a program of American music, with Eileen Flissler, piano; Robert Goss, *baritone; and Lisl Weil, illustrator.* (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 11.)... **AMATO OPERA COMPANY:** An abbreviated version of "La Bohème," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the CHILDREN'S FINE ARTS GUILD: "Beauty and the Beast." (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. CH 3-0153. Saturdays at 1 and 3.)... HILLTOP PRODUCTIONS: "Sheriff Ki Yoodel and the Lollipop Bandits." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)... MERRI-MIMES: "Pinocchio," Saturday, Jan. 19....¶ "The Pied Piper," Saturday, Jan. 26. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Afternoons at 1, 2:30, and 4.)... MERRY-GO-ROUNDERS: Three story ballets. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, Jan. 20, at 2:30.)... MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN: "Little Red Riding Hood." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)... PAPER BAG PLAYERS: "Scraps." (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Saturdays at 1 and 3.)... PEPPERMINT PLAYERS: "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.)...¶ "The Sleeping Beauty." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 1 and 2:30, and Sunday, Jan. 20, at 1.)... STAGE 73: "The Enchanted Forest." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archaeology–Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)...¶ Paintings of Bible stories by children from many countries; through Sunday, Jan. 20. (Daily, except Saturday, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Seven Wondrous Stars," describes the stars of the constellation Orion. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

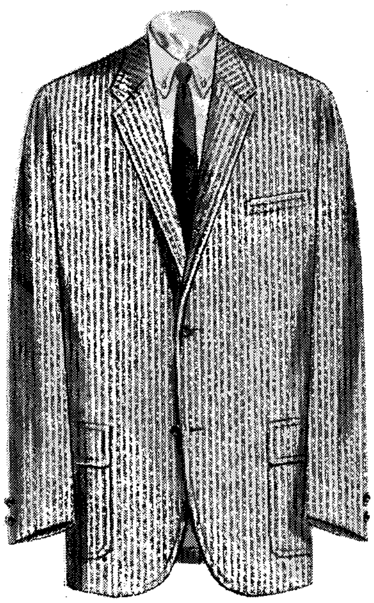
United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Richard Eberhart reading from his own works. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, Jan. 20, at 8:30.)

National Motor Boat Show—The fifty-third midwinter regatta, with a fleet of over four hundred new craft. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 17-18, from noon to 10:30; Saturday, Jan. 19, from 10:30 to 10:30; and Sunday Jan. 20, from 1 to 7.)

Winter Antiques Show—American, European, and Oriental furniture and decorations, exhibited by more than a hundred dealers, plus several complete room settings. For the benefit of the East Side House Settlement, the Stepney Camp, the Winifred Wheeler Nursery School, and Mill Brook Center. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 18-19, from 1 to 11; Sunday, Jan. 20, from 2 to 7; Monday through Wednesday, Jan. 21-23, from 1 to 11; and Thursday, Jan. 24, from 1 to 7.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Jan. 24, at 1:45: Modern paintings and drawings by such artists as Bonnard, Jean and Raoul Dufy, and Vlaminck, together with a small group of sculptures; the property of Colonel Edward A. Gould and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 19.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

David and Lisa—A low-budget picture, arrestingly modest in scope and arrestingly well acted. David and Lisa are mentally sick teenagers who help each other by falling in love unawares. Keir Dullea, Janet Margolin, and Howard Da Silva have the leading roles. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Divorce—Italian Style—A very funny, because ruthlessly reasonable, farce, in which it's demonstrated that if the only way out of an unhappy marriage is murder, then murder has much to be said for it. The setting is Sicily, the star of an exceptionally able cast is Marcello Mastroianni, and the director is Pietro Germi. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

Electra—The Greek director Michael Cacoyannis has filmed his version of the Euripides tragedy in an authentic setting and with an authentic solemn grandeur. Luckily, the heroine, Irene Papas, is fair to look upon, and so is the Greek landscape. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Freud—John Huston's conscientious attempt to tell us how young Dr. Freud came to develop the theory of psychoanalysis. The picture suffers from a certain patness and from Montgomery Clift's failure to embody the truly heroic central figure. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; and Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

The Girl with the Golden Eyes—An exquisite and often quite mad French stylistic exercise that is largely the work of Quinto Albicocco, who did the stunning photography, and his son Jean-Gabriel, who, though just twenty-four, directed it. The story, from Balzac, is practically incidental, and so is the handsome cast, which includes Paul Guers and Marie Laforêt. The scene is Paris. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Jan. 22, tentative. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting Jan. 23, tentative.)

Lawrence of Arabia—As beautiful a picture as you could hope to see, with much stirring desert combat and an honorable attempt to fathom a little man who was as odd as Dick's hatband. With Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, Anthony Quayle, and a dozen others, all wonderfully directed by David Lean. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Harold Lloyd's World of Comedy—Grandma's boy made good in pictures a long time ago, and this one shows just how he did it. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Jan. 23, evening performances only.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner—What a poor young man from the Midlands is running toward or away from hangs in the balance for the length of this harsh English tragicomedy of working-class manners, lyrically directed by Tony Richardson. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Jan. 22. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Jan. 22, tentative.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—A fatally faithful replica of the Broadway original, with curious performances by Katharine Hepburn and Ralph Richardson, and a good performance by Jason Robards, Jr., who has been there before. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

The Longest Day—A dutiful but dreary recapitulation of D Day by Darryl Zanuck and several thousand able, or at any rate willing, assistants. (Warner, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Manchurian Candidate—This is a melodrama about brainwashing. You think a Fascist group is about to take over America. You think the Russians have a trained killer on call, who goes around picking off good Americans. You think you are Frank Sinatra and have only a few hours in which to save your country. Now go to the theatre and try moving back from the edge of your seat. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Jan. 22, evening performances only, except Saturday and Sunday. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Jan. 23, tentative. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Jan. 23, tentative.)

A Matter of WHO—Terry-Thomas is at his jauntiest as a detective for World Health Organization, overcoming all obstacles to track down the source of a possible smallpox epidemic. The obstacles include the British Foreign Office and a sinister conspiracy in Middle Eastern oil. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Jan. 22, tentative. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting Jan. 23, tentative.)

Mutiny on the Bounty—A big shipful of tried-and-true villainies and heroics, expertly filmed but always threatening to just keel over. A disastrous venture for Marlon Brando, who is by no means blameless. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Period of Adjustment—A helter-skelter and often comic improvement on the Tennessee Williams original. With Tony Franciosa, Jane Fonda, Jim Hutton, and Lois Nettleton. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Jan. 23.)

Phaedra—An odd but successful modern version of an old Greek horror story, featuring Melina Mercouri, Raf Vallone, and Anthony Perkins. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Jan. 23, evening performances only.)

7 Capital Sins—A large assortment of French writers, directors, and actors have created seven separate vignettes inside a single frame. At least three of the vignettes are very funny, and the rest are full of funny bits. Sin has much to be said for it, and the French are always saying it. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Shoot the Piano Player—A French picture that is a curious and very original blend of wild comedy (70%) and violence (30%). Charles Aznavour, in the leading role, plays a wistful honky-tonk pianist at a café in Paris. François Truffaut doubled as director and writer. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Jan. 18-21. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Jan. 23, tentative.)

Sundays and Cybèle—A touching French picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a pretty girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

A Taste of Honey—Shelagh Delaney wrote a fine play about the coming of age of a funny, cocky, lonely girl in an English slum. The director, Tony Richardson, has managed to make the movie even better than the play, and the cast—among them Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, Robert Stephens, Paul Danquah, and Murray Melvin—is without exception superb. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; through Jan. 23, tentative.)

A Very Private Affair—Brigitte Bardot in a version of her own life that, played by anyone else, would surely seem libellous. The fascination of the film lies in the sleight of hand of the director, Louis Malle. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Jan. 22.)

West Side Story—The Ben-Hur of musicals, distinguished by the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances but inhumanly overproduced. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

Arsenic and Old Lace (1944)—The Brooklyn poison classic. Cary Grant. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 22.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 19.)

The Cranes Are Flying (1960)—A Russian picture dealing with a family caught up in the horrors of the Second World War. With Tatyana Samoilova. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 17.)

Day in the Country (1950)—Jean Renoir's film that originally made up a third of "Ways of Love." (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Jan. 22.)

The Five Day Lover (1961)—In Paris, a young man can serve two masters, provided they are really mistresses. Jean-Pierre Cassel, Jean Seberg, and Micheline Presle. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Jan. 17.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—A French film, directed by François Truffaut, that reviews the short, unhappy career of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Jan. 18-21.)

High Sierra (1941)—Humphrey Bogart and Ida Lupino as a mean killer and his moll. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 21.)

Juarez (1939)—Romance and revolution in the Mexico of Carlotta and Maximilian. With Bette Davis, Paul Muni, and Brian Aherne. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 23.)

King Solomon's Mines (1950)—Derring-do in Africa. With Deborah Kerr, Stewart Granger, and thousands of beasts. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; Jan. 19-22. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; Jan. 20-22.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses (1961)—De Laclos's eighteenth-century best-seller brought up to date by Roger Vadim. Jeanne Moreau and Gérard Philipe are the couple who corrupt. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Jan. 17.)

Mildred Pierce (1945)—Joan Crawford involved in murder, blackmail, larceny, lust, and mother love, as adapted from James M. Cain's novel. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 17.)

North by Northwest (1959)—A crowded summation of all Hitchcock stories, with a dash of Pearl White. With Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, and James Mason. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Jan. 22.)

Rocco and His Brothers (1961)—A study of a poor Italian family that comes to Milan to make good. Directed by Luchino Visconti. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Jan. 22.)

A Summer to Remember (1961)—Out of Russia, a picture demonstrating that to be a child in a village there is like being a child in a village anywhere. With Borya Barkhatov. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 17.)

Torrid Zone (1940)—Life among banana-pickers. Ann Sheridan, James Cagney, and Pat O'Brien. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 19.)

A View from the Bridge (1962)—Family troubles in Red Hook, as taken from Arthur Miller's play and acted by Raf Vallone, Maureen Stapleton, Raymond Pellegrin, and Carol Lawrence. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Yankee Doodle Dandy (1942)—James Cagney hoofing and singing his way through the life of George M. Cohan. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Jan. 18.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Jan. 17, at 8: "Marked Woman" (1937), with Bette Davis and Humphrey Bogart. . . . ¶ Jan. 17-19, showings at 3 and 5:30: "The Joyless Street" (1925), directed by G. W. Pabst. . . . ¶ Jan. 20-23, showings at 3: "The Big Parade" (1925), with John Gilbert. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Jan. 22: "Taras Bulba," Tony Curtis, Yul Brynner.
From Jan. 23: "Sodom and Gomorrah," Stewart Granger, Pier Angeli.

Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm," Laurence Harvey, Claire Bloom. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.

De Mille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Barabbas," Anthony Quinn, Silvana Mangano.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Who's Got the Action?," Dean Martin, Lana Turner.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Days of Wine and Roses," Jack Lemmon, Lee Remick.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
Through Jan. 23 (tentative): "Boccaccio '70" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Jan. 22: "In Search of the Castaways," Maurice Chevalier, Hayley Mills.
From Jan. 23: "40 Pounds of Trouble," Tony Curtis, Phil Silvers.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"The Password Is Courage," Dirk Bogarde, Maria Perschy.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
WEST SIDE STORY.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
From Jan. 22, at 8:30: "The Bad Sleep Well" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Lion," William Holden, Trevor Howard.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
THE LONGEST DAY.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Jan. 22 (tentative): **A MATTER OF WHO;** and **THE GIRL WITH THE GOLDEN EYES** (in French).
From Jan. 23 (tentative): "Trial and Error," Peter Sellers, Richard Attenborough.

New Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; evening performances only, except on weekends.)
Through Jan. 22: **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE;** and "A Coming-Out Party," James Robertson Justice, Leslie Phillips.
From Jan. 23: **PHAEDRA;** and **HAROLD LLOYD'S WORLD OF COMEDY.**

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Jan. 22: "The Chapman Report," Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Shelley Winters; and "Hands of a Stranger," Paul Lukather.
From Jan. 23: "The Raven," Boris Karloff, Vincent Price; and "White Slave Ship," Pier Angeli, Edmund Purdom.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 22: **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER;** and **A VERY PRIVATE AFFAIR** (in French).
From Jan. 23: "Gypsy," Rosalind Russell, Natalie Wood.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Jan. 23 (tentative): **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE.**

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Eclipse" (in Italian), Alain Delon, Monica Vitti.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Who's Got the Action?," Dean Martin, Lana Turner.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
7 CAPITAL SINS (in French).

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Jan. 19: "The Chapman Report," Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Shelley Winters; and "Hands of a Stranger," Paul Lukather.
Jan. 20-22: **KING SOLOMON'S MINES**, revival; and "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," revival, Jane Powell, Howard Keel.
From Jan. 23: "The Story of Joseph and His Brethren," Geoffrey Horne, Robert Morley; and "Murder on the Campus," Terrence Longdon, Donald Gray.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE (in French).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
DAVID AND LISA.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
Through Jan. 23 (tentative): "The Lion," William Holden, Trevor Howard.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
"The Lovers of Teruel" (in French), Ludmila Tcherina.

Cinema I (PL 3-6022) and **Cinema II** (PL 3-0774), 3rd Ave. at 60th.
FREUD.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
ELECTRA (in Greek).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Jan. 23 (tentative): **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE.**

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Jan. 22: "Taras Bulba," Tony Curtis, Yul Brynner.
From Jan. 23: "Sodom and Gomorrah," Stewart Granger, Pier Angeli.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"The Chapman Report," Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Shelley Winters; and "Hands of a Stranger," Paul Lukather.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Jan. 18: "Barabbas," Anthony Quinn, Silvana Mangano.
Jan. 19-22: **KING SOLOMON'S MINES**, revival; and "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," revival, Jane Powell, Howard Keel.
From Jan. 23: "The Story of Joseph and His Brethren," Geoffrey Horne, Robert Morley; and "Murder on the Campus," Terrence Longdon, Donald Gray.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Jan. 17: **LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES** and **THE FIVE DAY LOVER** (both in French and both revivals).
Jan. 18-21: **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER** (in French); and **THE 400 BLOWS** (in French), revival.
From Jan. 22: **ROCCO AND HIS BROTHERS** (in Italian), revival; and **DAY IN THE COUNTRY** (in French), revival.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Jan. 22: "Gypsy," Rosalind Russell, Natalie Wood; and "Operation Snatch," Terry-Thomas, George Sanders.
From Jan. 23: **PERIOD OF ADJUSTMENT;** and "Escape from East Berlin," Don Murray, Christine Kaufmann.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Jan. 22 (tentative): "The Connection," Warren Finnerty, Carl Lee.
From Jan. 23 (tentative): **THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE;** and **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER.**

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Playtime" (in French), Jean Seberg, Christian Marquand.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Jan. 18: "Barabbas," Anthony Quinn, Silvana Mangano.
Jan. 19-22: **KING SOLOMON'S MINES**, revival; and "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," revival, Jane Powell, Howard Keel.
From Jan. 23: "The Story of Joseph and His Brethren," Geoffrey Horne, Robert Morley; and "Murder on the Campus," Terrence Longdon, Donald Gray.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Jan. 22 (tentative): **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER;** and "To Paris with Love," revival, Alec Guinness, Odile Versois.
From Jan. 23 (tentative): **A MATTER OF WHO;** and **THE GIRL WITH THE GOLDEN EYES** (in French).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE, revival; and "Light in the Piazza," revival, Olivia de Havilland, Rossano Brazzi.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Jan. 22 (tentative): **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER;** and "To Paris with Love," revival, Alec Guinness, Odile Versois.
From Jan. 23: To be announced.

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Jan. 23 (tentative): **A TASTE OF HONEY;** and "Waltz of the Toreadors," Peter Sellers, Margaret Leighton.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
"Eclipse" (in Italian), Alain Delon, Monica Vitti.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Yojimbo" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE (in Italian).

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Jan. 18: "Barabbas," Anthony Quinn, Silvana Mangano.
Jan. 19-22: **KING SOLOMON'S MINES**, revival; and "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," revival, Jane Powell, Howard Keel.
From Jan. 23: "The Story of Joseph and His Brethren," Geoffrey Horne, Robert Morley; and "Murder on the Campus," Terrence Longdon, Donald Gray.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Jan. 17: **MILDRED PIERCE**, revival; and "Kid Galahad," revival, Bette Davis, Edward G. Robinson.
Jan. 18: **YANKEE DOODLE DANDY**, revival; and "Marked Woman," revival, Bette Davis, Humphrey Bogart.
Jan. 19: **CASABLANCA**, revival; and **TORRID ZONE**, revival.
Jan. 20: "Beyond the Forest," revival, Bette Davis, Joseph Cotten; and "The Jazz Singer," revival, Al Jolson.
Jan. 21: **HIGH SIERRA**, revival; and "White Heat," revival, James Cagney, Virginia Mayo.
Jan. 22: **ARSENIC AND OLD LACE**, revival; and "Jezebel," revival, Bette Davis, Henry Fonda.
Jan. 23: **JUAREZ**, revival; and "The Walking Dead," revival, Boris Karloff.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Jan. 22: **NORTH BY NORTHWEST**, revival; and "The Wrong Man," revival, Henry Fonda, Vera Miles.
From Jan. 23: "Pocketful of Miracles," revival, Glenn Ford, Bette Davis; and "Sergeants 3," revival, Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Jan. 17: **THE CRANES ARE FLYING** and **A SUMMER TO REMEMBER** (both in Russian and both revivals).
From Jan. 18: "Waltz of the Toreadors," Peter Sellers, Margaret Leighton; and "The Captain from Koepenick" (in German), revival, Heinz Ruhmann.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
"The Chapman Report," Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Shelley Winters; and "Hands of a Stranger," Paul Lukather.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Jan. 22 (tentative): **THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG DISTANCE RUNNER.**
From Jan. 23 (tentative): **A MATTER OF WHO;** and **THE GIRL WITH THE GOLDEN EYES** (in French).

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through Jan. 18: "Barabbas," Anthony Quinn, Silvana Mangano.
Jan. 19-22: **KING SOLOMON'S MINES**, revival; and "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," revival, Jane Powell, Howard Keel.
From Jan. 23: "The Story of Joseph and His Brethren," Geoffrey Horne, Robert Morley; and "Murder on the Campus," Terrence Longdon, Donald Gray.

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Or the one about the guy at the gas station who didn't know where the gas went? Or the water?

Today, the gas station attendants know enough to put the gas in front. And they don't bother checking your water or trying to sell you some anti-freeze.

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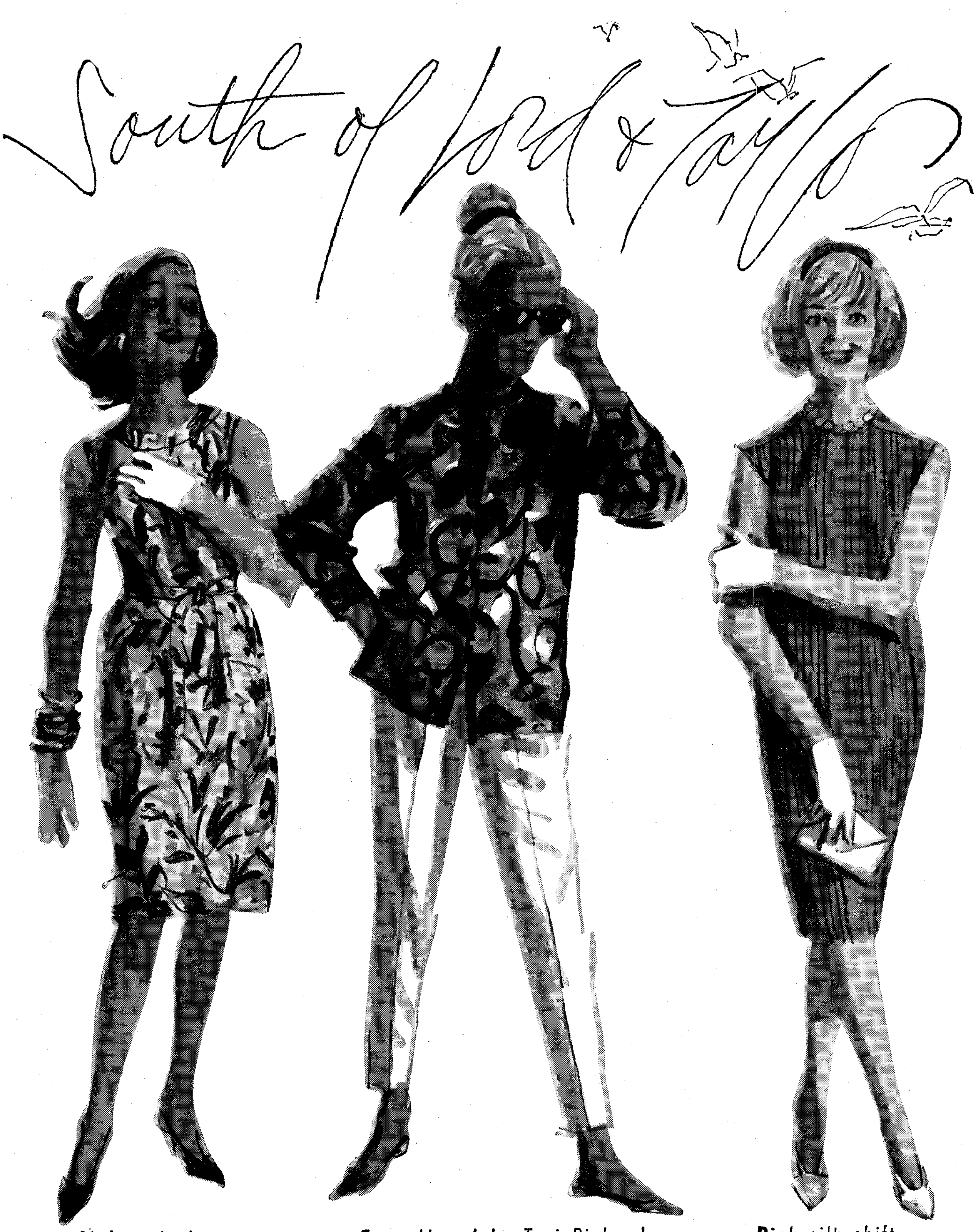

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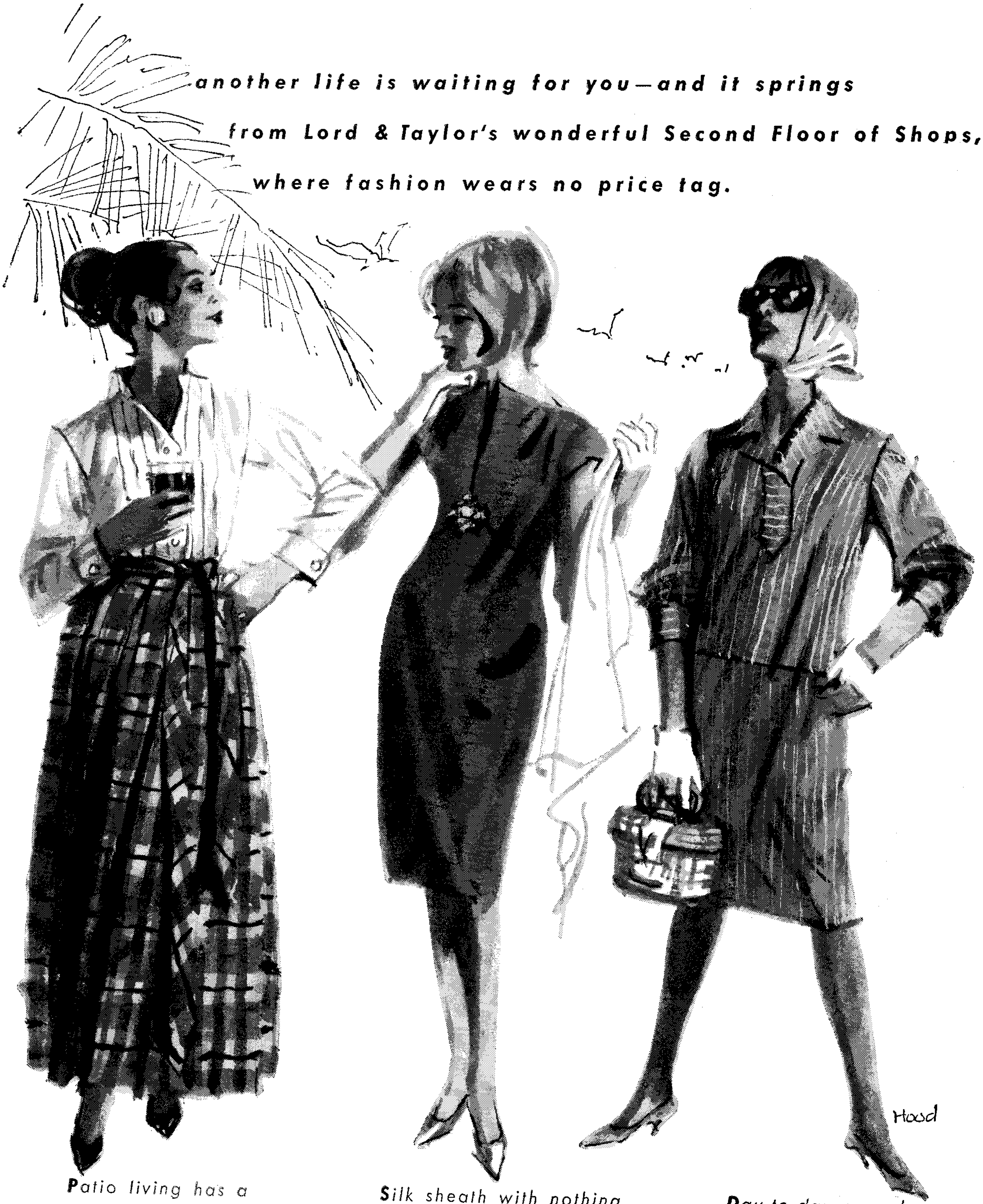

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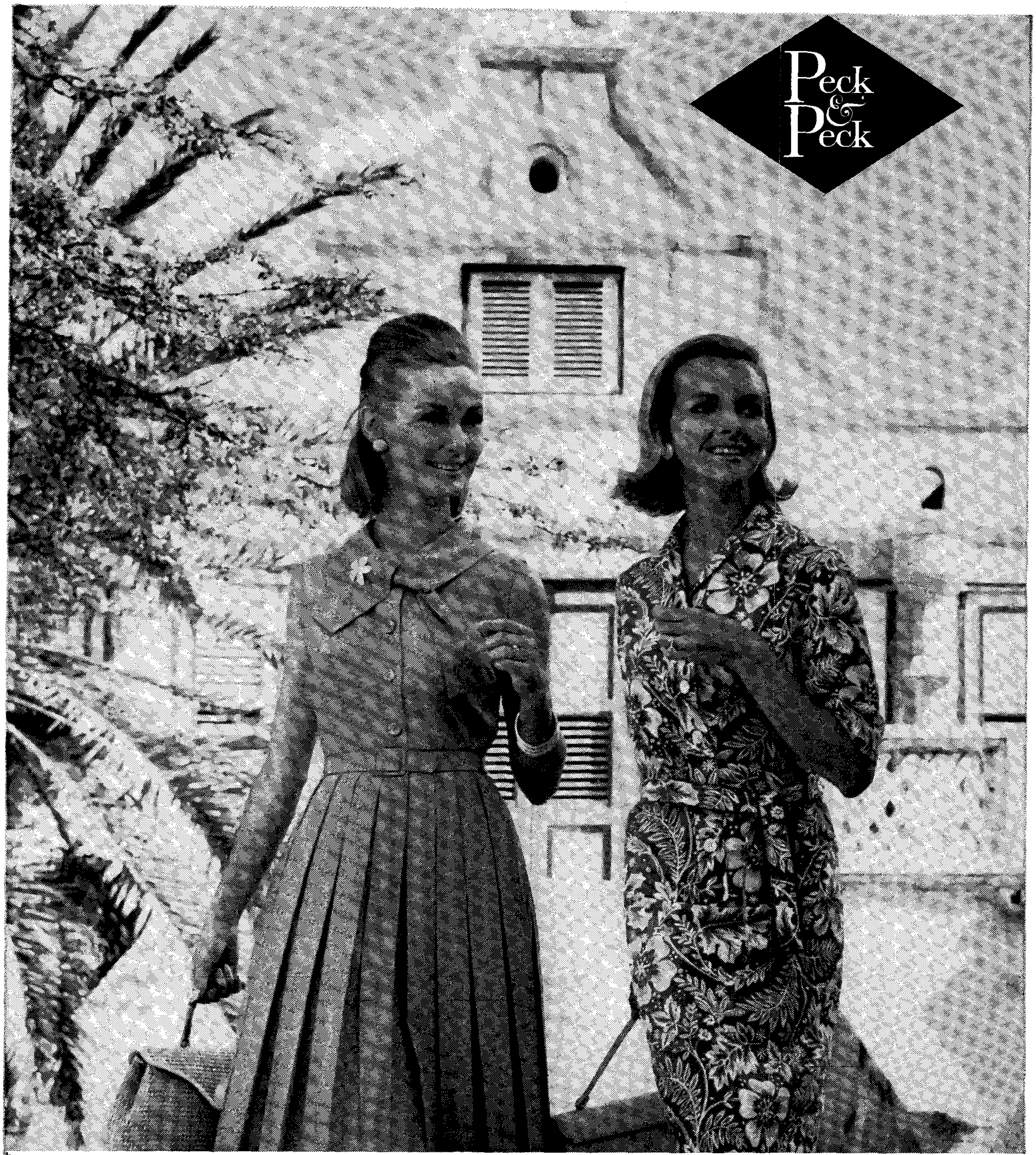

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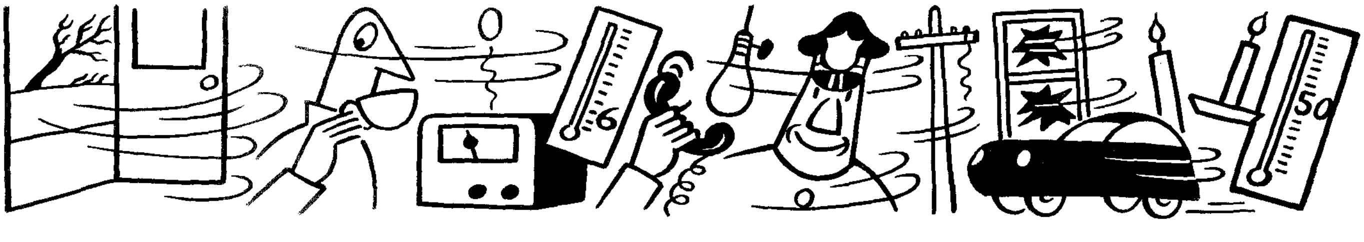
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

OUR uptown insomniac friend has sent us some more of his night thoughts, which go as follows:

"God knows, I am accustomed up here at Ninety-eighth and Fifth to winter winds that unconscionably flatten mothers and children, doormen, delivery boys, museum-bound old ladies, and other intrepid types. But I doubt if I could stomach another three-day wind like the one that hounded the Northeast at the turn of the year. That remains in my memory as a unique and fearful wind, for it was—hereabouts, anyway—almost completely invisible. It carried no snow, rain, hail, or sleet. It was accompanied much of the time by brassy, poker-faced sunshine. And, though invisible, it was loud and brutally cold—like a huge ghost. Its sixty-mile-per-hour gusts weren't after houses and trees; they were after souls. If I sound agitated, it's because I was vacationing alone in a small old house in Head of the Harbor, Long Island, during the storm. Moreover, the wind caught me by surprise. I hadn't bought a paper for a couple of days (*Newsday* and the *Long Island Daily Press* have the same unmistakable transparency as Boston papers), the house has no television, and the radio reception is poor. Besides, the first day of the blow came up clear, cold, and brisk—an ideal winter day. Around lunchtime, though, there was a sudden upstairs crash, followed by an irregular *thummbb thummbb-thummbb thummbb.* Racing upstairs, I was met by a torrent of icy air. A porch door had blown open and was flailing against a wall. The door had no lock, so I barricaded it with a heavy armchair and a six-foot split-log bench. The wind rose steadily, but the sun was bright, and around two o'clock, as is my custom, I took a short nap. At two-forty-five, while I was having a cup of tea in the kitchen, the radio, static and all, died. I turned on the kitchen light—nothing. The front-hall light—nothing. The living-room lamps—nothing. The power, which meant the furnace, too, had failed. The thermometer outside the kitchen window read six above. Well, the power will be restored soon, I thought, and sat down to finish my tea. At three-fifteen, I tried the radio and the lights. No soap. Visions of frozen pipes exploding by candlelight filled my head, and after making a quick, fruitless inspection outside for fallen wires I called the Long Island Lighting Company. A polite, corporate-sounding voice informed me they were swamped by calls but would do what they could. At three-thirty, there was a heavy knock on the front door, and a burly, cheerful-looking policeman came in and introduced himself as Chief Edward J. Moroney, of the Head of the Harbor police. (The force, I learned later, totals two.) 'Your lights out?' he asked me. I nodded. 'Stanley's, too, next door, but they got power on your other side. Let me call Mizz Lawrence, up on the hill past Stanley's, see what she's got.' The Chief dialled a number on the kitchen phone. 'Mizz Lawrence? The Chief. You got electric up there? Yeh-mm. Yeh-mm. O.K.' He hung up. 'Looks like it's just you and Stanley. I'll call the Long Island Lighting.' He left, and the phone rang. It was Stanley. He'd spotted a small loose wire at the top of a telephone pole between our houses. Pole No. 22, he said. He also said that the water pump for our houses was out and that the pressure would be gone in half an hour. I told him I'd call the Lighting Company again. A different but equally polite corporate voice said they were swamped by calls but would do what they could. It was four o'clock, and the wind had reached a persistent roar. Sunlight, weakened by the woods west of the house, wavered on the kitchen wall. The temperature in the front hall had dropped to fifty-eight. I lit a fire in the living room, where I could see my breath; turned on the gas oven in the kitchen; and put on a windbreaker. In the next half hour, the upstairs door blew open twice, shoving the chair and the bench six feet across a rug each time, and two windowpanes shattered. I called Lighting again. Then I drove to Stony Brook for some candles. When I got back, it was dark. The front-hall thermometer was at fifty, and the living room was near freezing, fire or no fire. It was four degrees outside the kitchen. I lit half a dozen candles and turned up the oven, closing off everything but the dining room. For the moment, there in the kitchen, I was warm, and even snug. Then the house trembled, like a dreaming dog, and the wind took on a—well, *massive* sound. As I started dialling the Lighting people again, a small truck pulled up in front of the telephone pole. I put a heavy coat over my windbreaker, wrapped my head in a sweater, clamped a hat on top, and went out. The wind was deafening and the cold excruciating. I had a jumbled impression of air turned to blowing blocks of ice, of Dante's Inferno, and of creaking, thrashing, agonized trees. The scene at the telephone pole was



heroic. The repairman—enormous, muffled, helmeted—had turned on a powerful floodlight, raised an extension ladder to the top of the pole, and clambered up, and he and the ladder and a dozen tree limbs were performing a slow, wild, dangerous dance. After five minutes, I could stand the cold no longer and ran woodenly back to the house. I slammed the front door and stumbled across the hall and into the dining room, and—bang!—the lights went on. I laughed, then cheered. The hall thermometer had reached forty, and it was only five-fifteen.

"It blew for two more days, of course, but everything else—a sandstorm on the beach near the house, my empty car blowing slowly and spookily down my driveway the next night, a loose, vengeful, whanging gutter, and wind, wind, wind, wind—was anticlimactic. It is late and time to close. I have been back in town for three luxurious days. Despite the noise and brutality and dirt and madness of the city, we are pretty coddled here. Good night."

Kandinsky

SOME rolling stones do, too, gather moss. Vasily Kandinsky, who had painted something like fifteen hundred oils and water colors when he died in Paris at seventy-eight, was born in Moscow in 1866; went abroad with his family at three and attended nursery school in Florence; moved to Odessa at five; entered the University of Moscow at twenty; at twenty-three, accompanied an anthropological expedition to the Vologda District, in northwestern Russia, and then visited St. Petersburg and Paris; was back in Moscow three years later for his law examination, and his first marriage; then revisited Paris and returned to Moscow as an instructor at the university at twenty-seven; at thirty, abandoned his law career in order to paint, and settled (for a while) in Munich; visited Holland, Venice, Odessa, and Moscow at thirty-seven; went to Tunisia a year or so later; divided the next three years among Odessa, Paris, Rapallo, Switzerland, and Berlin; returned to Munich at forty-two; moved to Murnau, in southern Germany, at forty-three; revisited Russia at forty-four; backtracked to Germany and, after excursions to Zurich and Russia, went to Sweden for the winter when he was forty-nine; returned to Moscow the next year, married his second wife, and stayed until he was fifty-five; resettled in Germany, to become a teacher at the Bauhaus, and remained for eleven years; and, at sixty-seven, when the Nazis closed the Bauhaus, moved to Paris, where, after side trips to the Côte d'Azur, Normandy, and the Pyrenees, he died in 1944.

The chief depositaries, or depositories, of his work are his widow, Mme. Nina Kandinsky, in Neuilly; the Gabriele Münter Foundation, at the Städtische Galerie in Munich; and the Guggenheim Museum, whose first director, Baroness Hilla Rebay, was a great Kandinsky fan, and which is about to open the world's first comprehensive Kandinsky show. We've had a pre-installation visit with the Museum's director, Mr. Thomas M. Messer, who has been rounding up the exhibit for the past two years. "It's been a most ambitious undertaking—diplomatically, organizationally—in selecting the pictures and in publishing the catalogues," he said after giving us a rundown on the foregoing itinerary. "We're showing ninety-six oils and thirty-five water colors, which, after April, will travel to the Musée National d'Art Moderne in Paris, the Municipal Museum in The Hague, and the Kunsthalle in Basel, and we've organized a second show, of sixty-five oils and thirty-one water colors, which will be shown in ten American institutions, starting with the Pasadena Art Museum and ending with the Worcester Art Museum. Both shows will have impressive catalogues, with essays on Kandinsky in Russia, Kandinsky in Germany, and Kandinsky in France. He was at one time or another a citizen of each of these countries. We've gathered the exhibits from our own collection of nearly two hundred Kandinsky works and from the equally important collections formed, or inherited, by his friend Gabriele Münter and by his wife—the Münter collection is strong in early Kandinskys, and Mme. Kandinsky's collection is strong in later Kandinskys—and we've obtained, through channels, seven Kandinskys from Russia; they're owned by The Hermitage, in Leningrad, and the Tretyakov Gallery and the Municipal Museum in Moscow. This is the first time such a door has been opened, and we hope it may set a fruitful precedent. Mme. Kandinsky, who is coming here for the opening, is a Russian lady, now living in Paris, who is *persona grata* in the Soviet Union; it was she who established the initial contact there, with the Russian authorities, that made the loan possible. Her husband was active in the Commissariat for Popular Culture after the Revolution, organizing twenty-two museums in Russia and founding the Academy of Arts, of which he was vice-president. It was only in 1921, when he decided that his contribution to art could be made most effectively in the West, that he left to join the Bauhaus."

We asked Mr. Messer to give us a lecture on Kandinsky, and he obligingly complied. "His most decisive contributions were made between 1909 and 1913," he said. "Our show starts with 1902, when he was doing poetic representations; around 1908 distortion begins and shapes are attenuated, until by 1910 you are on the borderline of abstraction. Around 1913, pure forms come to the fore, and color and form assert their independence, and this free form continues until 1920. During the Bauhaus period, we become aware of a certain tightening, which creates a geometric vocabulary. In the late Paris period, the styles combine; he is going back to a freer form, with control attained through geometry. To put it another way, he first developed from art tied to representation to art expressing itself in non-objective form; went on to another transformation, from his organic period to one of geometric forms, in which the free form was harnessed and disciplined; and, finally, put all these things together, achieving a synthesis in which he even recalled representational associations. It's really an anthology of the modern movement. Kandinsky was an innovator of the greatest significance; he was among

the first painters to deploy non-representational forms for pictorial ends. We're showing his work chronologically. We'll shoot people up to the fifth floor and let them descend the ramps through forty years of Kandinsky's evolution. The Guggenheim Museum is ideal for this kind of show; the continuity is indicated in the spiral architecture. I think it would be too much to claim that this is what Frank Lloyd Wright had in mind, but it works out beautifully."

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Incidental Intelligence: One of the "fun activities" that are advertised by the Holland-America Line is "Religious Services."

Founders' Night

LADIES are inclined to minimize their ages, but illustrious men and institutions, bent on being venerable, occasionally err in the opposite direction. A few years ago, Mr. P. G. Wodehouse celebrated a purported eightieth birthday, with a round of interviews, during the October in which he in fact became seventy-nine, and last month The Players similarly jumped the gun by a twelvemonth, inviting members and guests to a Founders' Night celebration with a card that read, resoundingly, "Seventy-five years ago this New Year's Eve Edwin Booth stood before the fireplace in the Great Hall and read the Deed of Gift to the assembled Founders, and thereby established our club, The Players!" Actually, it was on the night of December 31, 1888, that Mr. Booth turned over the fine house he had bought on Gramercy Park to the members of the club he had dreamed up. Adding to the confusion (and, conceivably, accounting for the statistical error) was a decision to hold Founders' Night, traditionally a stag affair, several nights *after* New Year's Eve—on January 6th—in deference to an increasing disposition of members' wives to greet the New Year in the company of their spouses.

Thanks to the hospitality of a member, we were happily on hand, and, following an excellent dinner of roast beef and Nuits-Saint-Georges '53, we stood before the fireplace, which housed an excellent fire, as Mr. Howard Lindsay, the club's president, read congratulatory telegrams from a couple of absent, unimpeachably octogenarian members; called attention to the cleaning and restoration of the club's Sargent portrait of Booth "as evidence that we take care of our heritage;" read a poem by Thomas Bailey Aldrich celebrating the portrait of Booth; and touched on some of the changes that had taken place since the club was founded. "When Richard Mansfield had dinner here after the theatre, he stayed overnight at a nearby hotel," Mr. Lindsay said. "He felt that it would be too much to undertake the long carriage trip uptown to his home, on Riverside Drive. But the greatest change has been the rise in power of women. They were introduced to the joys of the cocktail in the days of prohibition, and they don't like to drink alone, and this has cut down on our attendance during the cocktail and dinner hours. I remember the time when a man would come in here for a drink in the late afternoon, pick up the telephone, say to his wife, 'I won't be home for dinner,' and hang up." Nostalgic applause greeted this forthright recollection. "For the past month, we have seen more of our newspapermen members than formerly," Mr. Lindsay continued, and he proceeded to introduce one of them—Mr. Turner Catledge, the managing editor of the *Times* and the speaker of the evening.

"At last I've come to exemplify one of the basic traditions of The Players," Mr. Catledge said. "I'm out of work." Coming down through the ages, Mr. Catledge told of the club's beginnings—it was originally planned in the summer of 1887, by Booth and five other men, including Aldrich, the actor Lawrence Barrett, and the editor Parke Godwin, during a cruise on a friend's yacht—and of the solace it gave Booth, "a man who lost two wives and two fortunes, and suffered from the rash act of his brother." Mr. Catledge went on to explain, "By the violence of his life, Booth became a target for loneliness. He was disturbed by the inferior social status of his profession. He left behind, here on Gramercy Park, a place where he could return not only his physical self but his emotional self."

Mr. Franklin Cover, a strikingly handsome actor, next read a letter of dedication that had accompanied Booth's deed of gift, and Mr. Charles Connolly, the bar manager and an honorary member, passed—as he had done for the past thirty-five years—a great silver loving cup, from which the ninety-five men present took affectionate swallows.

We descended to the bar and fell into conversation with Mr. John Mulholland, the magician, who is a Player of twenty-eight years' standing. "The magic business isn't what it used to be," he said. "Where in hell can I get a silk hat or a pair of white kid gloves from an audience today? If I bring them along, they look like props. In the old days, when you performed before a family the father was a college graduate and that was that. Today, both parents are college graduates and three out of four *grandparents* are college graduates. They're full of modern science, which takes the edge off magic. And the children! I gave a show at the Union Club the other afternoon, and there was this four-year-old boy watching me narrowly. 'You know, Mr. Mulholland,' he said when I was through, 'your performance was perfectly astounding.' And recently a six-year-old girl at a party said, 'How much of what you just did was conjuring and how much was prestidigitation?' I know how to handle grown-up drunks, but what can you say to this sort of thing?"

Declarative

IN this off-election year, we'd like to nominate for the most-uncomplicated-prose-style crown the author of the following communication, which was discovered in the apartment of a lady we know whose faucets were leaky:

The plumber was here
and fixed plumbing.
THE PLUMBER

Newcomer

HAVING perambulated the bustling premises of the *Standard*, the six-day-a-week tabloid founded, according to a statement on the front page of Vol. I, No. 1, "solely to serve as an interim medium until such time as the normal flow of newspapers is restored," and talked with some of the people involved in its publication, we are prepared to tell you, to begin with, that the paper is the brain child of an ebullient thirty-nine-year-old recently transplanted Texan named Leonard E. B. Andrews, whose previous journalistic experience embraced the editing of a weekly Air Force newspaper; the writing of a column and of numerous articles for banking and financial publications while he was serving as vice-president in charge of public relations and advertising of the Texas Bank & Trust Co., in Dallas; and the authorship of what he describes as "two books nobody ever heard of." One of his financial articles—a three-thousand-word exposition of a plan he had devised for eliminating the use of checks in credit exchange, which was published three years ago in the *American Banker*—caught the attention of, among others, a Californian named Joseph P. Williams, who was then a vice-president of the Bank of America. Williams struck up a correspondence with Andrews, and the two men subsequently met, left their banks, and migrated to New York, where, early last year, they became associated in the establishment of the Uni-Serv Corporation (Williams is president, Andrews is vice-president), a credit-card organization whose clients consist mainly of New York retail stores—some eighty-five hundred of them in the five boroughs—and whose card-carrying members now number more than three hundred and fifty thousand. "Ours is what you might call a family credit card," Mr. Andrews told us. "We'd been thinking of expanding our service to provide our members with a shopping weekly or some similar publication, so the idea of putting out a paper had been in our minds before the newspaper strike. After the strike had gone on for a while, we saw the need for a regular newspaper here right away. We were sure it could do a real lot of good for all New Yorkers." He discussed the project with Mr. Williams, secured his approval and the financial backing of the corporation, and started wheeling and dealing.

For an opener, he telephoned a friend of his named Harry L. Welker, Jr., and offered him the job of editor of the new paper. "Like an idiot, I said 'Fine,' " Mr. Welker told us. "We jumped feet first into this round-the-clock nightmare, and I've seen my family once since. Normally, I live in Dobbs Ferry. Now I'm living, so to speak, at The Tuscany." Mr. Welker, who is forty-three, sandy-haired, and freckled, began his journalistic career as a police reporter on the East Orange *Record* and went on to such other enterprises as *Time*, the Denver *Post*, the King Features Syndicate, and the Herald Tribune Syndicate, of which he became editor. "I left there last summer, after five years, to pursue a couple of personal projects," he said. "Those were pretty much wound up when Len Andrews called about this thing." That was on December 20th, and at four-thirty that afternoon Welker and Andrews met at the Overseas Press Club. "We talked until about eleven o'clock, laying it all out, including the budget," Andrews said. "So far, we've come within five per cent of the original figures. Incidentally, we're not in this to make money. We look on the *Standard* as a public service. At the same time, we're trying not to lose money. It's too early to say how that's going to pan out."

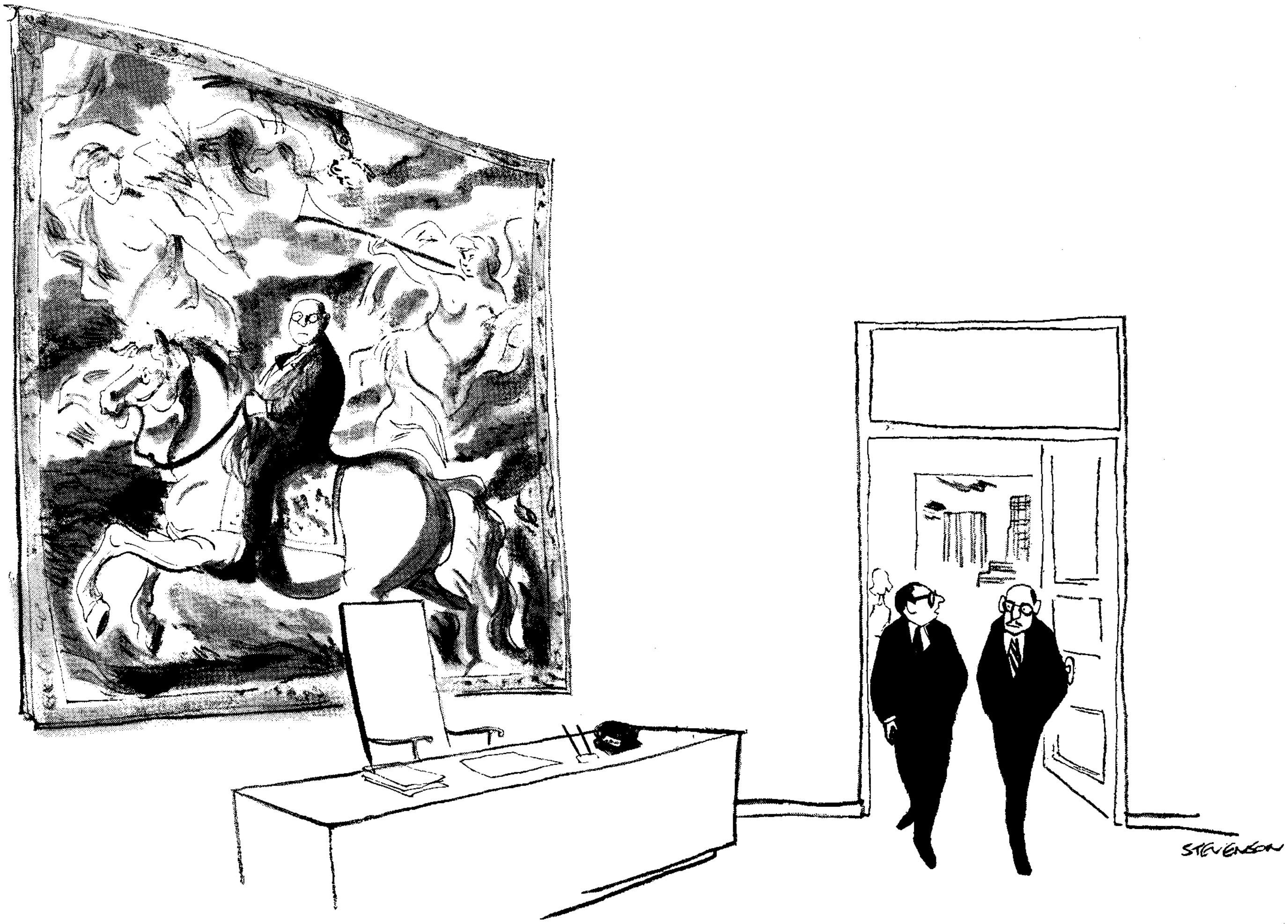
Another participant in the initial discussion was a friend and contemporary of Andrews named Leonard Saffir, who had been bureau chief of the International News Service, first in Dallas and then in Tokyo, and had later established his own public-relations firm in Manhattan. "We've been working until three or four o'clock in the morning ever since Len asked me to come in as his assistant," Mr. Saffir, a dark-haired, quiet-spoken man, told us. "I haven't set foot in my own office since."

A couple of days after the original meeting, John L. Catucci, the real-estate-advertising manager of the *Post*, became the new paper's advertising director. "It was just what I was looking for," Mr. Catucci, the only member of the *Standard* staff who customarily wears a jacket at work, told us. "I didn't want to work for a publication that was going to be in business after the strike. When I heard about this—a public service, a quite sincere effort to fill a void—I said, 'Gee whizz, I'd consider it a privilege to play on that ball team.' "

Working out of a suite in the Biltmore, the four-man staff tackled the myriad tasks involved in bringing to life the paper that had been named the *Standard*. That was one of seven names the staff had contemplated. "We'd thought of things like *Gazette*, *Press-News*, *Bulletin*, and, of course, there were some whimsical suggestions, too," Mr. Welker told us. "Probably the most apropos, as it turned out, was the *Daily Miracle*. We picked the name *Standard* because that was the first one the lawyers cleared. My main job, naturally, was getting a staff. As soon as I decided to take the job, I began phoning people I wanted—mostly as department heads. I let them recruit the people they wanted to work with. We lined up about fifty for the editorial side. With only one or two exceptions, all of them, from department heads to copy boys, came from the nine unpublished papers. Marshall Peck, of the *Herald Tribune*, became head of the foreign desk; Alden Whitman, of the *Times*, head of the national desk; John Bowen, of the *Daily News*, news editor; Joe Donnelly, also of the *News*, city editor; Steve Tyno, the *Times*, sports editor; Allyn Baum, the *Times*, picture editor; Marilyn Mercer, the *Trib*, woman's-page editor; Elinor Klein, the *Trib*, amusements editor; and William Robbins, the *Times*, financial editor. These people signed on others: Milton Bracker, the *Times*, for the city desk; Henry Walter, the *World-Telegram*, for City Hall; Tony Marino, the *News*, for police headquarters—and I could go on. In short, one hell of an impressive staff."

Meanwhile, John Catucci was recruiting an advertising staff of about forty, and Andrews and Saffir were coping with the problems of office space and printing. "We needed ten thousand feet of space that we could rent on a weekly basis, and that's not too easy to find in New York," Saffir said. "The place also had to have equipment for plenty of phones, be in a decent location, and so forth." On December 27th, he rented Floor 12-A of 270 Madison Avenue. On the morning of December 31st, he concluded arrangements to furnish the premises with rented equipment, and that afternoon he supervised the moving in of seventy desks, seventy typewriters (not everybody is there at the same time), and numerous chairs, wastebaskets, in-and-out baskets, a coat rack, a water cooler, and other necessities. "Where but in New York could you set up an office practically on New Year's Eve?" Mr. Saffir concluded, still slightly awed.

The *Standard's* newly hired department heads checked in on the day the



"He's a great executive, but he's not the easiest guy in the world to work for."

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office was being furnished, and the full staff reported for work on Wednesday, January 2nd. The first issue of the paper was scheduled to appear the following Sunday. Though the printing problem had been a sticky one, Mr. Andrews thought he had finally solved it by arranging to farm out the typesetting to four commercial typographers, collect what was set by each, have mats made, and transport the whole works to a printing concern that would turn out the paper. Early Saturday morning, he found that this plan had gone askew. "After I thought I had it all sewed up, the printer called the deal off," Mr. Andrews said. "There I was with forty pages of mats—Sunday's paper—on my hands, and no place to print them. I picked up the phone and made some calls, and finally closed a deal to have the paper printed in Elizabeth, on the presses of the *Daily Journal*. Then Len Saffir and I got in my car to take the mats over. We'd been forty-eight hours without any sleep to speak of, and we got lost twice getting there. We finally made it, and the presses started rolling at about five-thirty. We took the first three hundred copies, tied them up into two bundles, tossed them in the car, and drove back to the office. We walked in with these two big bundles and put them down on the city desk. You should have seen the reaction of those veteran newsmen. They let out a roar like something you hear after a pinch-hit homer in a World Series. The *Standard* was off the ground. It was a miracle."

The atmosphere around the *Standard* office continues to be one of pleased amazement. "The mechanical side is still incredible," Mr. Welker said. "It's getting a little smoother, though. The type is collected from the various typographers, and when the mats are made they are taken to the heliport downtown, and from there they're flown by helicopter to Newark Airport, where a car picks them up and takes them on to Elizabeth. It's real pony-express stuff. As for the editorial side, that's no less incredible. To get out that first issue, these people worked twenty- and twenty-four-hour days—on the last stretch I myself worked without interruption for twenty-eight hours—and they're continuing to just knock themselves out. People don't work like this for money. Incidentally, we pay the Guild scale—and in some cases higher, for department heads—and staff members can collect their pay by the week or by the day, whichever they wish. Money aside, there's something special about this operation. We're getting better every day, the ads are flooding us, and we're looking to a million circulation. But there's no letup in the pressure. It's still perpetual hysteria."

Snows of Yesteryear

WE don't altogether understand the following conversation, but we reproduce it as a service to future historians. We got up early one morning last week, hailed a cab, and asked the driver to take us to the Yale Club, where we had a breakfast appointment. "They still in business?" is what we thought we heard him say. We asked him to repeat himself. "They still in business?" he said. We asked him why he had inquired. "All you used to hear was Yale and Harvard, Yale and Harvard," he said. "You don't hear that much now." We asked what he *does* hear. "Syracuse," he said.

EVERY CLOUD HAS A SILVER LINING

OR, ALL'S WELL WITH THE WORLD OF FASHION

HAVE *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* lost their touch? Has the *terre-à-terre*, or *terre-à-lune*, world impinged upon the dreams that peppered their pages and influenced my actions when they, and I, were young, or younger: the prophecy of Salvador Dali, for instance, in a 1939 issue of *Vogue*, that the jewels of tomorrow would wind up and come to life, acquiring "the hypnotic, slow, almost imperceptible movements of living sea-urchins, or the digestive, somnambulistic, and patient contractions of carnivorous plants—movements of dazzling precision and of biological afterthoughts;" the revelation, in the same magazine the following year, that Mrs. McAdoo Taylor, Miss Brenda Frazier, and a number of other stylish ladies kept their "Good Looks" by washing themselves with camomile tea, fresh cream, tepid milk, raw egg yolks or white-of-egg, raw-cucumber lotion, and a solution of Epsom salts; the discovery, by *Harper's Bazaar*, in the freshening postwar winter of 1946, that "feet speak, but they tell no lies"? ("Love your feet—they love you," the *Bazaar* went on, and I turned from trying to speed up the diadems, tiaras, and stomachers that then dazzlingly came my way, and from my scrambled-egg rinses and minestrone rubs to a series of affectionate chats with my toes, most of which snubbed me.)

These magazines used to delight me, but as time went on I read them less and less. I see in my files, which contain précis of articles that have influenced me profoundly, that my next-to-last plunge into *Vogue* took place in the summer of 1955, when a rhetorical question there—"But even if a stocking could stretch from here to California, what would be the point if it didn't also flatter?"—started my rhetorical glands flowing, and that my next-to-last immersion in the *Bazaar* was a couple of months before *that*. "Wherever you walk and whenever you sit, hold your head as though a thread attached it to a star," the *Bazaar* counselled its readers, and I was off on a canter of astronomical afterthoughts.

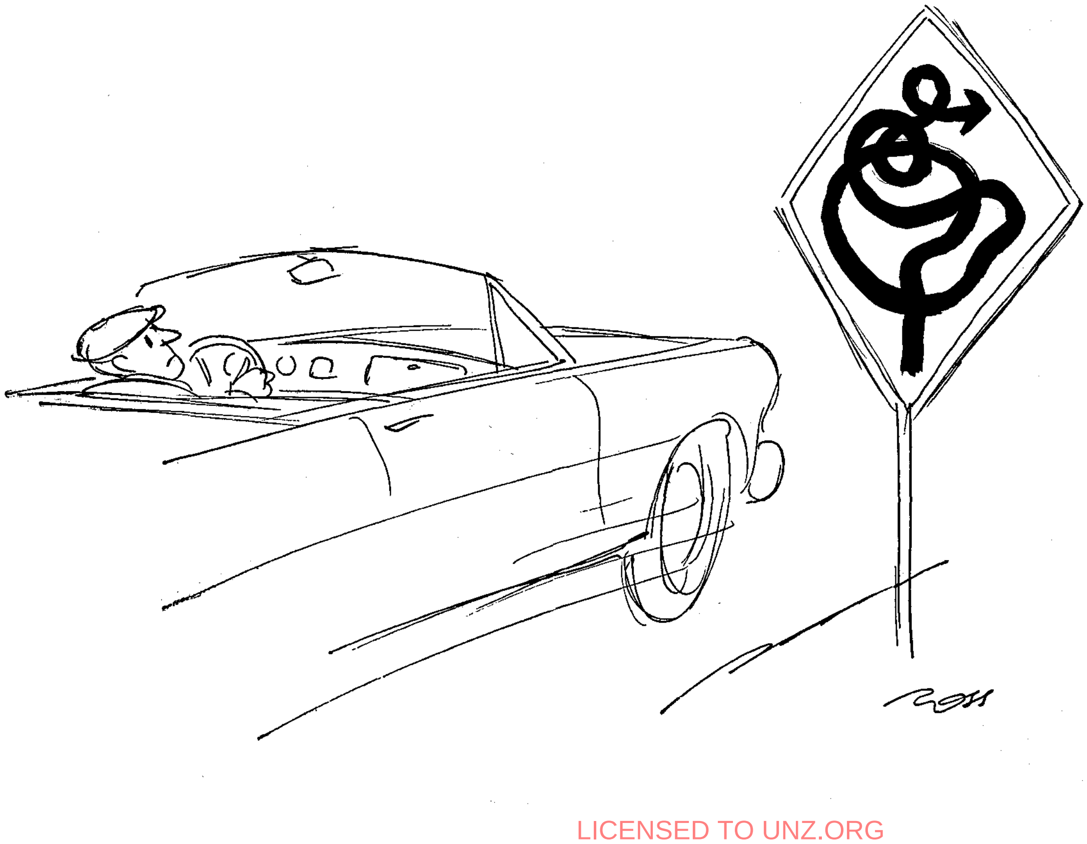
I got to reading these magazines less and less because an increasing addiction to Manhattan's seven English-language daily papers—an addiction motivated by compulsion or by a crazy idea that I ought to know what is going on—tended to prevent my having time to read *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*, which tell you, by and large, what is *not* going on. Seven long years of deprivation, but now, thank my lucky stars, including the one to which my head is attached, the newspaper strike is in its sixth week, and I have caught up with my neglected darlings. There's nothing like a feast after a famine. I find that I have approached them with the heightened exuberance of a man freed, if only for the duration, from the shackles of Walter Lippmann and Elsa Maxwell. Thank you, dear Mr. Bertram A. Powers, president of the New York Typographical Union No. 6, and thank you, dear Mr. Amory H. Bradford, vice-president of the *Times* and spokesman for the opposition—thank you for a breathing space in which to read (without a nagging feeling of guilt that my time might be better spent on Arthur Krock, Cyrus L. Sulzberger, Roscoe Drummond, and Dorothy Kilgallen) "Christmas from the Heart," an editorial in the December issue of *Harper's Bazaar*.

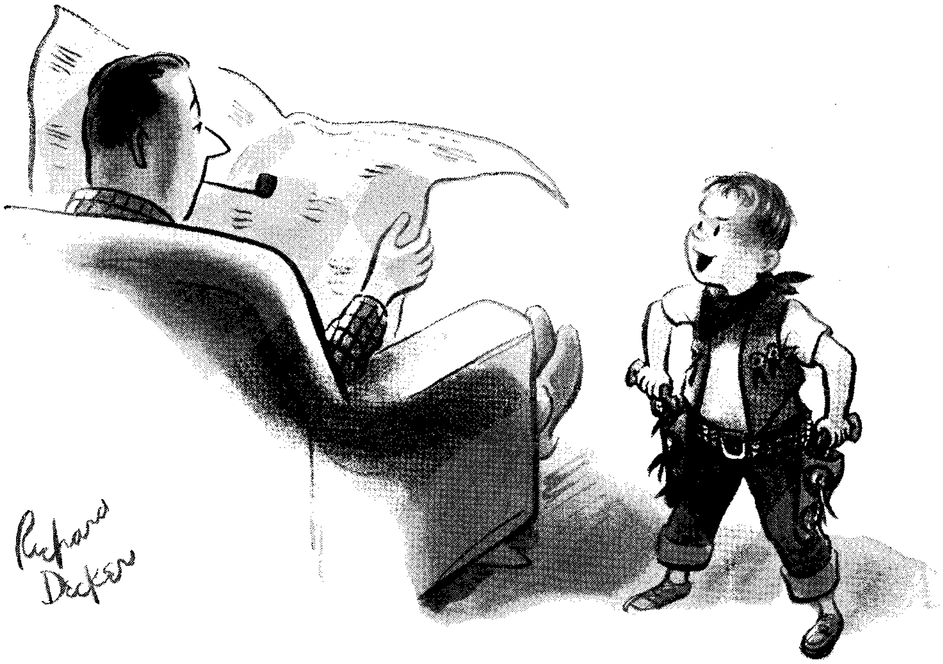
"If you long for the true Christmas spirit—and don't we all—" it starts out, without a question mark, and goes on:

> —begin by making it a celebration, not from the checkbook but from the heart, and offer a part of yourself.
>
> Give perhaps the gift of memories: Surprise your husband with cufflinks made from two little flat round stones picked up on the sand in front of your beach house and set as if they were precious, and in a sense they are. Paint a personal message on larger stones and send them as paperweight mementos (with your country address and telephone number on the underside) to past weekend guests as an implied invitation for next summer. For far-flung girlhood friends, unearth old snapshots from your times together—looking terribly St. Trinian's in school uniforms or like the hope of the hockey team in gym bloomers. Mount the pictures gaily on red paper and mail them along with a newsy up-to-date report on your doings. For all those with whom you spent a wonderful holiday—sailing the Greek isles on the same yacht or sharing a summer house—do up a diary, preferably with snapshots, recalling the little laughs, the mad crises, the funny mayhem.

Ahem! Mayhem, according to Webster, is "the maiming of a person by depriving him of the use of any of his members which are necessary for him in defending himself . . . ; often extended by statute to cover all willful disfigurings of the body," and I wonder whether a Kodak of this, however gaily mounted, would get through the mails. It might, of course, for the censors are on a thirty-hour week and let some things slip by, and besides, featherbedding abounds (along with moonlighting, which makes some censors too bushed to do justice to their primary responsibilities), but my lawyer has advised me against posting such illustrated reports on my doings. "Keep the evidence of your doings under your hat," he said, with a little laugh. "Tear those pictures *up* and swallow the pieces."

Still, what do you know! My wife *did* surprise me with cufflinks made from some little round stones picked up in front of our beach house at Siasconset last summer and set





"Call me something without smiling."

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as if they were precious. The trouble is, in a prodigal gesture, she used *four* stones—two for each link—and they weren't quite flat enough to go through the buttonholes in the sleeves of my regular shirts. I didn't want to hurt her feelings, and the stones certainly evoked precious memories of mayhem they or their fellow-pebbles did to the soles of my feet (which, as you will recall, *Harper's Bazaar* had taught me to love) last August, so I had Charles Dillon run up some special shirts for me—a celebration that came from my checkbook. I was additionally surprised when I got a bill from Cartier for the setting of the stones, and my checkbook, which had already been surprised by the Dillon bill—it came a day or two before the one from Cartier—was in such a state that I resolved to spare it further astonishment. I felt, however, that a personal message to Cartier was in order. Our beach house, which is heated only by a Franklin stove—and, come to think of it, was merely rented at that—was closed for the season, and I suspected that a trip to Nantucket to get a stone suitable for such a message might prove dreary, so I picked up a fresh-water stone from the Seventy-second Street lake in Central Park. I painted a personal message on it, and, cautioned by my lawyer not to send this through the mails, either, I threw it through one of the Cartier windows.

Very well. Scarcely had I digested the *Bazaar's* hypnotic editorial—"Give the gift of experience," it continued. ". . . For a bride. . . . (if she's an embryonic chef, include a pair of long asbestos mittens that cover halfway to the elbow; they may be meant for barbecuing but they save a beginner many an oven burn.)"—when, as luck would have it, a bevy of far-flung, girlhood St. Trinian's friends of my wife showed up, fresh from the yacht they had been sharing. One of them looked to me as though she hadn't been flung far enough—her bloomers were neatly creased—so I put on my asbestos mittens and flung her on the sofa. This precipitated a mad crisis on the poop, after which I pooped out and sought solace in a copy of the December *Vogue*.

"PRESTO-CHANGO! Here are the 1963 Status Symbols," I read in a headline at the top of page 11, and, immediately underneath:

> "The" place to go is Sardinia. If you own your own airplane, it better be jet now—no prop. Of course, boats are for the masses—except a houseboat in Kashmir, which will get you three points. For therapy, one grows Chinese vegetables. There seems to be a revival of the harp for your living room. The pool table returns to the library, and one plays pool after dinner.

Well, I slipped downstairs to the library (the guests had been piped off), threw my Old Town canoe out the window, ordered some Chinese veg. from Gristede's and a harp from Lyon & Healy, telephoned my pawnbroker to return the pool table, and went back to *Vogue* for further status hints. Good heavens! On closer inspection of the article, I found that it was not part and parcel of the magazine proper but a Hattie Carnegie advertisement. The aforementioned paragraph, along with a couple of others recommending a "Silver Cloud Rolls-Royce," "a pale cocoa toned Bentley" with four headlights, "sculpture for the garden," and colored diamonds ("Pink is tops"), was simply a windup for an essay on chinchilla, with prices. No matter. *Vogue* is still the same old hive of Surrealistic oomph. It advises you, in a piece called "The Strong Brown Midriff," to take a deep breath, "exhale, [and] now, quite empty of air, imagine that a hot buckle is about to be placed on your midriff. Contract your midriff away from the buckle. Repeat five times." Another piece, in a list of suggestions for Christmas gifts to friends, advises you to rent for them in advance "a villa in the south of France or Sardinia for a month" (Hattie Carnegie was right on the button). And, in an article by a contributor, you are urged to visit Yucatán, where "the Mayan . . . mentions with light pride (the Mayan is too civilized a man to boast) his remarkable cleanliness."

I shifted my asbestos mittens to my midriff, brushed my teeth unobtrusively, and went on to a Cecil Beaton Christmas Scrapbook (shades of the thirties!). It consisted of a montage that included a holograph "Dearest Clarissa" letter from Mr. Beaton to the Countess of Avon, and another, from Mr. Beaton's father, written to the son when he was eleven months old, addressed to "Master Cecil Walter Hardy Gingertop Fizgig Tweedlepunch Rufus Rueben Leo Alfie Fred Hackenschmidt Beaton." It starts out "My dear little Gingertop" and reads, in part, "Has he been out with the naughty Butcher man and come home covered with mud." No question mark again. The Avon letter is headed "Date unknown," in Mr. Beaton's handwriting, which makes me wonder whether it is an original or a fair, or fair-to-middling, copy. If original, it was terribly original of the writer not to know what year he was writing in; if not, how in Tophet— Oh, well, the answer to *my* original question is no, the ladies have not lost their touch, and I am forever indebted to the Messrs. Powers and Bradford for the opportunity to come to this newsy, up-to-date conclusion.

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

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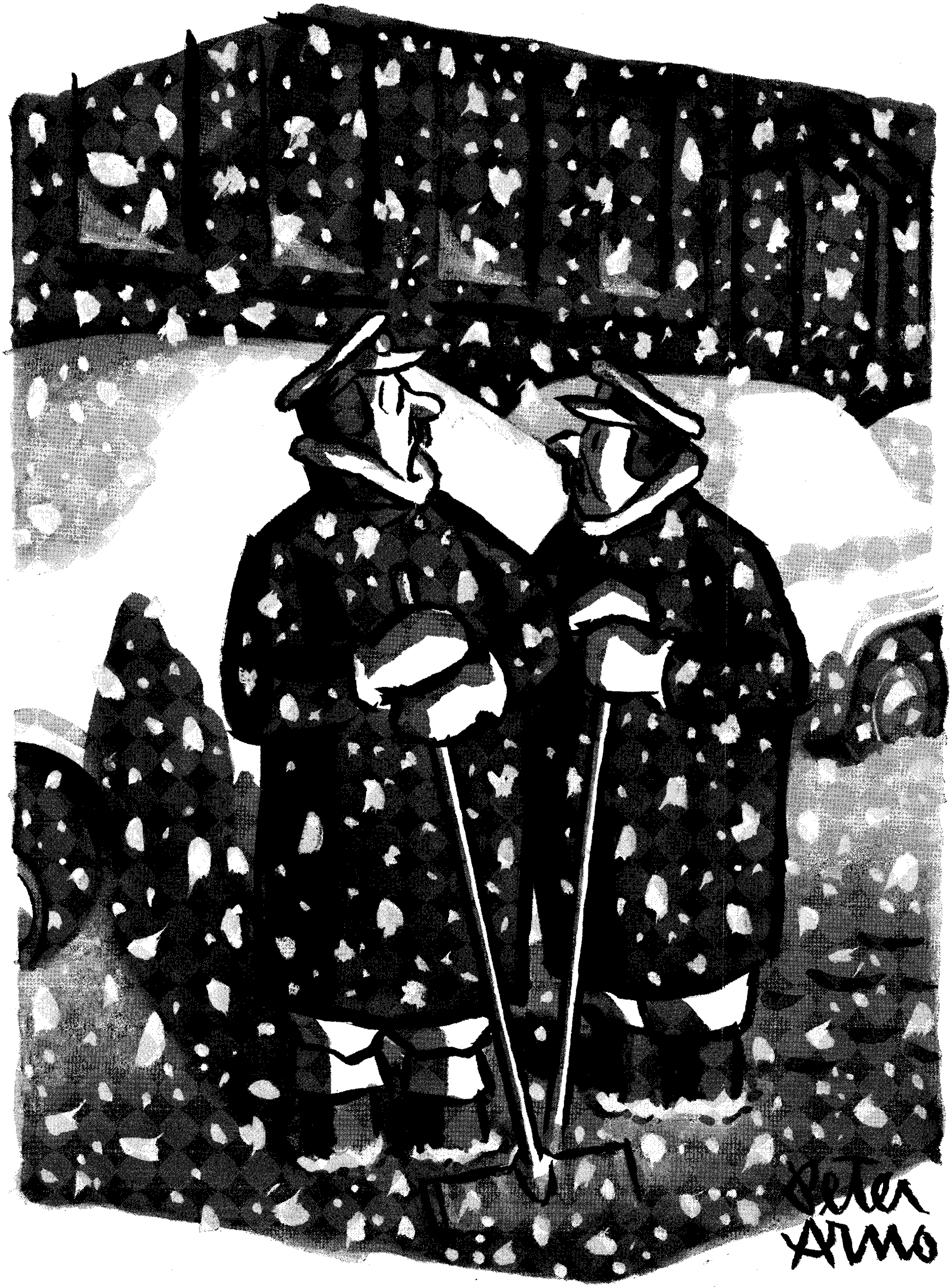
The very best colonial full armed Daveno we can buy. Makes into an uncomfortable bed for two guests.—*Adv. in the Spokane Spokesman-Review.*

Who were quarrelling anyway.



"Do you hear giggling?"

WASHINGTON

WHEN I ran through Pennsylvania Station on a cloudy November afternoon, I was wearing a clean blue shirt with a soft unbuttoned collar, a brown knit tie, a brown herringbone suit, well-polished brown Spanish shoes, and an English overcoat—a gray herringbone—that I had worn for three years. I had some old letters stuffed into the inside pocket of my jacket, and after I had taken out my wallet to buy my train ticket I had trouble putting it back. I was afraid I would miss my train, so I slipped the wallet into the inside pocket of my overcoat, thinking I would sort things out when I was aboard. I had a hundred and forty-seven dollars in the wallet, a sum left over from my last pay check, and I was on my way to Washington, D.C., to see my family—my mother and father and an older sister who had recently got married. I had just left my job as a salesman-demonstrator-instructor in the tennis department of a famous New York department store, where I, John Lionel, was known as "Wright & Ditson." One day, for some reason, while demonstrating the proper service technique to a twelve-year-old boy and his mother, I tossed a tennis ball up in the air and hit a powerful cannonball service; the ball whizzed by the floor manager's—Mr. Palmerston's—ear, and smashed a glass case. Palmerston said it was nice knowing me and told me to pick up my check. So long, Wright & Ditson. It was my third job since coming back from Europe, where I had served a tour in the Army, and although in a way I was a little concerned because I didn't seem to be going anywhere and didn't know where I wanted to go, I thought, Well, I'm only twenty-three and I've got time.

Somewhere near North Philadelphia, I ate a tuna-fish sandwich that I bought from a vender on the train, and about twenty minutes south of the Thirtieth Street Station I began to feel warm and a little strange. I thought I'd get some air, so I left my seat and went out to the platform between the cars. I leaned against the steel wall and smoked and looked out at the countryside. The cool air made me feel a lot better. I stayed out between the cars until the train was about a half hour past Wilmington, and then I returned to my seat in the coach.

I thought I'd get a book out of my suitcase and read for a while. When I looked up at the baggage rack, I saw that my overcoat was gone. I had forgotten to take the wallet out of it. I had placed the coat neatly folded over my suitcase, and there was no doubt that it was gone. I walked up and down the coach, looking at all the overcoats in the baggage racks, and then I returned to my seat and tried to be calm and think things out. Then I went up and down the car again. When I returned to my seat for the second time, feeling demoralized and enraged, a man sitting across the aisle asked me what was the matter, and I told him that my overcoat was gone. The man folded his newspaper and looked out the window for a while, and then he asked me to describe the coat. I told him that it was a gray herringbone, and that it had been on the rack above my seat. He took a deep breath and let it out slowly, and then, seeming embarrassed, he told me that he had seen a man pull my coat from the rack as the train got into Wilmington, and that he had, even then, found it a little strange, because this man was already wearing a camel's-hair coat.

I slumped down in my seat, feeling sick. I always do when somebody steals from me. For a while, I sat there thinking about my overcoat and how it had been part of the friendly continuity of my life. Then I got to my feet and went through my pockets and came up with fifty cents. I had lost my money, my Social Security card, and even my passport. I began to feel cold and hot alternately, and around Aberdeen I began to feel cramps and nausea. I figured it was the tuna-fish sandwich. Just outside of Baltimore, I became desperately sick and went to the men's room and threw up. I was sick again between Baltimore and Washington, and when the train finally pulled into Union Station and I stepped out into the cold, rainy afternoon, I felt like hell.

I didn't have enough money for a cab, and it was no use calling home. My family was out of town, visiting my sister's husband's family in Maryland. They would be coming back to Washington in the morning. So I got on a bus, and about twenty minutes later got off, in the rain, and transferred to another bus. While I was on the bus, the nausea and cramps came back and I decided I'd have to get off. I began to look for a bar or restaurant or hotel along the way, and when I saw a gasoline station in a very old, shabby neighborhood—a Negro neighborhood—I pulled the cord and picked up my suitcase and got off.

In the men's room of the gasoline station, I bathed my face in cold water, and went outside again. I was feeling much better, but weak. The rain was cold, and the wind had grown stronger, and I was shivering. I was about to cross the street and wait by a little yellow bus-stop sign, when I saw that I was in front of a small grocery store with a green awning slanting down over a dimly lighted display window. I decided to stand under the awning and watch for the bus from there.

INSIDE the grocery store, three Negroes were leaning against a long, white refrigerated case, or counter, talking and laughing. Another Negro, in a white apron, was behind the counter, leaning on it and reading a newspaper and eating a sandwich. I thought of going into the store and getting warm, but I had no excuse for going in, really—no money to buy anything with. So I stayed under the awning, which was flapping wildly in the wind. My teeth were chattering, and I felt a sore throat coming on, when I saw a Negro man and woman walking down the street in the rain, arguing. They'd walk without speaking, then stop and argue, then walk some more. Actually, it was more of a dramatic exercise than an argument. The woman would make wordless faces at the man, which unsettled him. He would get ready to say something, and then she would laugh at him. Then he would look surprised and cautious, as though he was searching for a little balance and leverage, and she would scream at him. Then she would tell him to shut up, and he would look surprised, and finally he would begin to scream at her, and then she would begin to laugh at him, which made him more unsteady. The man was squat and round, with a black moonface crowned by a porkpie hat. He was wearing a frayed and very wet fatigue jacket. His companion was mocha brown, and tall and wide. She was large-boned and hefty, but not fat, and although she was obviously strong, she was unmistakably feminine. She wore a man's raincoat and a pair of bedroom slippers without backs. She didn't wear stockings, and she didn't wear a hat. She had a wide nose and a wide mouth, and large, beautiful eyes. She walked ahead of the man into the grocery store, slamming the door after her, and he followed her in, looking worried and confused.

I leaned my back against the window and watched the rain water pour off the awning and splash over my shoes. I was standing in a puddle about an inch deep, but it hardly mattered any more. I was beginning to feel sick again. There was no sign of the bus. To take my mind off myself, I turned and faced the window, and I saw the woman dancing around the store with her arms outstretched and her eyes half closed. The men standing near the refrigerated case kept up a rhythmic clapping. She went on dancing around, having a marvellous time, while the man in the porkpie hat looked sullenly at the floor.

After a while, I turned around and faced the street again. I felt like a shipwreck hanging on a reef, or a piece of driftwood. I think I had a touch of delirium. I was thinking about what to do next, when the woman and the man in the porkpie hat came out of the grocery store.

"You deny that? You deny that?" he yelled at her. He was standing next to me under the awning.

"Go on, man. Go on. Go on," she said, walking away from him and moving indifferently into the rain.

"Now, you deny that?" he said. "Now where you going? You come on back here."

"You don't own me, baby," she said, walking on.

He gave a few preliminary grunts of frustration, and then he began to scream at her to come back, but she paid no attention to him. "You hear me? I'm talking to you! You come on back here," he said.

Halfway down the block, she stopped and turned around, put her hands on her hips, yelled something obscene at him, and then stretched out her arms and began to laugh.

"Honey, you getting wet. Now, you come on back here," he called imploringly.

She yelled something at him again.

"Now, honey, why you talk that way to me?" he yelled.

"Man, leave me alone. You make me sick," she said, moving on.

"Come on, honey, you know I don't feel good," he cried at her in a sad whine.

THE woman crossed the street quickly, and the man watched her, moving his mouth without saying anything. He seemed too tired to go after her. For a while, he stood with his arms folded and shook his head. He didn't seem to know that I was there, even though only about a foot separated us. I was slightly behind him, still leaning against the window, when he turned around and looked surprised; then he closed his mouth and narrowed his eyes and looked angry.

"How are you?" I said.

"What you say?" he asked, putting a hand over his eyes.

"I said, 'How are you?' "

He held his hand over his eyes, considering the question. "That ain't what you said," he told me finally, still covering his eyes.

"O.K., that's not what I said."

I looked down at my feet, at the puddle I was standing in, trying to ignore him. I noticed that he was wearing a ripped pair of black, misshapen shoes and no socks, and that his pants legs were rolled up a little above his ankles. Suddenly he jumped into the puddle I was standing in and splashed me. I couldn't believe it.

"Now, what did you say?" he asked, folding his arms.

I didn't answer.

"You trying to make a fool out of me?" he asked.

"I'm not trying to make a fool out of you," I said. I looked down the street, feeling sick and desperate, but the street was empty and it was raining harder than ever.

"You mean you ain't trying but I'm a fool anyhow. Right?" he said.

"I didn't say that."

"But that what you mean," he said. "You a wise guy. Right?"

"I'm just waiting for a bus. If I insulted you, it was unintentional," I said.

"Don't give me unintentional. I unintentional *you*."

He kicked the puddle, splashing my pants with water, and said he was going to knock me down. Then he stepped back, dropping his hands to the level of his belt, and measured me. I picked up my suitcase and moved it a few feet, setting it on a narrow ledge just below the window.

"Man, I'm gonna wipe you out," he said, opening and closing his hands several times.

I took a deep breath and let it out slowly. He looked very strong, and I am of medium height and rather frail. "Well," I said, "you're going to have the worst fight of your life."

"You gonna give it to me?" he asked, smiling.

I told him that I was going to beat the hell out of him, and then I brought my hands up.

"Man, will you look at that!" he said. "This is gonna be some fun."

He touched the brim of his hat, dropped his hands into position again, and, five feet away

from me, began to bob and weave. "You come on in," he said. "I'm a counterpuncher."

I didn't move, but watched him closely, keeping my hands high. I told him I was a counterpuncher, too. He began to circle me, and I turned with him. He kept on going through this little shadowboxing routine, paying only nominal attention to me. He looked very good, very agile.

After a few minutes of circling and jabbing and hooking at the air, he stopped and looked at me. "You looks terrible," he said. We had maneuvered ourselves out into the rain, and the water was streaming over our faces. "You off balance," he said.

I told him not to worry about it, that I had fast hands and a good punch.

"The only thing you doing right is standing up," he said, shaking his head. He held up his hands in a truce gesture and walked over to me. He said he wanted to give me some basic instruction. He adjusted my hands slightly and pushed my head down so that it was protected by my left shoulder, and then he kicked my feet to a different position, saying I was standing flat-footed. "Now you looking good," he said.

"Well, it feels unnatural," I said, resuming my old position.

Then, to prove that my style was poor, he asked me to try to hit him. He said he wouldn't try to hit me but would just give me a little demonstration that would do more for me than all the talk in the world.

"I don't want to hit you," I said.

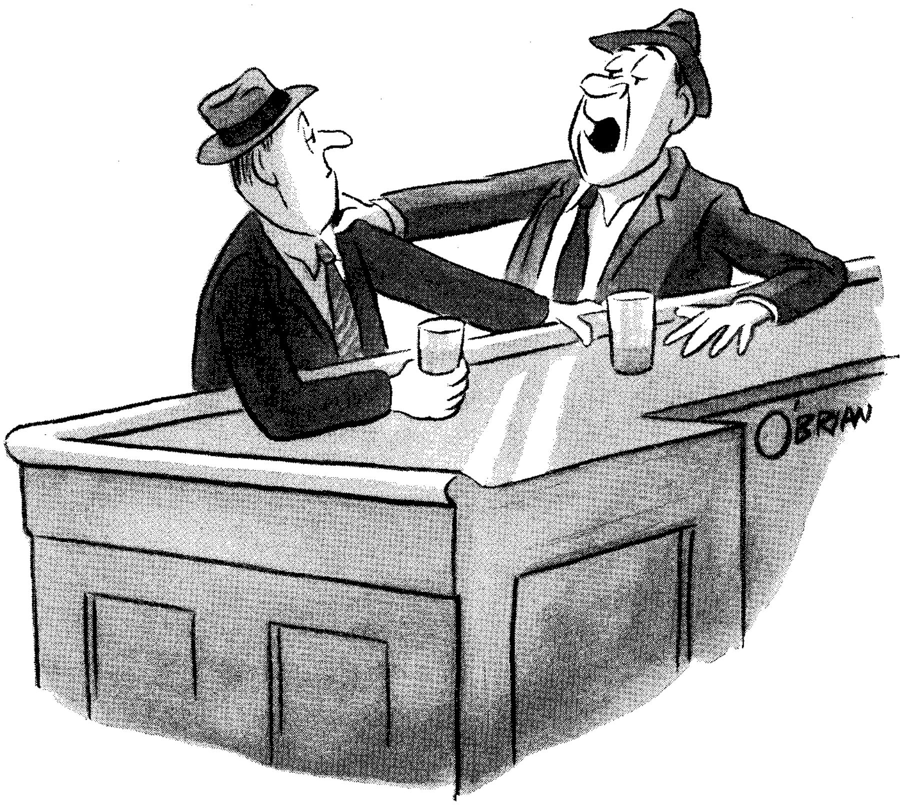
"Don't worry, you ain't going to," he said.

"Look, I'll take your word for it," I said.

"Come on, now," he said. "You got to see what I mean to really believe it."

So he began to bob and weave with his hands low, presenting his head as a slowly moving target. I watched his head bob for about thirty seconds, and tried to measure him. He kept talking the whole time. "You can't get set, see. Now you see it, now you don't. You all tied up."

I pulled my right hand back a few inches, and he broke into a wide grin, and then, while he was grinning, I feinted with my right hand and came hard with a left hook, catching him squarely on the side of the jaw. He whirled around and pitched forward on the pavement, landing hard on his chest and then rolling over on his side. He wasn't hurt. He grabbed his hat and jumped quickly to his feet, looking annoyed and embarrassed. "I'll be goddam," he said, one hand on top of his hat.



"Mind you, I haven't anything against Caroline personally."

"I'm very sorry," I said. "Are you all right?"

"Some rain got in my eye," he said. "I ain't seen your left."

He said he wanted to give me a few more demonstrations, but I told him I'd had enough. I suddenly felt sick again, with the hot-and-cold business returning—the nausea and cramps and the rest. My legs became weak. Feeling I was going to faint, I walked over to the window and leaned against it. I decided to forget about the bus, for the time being, and go back to the men's room in the gasoline station. I took up my suitcase and started to walk away, when the man trotted over and grabbed me by the arm. "Where you going?" he asked.

"I'm not feeling well," I said, jerking my arm away. "Leave me alone."

"Man, what's wrong with you?" he asked, smiling. "You knock me down and *you* is mad."

Then he began to throw a flurry of punches at the air in front of me, bobbing and weaving, going into a series of strange forward and lateral hops and skips, dancing, and finally winding it up by running in place. I think he felt he was cheering me up, for he kept up the running for about two minutes, making faces, and then he stopped and said, "*Now* how you feeling?"

I told him to get out of my way, but he continued to block me, and I was too weak to try to run around him.

He jumped up in the air and closed his eyes and flapped his arms. "*Now* how you feeling?" he asked, after a few jumps.

I told him I was feeling worse than ever, and that if he really wanted to help me he would go away and leave me alone.

He said that I was just a little down and out, and there was nothing to worry about if I listened to him. He told me about his Opposite Theory. "If you feel like lying down, then stand up," he said. "If you feel like crying, then laugh."

I tried to get by him, but he grabbed me by the shoulder of my coat. "Maybe if you lie down you never get up. You thought of that?"

I broke away and started to run, but he caught up with me easily and clapped a huge hand on my shoulder and pressed down. I whirled around, dropped my suitcase, and threw a wild right hand at him, but he ducked under it neatly and countered, though intentionally missing, with a classic one-two. "Sickness all in the mind," he said.

I told him my sickness was in the stomach and that he should get the hell away from me, but he shook his head, half closing his eyes. "I ain't gonna let you give in to it," he said. "I gonna help you fight it."

He said he knew all about the body, because he was an ex-fighter, and most ex-fighters knew more about the human

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body than any doctor, and that every man has a secret place in him which fights sickness and pain, and the trick was to have faith in that secret place. He said you had to turn on that little secret power by doing just the opposite of what your body asked you to do.

While he was talking, I developed a headache, and I was about to ask him what this headache was telling me to do, so I could do the opposite, when I began to see objects in pairs and threes, and I knew I was going to fall. The nausea was so bad that I couldn't keep my mouth closed, and the ground seemed to tilt. I dropped down on one knee, pushing at the ground with both hands. "Get up," I heard him say, his voice far off. "Is you gonna lay down? Is you gonna quit?"

As I pushed at the ground, fighting it and the nausea, a bus went by, and the next thing I knew the man was grabbing me under the arms and pulling me to my feet. "We gonna make it," he said.

I tried to push him away. I succeeded in breaking free of one hand, but he had me by the collar with the other. "You doing fine," he said. "You got to keep moving around. It good for the circulation." The word "circulation" seemed to give him an idea, for he began to slap my face with his free hand.

I called him a stupid son of a bitch, hit him hard on the mouth, lurched and spun away from him, hearing my coat and shirt rip, and fell onto the pavement, where I crawled to the gutter and threw up. He stood near me. He kept saying, "You doing fine. You doing fine. You gonna be a new man now. We gonna clear you out."

As he was talking, the street lamps came on. I looked over at him and watched the rain bounce off his shoes. One of his pants legs had come unrolled in the scuffle, and the cuff was ripped.

"How you doing?" he asked, smiling, getting down on one knee and putting his hand on my forehead. His lip was bleeding. I knocked his hand away, and looked down at the fast-moving water in the gutter.

"Man, I is wounded," he said. He leaned over the gutter and brought some water up for his bloodied lip.

"Look, I'm gonna tell you a joke," he went on. I got up and started to walk back to the awning, and he followed me, taking my suitcase from my hand and carrying it for me. "This man, he in a restaurant, and he say, 'Waiter, there is a fly in the soup,' and this waiter, he say, 'Don't worry, he can swim.' "

He began to laugh. We stood under the awning, and he continued to laugh at his joke while I looked down the street for the bus. He calmed down and then began to regard me seriously, putting a hand over his mouth.

"Say, you know who I am?" he asked.

I shook my head.

"I guess you heard of Ringo Brown," he said, "who fight in Griffith Stadium in 1939, '40, '41, and '46."

"If you're Ringo Brown, I never heard of you," I said.

"Aw, come on, man," he said, smiling. "I fight twenty-three preliminaries and one main event. I lose the main event. You remember Red Hickey, from Delaware?"

"No."

"I lose to him in a split decision. He was a good boy, but he never did nothing. I was a middleweight."

"You lost only one fight?" I said.

"Now, I ain't said that, but I never knocked out."

I pulled out a pack of cigarettes and a lighter. The pack was wet, but I managed to find two dry cigarettes, and I gave Ringo one. We smoked for a while without saying anything, and then Ringo said, "Say, kid, what's your name?"

"John," I said. "John Lionel."

I saw a bus coming, and I picked up my suitcase and began to move away.

"Where you going?" Ringo asked.

"So long, Ringo," I said.

As I started to cross the street, he came and grabbed me by the arm. "John, I carry your bag," he said. "You tired."

"I'm all right. It's not heavy," I said.

"No, I carry it."

Ringo began to fight me for the suitcase, right there in the middle of the street. He pushed me with one hand and grabbed the suitcase away with the other. I ran over to the bus stop and called back to Ringo to bring the suitcase. The bus had stopped and was letting off passengers. Ringo just smiled at me from the other side of the street. I asked the driver to wait a second, but he took one look at me and closed the door and drove off. I walked over to Ringo and took the suitcase from him. "You're crazy," I said.

"They be another bus, John," he said, smiling. "One as good as another."

I walked back to the bus stop and decided to wait there, even though the

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rain was coming down harder than ever. Ringo followed me. "I try to do you a good turn and you don't let me. Don't you know that hurt?" he said.

"Get away from me!"

"Won't even let me carry his suitcase across the street," Ringo said, shaking his head.

He remained standing by me, his arms folded across his chest. I was beginning to feel faint again—not sick, only weak and tired and a little dizzy—and I put my hand over my face.

"Let's go to Billy's and have a sandwich," he said, slapping me on the shoulder. He pointed to the grocery store across the street.

"No, thanks," I said.

He said that a sandwich would build up my strength, and that he was hungry.

"I've only got a quarter," I said, "and that's for the bus."

"You can clean up at Billy's. He got a bathroom," Ringo said. "You can watch for the bus inside the store and keep warm. You can dry off some."

I didn't say anything.

"Come on, John," he said. And then he grabbed my suitcase again and ran off across the street with it and into Billy's. I was so damned mad I slammed my hand against the bus-stop post, and then I followed Ringo across the street and into the grocery store.

"HERE I am, Billy," Ringo was saying when I went in.

"Yeah, I see you," a slight, light-brown Negro said. He was the one in the white apron. The three Negroes leaning against the refrigerated case were smiling. Billy looked at Ringo, then at me, then back at Ringo.

"Now what you getting mad at? You mad at me, Billy?" Ringo said.

"What you doing with that suitcase?" Billy asked. "You going to catch a train?"

"Ain't this Union Station?" Ringo said, smiling at everyone.

"You ain't funny, Ringo. You just ain't funny," Billy said. "Give this man his suitcase."

"You got to be serious about everything. Nobody can take a joke," Ringo said, handing me the suitcase without looking at me.

"We seen the whole thing," Billy said. "We seen this man drop you, Ringo." Billy looked at me. "He deserved it," he said.

"You got that same tricky style, Ringo," one of the other Negroes said.

"He sure know how to fall," Billy said. "He an expert at that."

"Aw, man," Ringo said. "We wasn't in no fight. I teaching him some things."

"Yeah, you a real teacher, all right," Billy said. "You teach any man alive how to fall. But fighting something else."

Billy smiled at the other men, and then he looked at me. "You been sick, right?" he said.

I said yes, that I had an upset stomach. Billy said there was a bathroom in the back of the store, and that I could use it if I wanted to. I thanked him and said that I would like to clean up.

"I give you something for your stomach when you come back," Billy said. He took my suitcase and put it behind the counter, and then he led me back to the bathroom and switched on the light for me.

When I got back from the bathroom, Ringo was shadowboxing in the middle of the room.

"Go. Go. Go. Hey!" one of the men said.

I walked over to Billy and stood beside him, watching the performance. Ringo was putting together some combinations to the head and body. "He won't go down. This sucker's tough," he said.

"They *all* tough, Ringo, for you,"

Billy said, and then he turned to me. “I lost more damn money on him,” he said.

I asked Billy if Ringo had fought in Griffith Stadium.

“Yeah, I guess so,” he said. “That was a long time ago. He look pretty good when there ain’t nobody in his way. Say, how you feeling?” Billy looked seriously at me. I told him I was feeling a little tired.

“Well, I got something for you,” he said, walking over to a shelf and taking down a large bottle of Coca-Cola syrup. He poured a little into a paper cup and handed it to me. “Drink that down and you be all right,” he said.

I drank the syrup slowly and watched Ringo jump rope without a rope. His footwork was very good.

“See how his eyes is half closed,” Billy said. “He really happy and stupid.”

The three Negroes who had been leaning against the case stood up, nodded and smiled at Billy, and went out into the rain. Ringo continued to jump rope, but when he noticed that they had gone he seemed to lose interest. Looking distracted, as though he were trying to figure out what he could do next, he came over to Billy and me and broke out into a wide smile. “Hey, Billy, how about making me and John a sandwich,” he said, tilting his head a little in a mock coyness that I hadn’t seen before.

Billy turned to me, and I told him I didn’t want a sandwich. Billy looked at Ringo and slowly shook his head. “Of course, you got the money. Right?” he said.

“John here, he carry the money,” Ringo said.

I told Billy that all I had was a quarter.

“Even if you have the money, I ain’t gonna let you buy him no sandwich,” Billy said.

Ringo looked down at the floor and tapped his right foot nervously and scratched his leg. Then he put both hands over his eyes. Nothing happened. When Ringo finally took his hands away from his eyes, he said, “Billy, but I hungry.”

“Hell, you always hungry, Ringo,” Billy said. “But that don’t mean you starving. It obvious you ain’t no middleweight no more.”

“That ain’t nice,” Ringo said, looking pained. “Why the world full of bad feeling?” He put his hands over his hat, crossing his fingers, and closed his eyes and began to twist and contort his mouth. He began to shake his whole body, without moving his feet or changing his position, and then, with his eyes still closed, he smiled. I looked over at Billy to see how he was taking it. He was leaning on the counter, reading the Washington *Post*. I went behind the counter and picked up my suitcase. Billy looked up from his paper. “Well,” he said, “you *looking* better. How you *feeling*?”

“Much better,” I said. “Thanks a lot, Billy.” We shook hands.

“Look at that fool!” Billy said.

Ringo was still vibrating and smiling, but his eyes were open now. “What you doing with that suitcase?” he asked.

I didn’t say anything, but moved toward the door to watch for another bus.

Ringo came up to me and put an arm around my shoulder. “So you going home,” he said.

“That’s right,” I said.

“What you in a big hurry for?” he asked.

“So long, Ringo.”

“I don’t see no bus coming,” he said.

I made sure I had a firm hold on my suitcase; then I tried to walk away, but he had a strong grip on my shoulder. “There ain’t no bus coming,” he said, smiling.

“Get lost, Ringo,” I said.

“Go on, Ringo. Go on, now,” Billy said. He came out from behind the counter.

“Look, there your bus, John,” Ringo said.

I turned and looked out the window, but the street was clear. While I was looking down the street, Ringo slipped his forearm under my chin and pressed it against my throat. With his free hand he pressed the back of my head forward. “Now what you gonna do?”

I couldn’t talk, because he was pressing too hard on my throat. I swung my suitcase, trying to hit him with it, but could only manage a light, slapping blow to the back of his legs.

Ringo began to laugh. “You can’t do nothing, see? You can’t do nothing.”

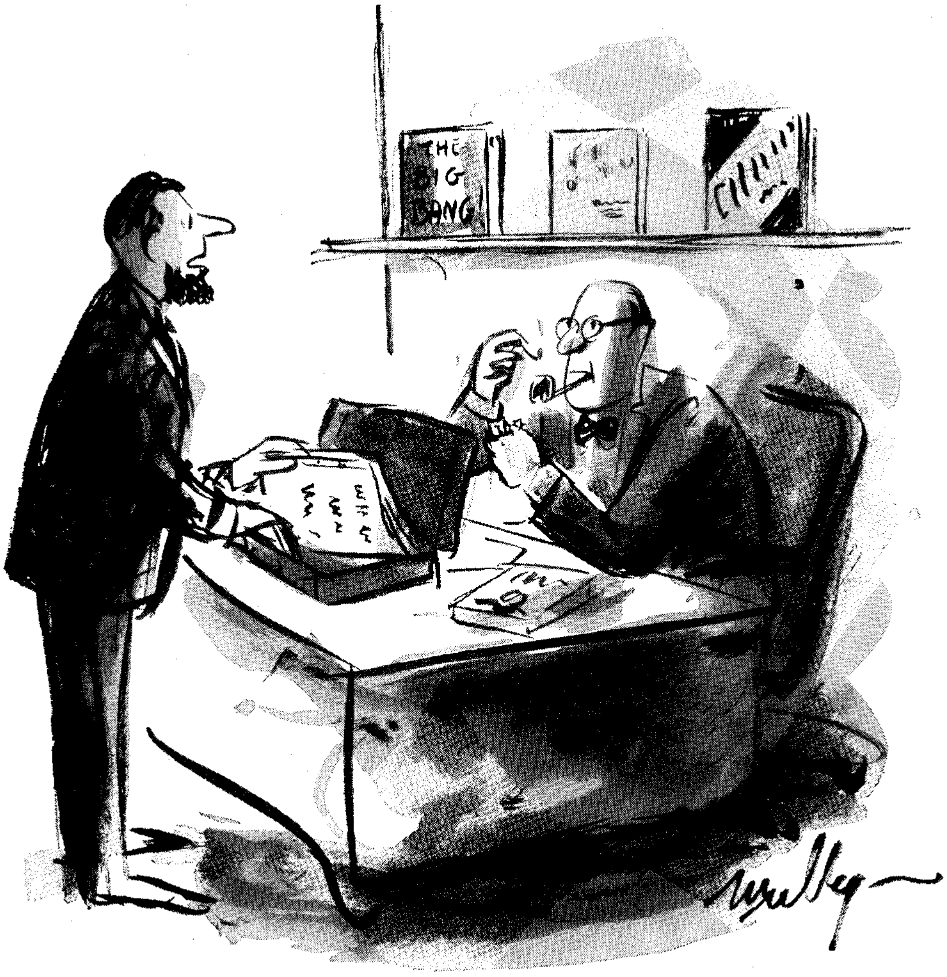
Then he suddenly yelled and let me go.

I turned around, rubbing my throat, and saw Billy just back of Ringo, holding a large soda bottle. Ringo was grabbing at his ankle and hopping on one foot.

“Goddam, Billy,” he said. “You nearly break my leg.”

“Next time I break your head.”

Ringo hopped over to the refrigerated case and sat on the front edge of it, holding his ankle. He looked from me to Billy, then back to me again. His eyes were half closed; his mouth was turned down exaggeratedly, like a clown’s. “I



“Then I take it you wouldn’t be interested in the sequel, either.”

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just tired to death," Ringo said. "Man, you coulda hurt me, Billy."

"Yeah, sure," Billy said. "Now, why don't you shut up."

"I mess around," Ringo said. "But I don't hurt nobody."

"That's what you say," Billy said, putting the soda bottle back on the shelf.

I stood by the door, and finally I saw a bus turn the corner three blocks down. I pulled the quarter out of my pocket, grabbed my suitcase, and turned around for a final goodbye. "So long, Billy. Thanks," I said.

Billy waved and smiled at me. "So long, now."

As I backed through the door, I waved, knocking my hand against the doorframe. I dropped the quarter and it rolled under the refrigerated case, and I missed the bus again.

"Now, ain't that a damn shame!" Ringo said. He was all lit up, and had recovered his vitality.

Billy came over with a wooden yardstick to see if he could get the quarter out; it had become lodged between the case and the wall. He worked the yardstick in the crack until he had moved the quarter out onto the open floor. He picked it up, dusted it off on his apron, and handed it to me. "You having a bad day," he said. "Next time you keep it in your pocket." He slapped me on the back and told me I was going to make it.

Ringo looked at me with a wide and happy grin. "Well, Charlie, you having some rough luck," he said.

"My name's not Charlie," I said.

"Ain't you Charlie White Man?" Ringo said, smiling.

"Go on, Ringo. Go on," Billy said, looking at me apologetically.

"I got to admit that you is some fool, John," Ringo said, coming over to me. "You all set to go and then you drop the quarter." He laughed, closing his eyes, and put his hand on my shoulder.

I asked him if he wanted to rip the sleeve off this time.

"It look like you got a flower growing out of your shoulder," Ringo said, putting a finger on the ripped white lining that was puffing out. "Man, you look like hell. You know that?"

I took out my pack of cigarettes and lit one. Ringo watched me. I gave him the pack and told him to keep it and go away.

"You scares me," he said, taking my cigarette to light his. "I just can't figure you out."

Suddenly I got a terrible headache, and the room began to spin. Down the street another bus had appeared, but I decided it was no use even trying this time. I turned and looked at Billy, and he knew immediately that I was in some kind of trouble. "Don't you worry, now," he said. He pointed to the door that led to the bathroom. "See you soon," he said.

I walked unsteadily toward the door. There must have been a disturbance in my middle ear, because the ceiling seemed to rush at me and then rush away. I fell down, and began to crawl on all fours toward the door.

"He think he a horse," I heard Ringo say.

Billy helped me to my feet, steadied me, and walked me a few steps toward the bathroom. I told him I was all right and could make it the rest of the way. In the bathroom, I wasn't sick, but I was so dizzy that I couldn't stand up. I sat down on the floor and leaned against the wall for a few minutes, waiting for the dizziness to stop. Then I lay down and went to sleep.

Some time later, I felt someone nudging me lightly on the shoulder, and I woke up and saw Billy in his white apron, kneeling on one knee.

"You been in here about twenty minutes," he said. "I got to worry about you."

I stood up and walked over to the sink, feeling all right. The vertigo was gone. Billy switched on the light and stayed in the room while I washed up. "John, I think your luck is turning," he said.

WHEN Billy and I went back into the big room, Ringo was talking to the woman I had seen him with earlier, outside the store. There was also another man—a large, dark-brown, sleepy-eyed Negro whom the woman called Tracy. "All right, Tracy, go on, knock him down," she said, pointing at Ringo.

Billy set a chair for me in the corner of the room farthest from Ringo and his friends. He saw that I was shivering, and he got his topcoat and told me to put it on. He also gave me another cup of Coca-Cola syrup, and said he was boiling some water for tea, and that I should just relax and take it easy.

"Knock him on his butt, Tracy," the woman said, looking fierce.

"Aw, honey, now," Tracy said, and then he smiled shyly at Ringo and folded his arms.

Ringo kicked some imaginary object,

and turned on the woman. "Ruby, why you always want to make trouble?" he said. "Now, Tracy's my friend."

"I want to see you fight," Ruby said. "You supposed to be a fighter. Well, I want to see you fight."

Billy came over with a glass jar of tea and half a lemon. He put the tea and lemon on top of a milk crate near my chair. Then he went behind the counter and came back with a sack of granulated sugar and a spoon. "This gonna give you some strength," he said, putting the sugar and spoon on the crate.

I thanked him, and, feeling comfortable and warm, sat back and watched the action. While Billy was bringing me the tea, Ruby had hit Ringo on the side of the head with her pocketbook, and now Ringo, looking pained, ignored her, folded his arms, and stared at the ceiling.

"Come on, Tracy, knock him down," Ruby bellowed, but Tracy, who was about six feet four and two hundred and fifty pounds, just looked down at the floor and smiled. "Now, Tracy, here, done spar with Joe Louis. Now, Tracy was a fighter!" she went on. "A heavyweight!" She looked at Ringo with scorn.

There was a long pause, during which Ringo took a deep breath and closed his eyes. "It don't matter what class a man fight in," Ringo said finally. "It only matter if he any good or not." He opened his eyes and looked at Ruby. "Now, I was a good middleweight."

"Uh-uh. You only fair, baby. At the most, you only fair," she said.

Ringo suddenly began to jump rope and put together some combinations, moving around the room with a wide smile and his eyes half closed. As he passed me the first time around, he winked and said, "How you doing, John?"

Billy was talking in a hoarse whisper to Tracy and Ruby. I couldn't hear what he said to them, but they were smiling. Ruby clapped her hands and threw her head back and shrieked, "Aw, come on, man, you killing me!"

Tracy covered his mouth with one of his enormous hands, trying to stifle the laughter, but some of it got through. He seemed a little embarrassed and shook his head. During Billy's whispering, Ruby looked at me from time to time and smiled and waved. Tracy looked at me once, too, and nodded shyly. Then Billy brought them over, and when I stood up, Ruby told me to sit down and save my strength.

"John, this here is Ruby Longstreet and Tracy James," Billy said.

We shook hands.

"Well, John, we sure glad to know you," Ruby said, shaking hands again.

ME TO YOU

Summer's gone brown, and, with it,
our wanderings in the shires, our ways.
Look at us now.
A shuttered house drips in Moroccan rain.
A mill sits ghostly in the green of France.
Beaches are empty now of all but pebbles.
But still, at crossroads, in seignorial gardens,
we meet, sleep, wrangle, part, meet, part,
making a lodging of the heart.

Now that the sea begins to dull with winter,
and I so far, and you so far
(and home farther than either),
write me a long letter,
as if from home.

Tell me about the snowfalls
at night, and tell me how we'd sit in firelight,
hearing dogs huff in sleep, hearing the geese
hiss in the barn, hearing the horse clop home.
Say how the waterfall sounds, and how the weeds
trail in the slithering river.
Write me about the weather.

Perhaps
a letter across water,
something like this, but better,
would almost take us strangely
closer to home.

Write, and I'll come.

—Alastair Reid

I told her the pleasure was all mine.

"I seen you outside earlier, John," she said.

"I was waiting for a bus."

"I hear that fool Ringo done give you a fight lesson," she said. She looked at Ringo, who closed his eyes. "Come on, Ringo, open your eyes!" she said.

But he shut them tighter, and closed his mouth tight, too.

Billy laughed. "John knock him flat," he said.

"What you hit him with?" Tracy asked me.

"A left," I said.

"He still blind to a left hand," Tracy said.

I said that some rain had got in his eye.

"Some rain always getting in his eye," Ruby said. "If it ain't for the rain, he been champion."

Billy laughed, and Tracy covered his face with his hands and shook. Ringo turned his back on us and began to take very deep, noisy breaths. "Aw, shut up, Ringo, you fat fool!" Ruby said.

I was trying to drink the tea, but I began to laugh so hard that I had to put the jar down, and then the laughter increased all around, and Ringo's breathing became noisier and his shoulders began to shake. I thought he was laughing, but he turned around and he was crying; tears were streaming down his face. "You all finish?" he asked.

"Will you look at that?" Ruby said.

I felt terribly sorry for him. "Come on, Ringo," I said. "What's the matter with you?"

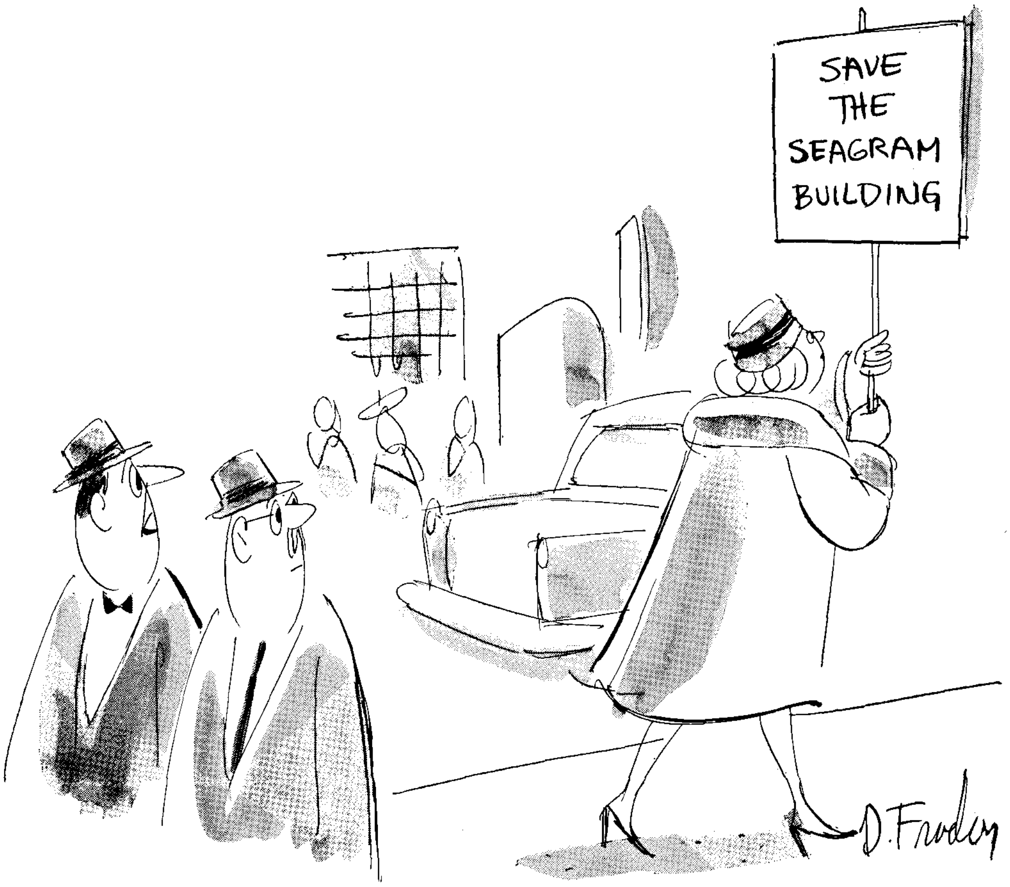
"He just acting," Billy said.

Ringo pulled out a handkerchief and blew his nose and wiped his eyes, and then pulled up a crate and sat down next to me. "John, I feel lousy," he said. "How are you feeling?"

I told him I was feeling all right.

He patted me on the shoulder. "Well, I glad *you* feeling better," he said. He offered me a cigarette from the pack I had given him, and struck a match and gave me a light. "John, you my friend," he said. "They is some people don't know what friendship is." He looked around at everyone.

"Man, if you a friend," Billy said,



"Isn't she rushing things a little?"

"then there ain't no point having no enemy."

Ruby began to laugh, and she came over to Ringo and kissed him on top of the head. "Baby, why you so stupid?" she said, smiling widely at him. "Maybe you is the dumbest man in the whole world."

This revived Ringo, and he grabbed Ruby's arm and asked her to sit down next to him and be nice. Billy brought three more milk crates over, and Tracy and Ruby sat on two of them, and then Billy brought a pack of six cans of beer and an opener. "Ringo, because you such a good friend, we gonna have a little party," Billy said.

He went to the front door and locked it. He said there wasn't any point staying open in all this rain anyhow. I drank my tea while the others drank beer, and then, feeling much better, I drank some beer, too. Ruby, holding her can of beer, announced she was going to sing a song. "I ain't Mahalia Jackson, but I can sing," she said.

She could, too. She sang a song, mostly humming it, while Ringo accompanied her with a little dance. He closed his eyes and put his hand in the pockets of his jacket and moved his feet very slowly back and forth.

"Where you coming from, John?" Ruby asked, when she had finished singing.

"New York," I said. "I came down on the train to see my family."

"Man, you been travelling some," Tracy said, "and you still ain't home."

"When you with friends, you home. Ain't that right, John?" Ringo said.

Ruby said she liked to take train trips. "There ain't nowhere I want to go, but I *do* like the ride," she said.

She asked me if I had had a good ride down, and I told them the story of my ride, how my overcoat and wallet had been stolen on the train, and how, after that, I had got sick.

"People get you sick every time," Ruby said thoughtfully.

"Sure," Billy said. "And then Ringo get you sick in Washington."

"I ain't get John sick," Ringo said. "I been helping John."

"You been *helping* John?" Ruby said. "Who else you *help* lately?"

"John ain't the only white man I ever help," Ringo said, smiling.

"Honey," Ruby said, leaning forward. "What other white man you nearly kill?"

"Few years ago I was working for this man name of Reddy," Ringo said, biting the corner of his lip. "In this junk yard out northeast."

"Yeah," Billy said. "I remember you and that *junk*."

"Well, one day," Ringo said, "Mr. Reddy is standing on the street watching these colored boys working on a trash truck. They up there singing and laughing, and Mr. Reddy, he say, 'Boys, you happy. You sure is happy. You have all the fun,' and one of them colored boys, he say, 'That's right, boss. We having some fun,' and they up there tossing them trash cans around and laughing, and Mr. Reddy, he watch them and smile, and then he walk over to me and he say, 'Ringo, you colored boys sure is happy,' and I say, 'Mr. Reddy, I ain't happy. Them niggers up on that truck may be happy, but I ain't,' and he get real angry, and he say, 'Don't give me no lip, Ringo,' and I laugh. 'Well, I sure ain't happy,' I say, 'with the wages you paying.' He fire me."

Billy guffawed and Tracy put his hands over his face and began to shake.

"How you *help* him, baby?" Ruby said, looking around at everybody.

Ringo spread his arms and turned his palms upward, and then he broke into a wide smile. "Well, I straighten him *out!*" he said.

Ruby laughed and slapped her thigh. Tracy, still shaking, kept his hands over his face, while Billy just looked at the floor and smiled.

"HEY, Ringo," Ruby said, putting her hand on her cheek. "You know what's the moral of that story?"

Ringo started jumping rope with his eyes closed. Tracy leaned forward and touched Ruby's knee. "Ruby, you ain't gonna give that old moral?" he said, looking disgusted.

"I got to, baby," Ruby said. "O.K., Billy, you ask me."

Billy looked serious and folded his arms across his apron. "What's the moral of that story?"

"The moral of that story—" Ruby began, looking very serious.

"Aw, Ruby," Tracy said, shaking his head and looking at his feet. Ringo, with his arms straight out and his eyes closed, was standing completely still.

"The moral of that story," Ruby went on, holding up a hand for quiet, "is that, Ringo, honey, you sure is one dumb nigger."

They all began to laugh, moaning and groaning with laughter, leaning on one another, and, except for Ruby, Ringo laughed loudest and hardest. The laughter continued for about five minutes, gradually diminishing, then rising again. Ruby had her arms around Tracy's head, and Ringo sat on the floor. Billy had walked over to the counter and, leaning on it, his hands palms down on the top, laughed in gasps. I was laughing myself.

"Now, what you laughing at?" Ringo said to me from the floor. "That ain't nice."

Ruby looked over at me and said, "Honey, don't pay us no mind."

After a while, the laughter fell into silence. There were just the sounds of the wind, and Billy's shoes on the floor, as he walked around taking cans out of cartons and putting them on shelves. Only Ruby was still smiling. Tracy and Ringo seemed sad. They were looking down at their hands. Ringo, who had a very gentle expression, was biting his lip. Billy moved around looking preoccupied and tired. Ruby looked at me and winked, and I smiled at her. She was one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen. She nodded in the direction of Tracy and Ringo, and said to me, "They looking kind of blue," and Tracy looked up from his hands and smiled shyly, but Ringo continued to bite his lip and look down.

"Will you look at him?" Ruby said. "Ain't he cute?"

"Come on, Ruby. I ain't in the mood," Ringo said, looking up. His face was still very gentle.

"Is you sad, baby?" she said, going over and putting her hand on his cheek.

"I all right," Ringo said.

"I just don't know what I'm gonna do with you," Ruby said.

Tracy stood up and stretched and yawned, and then sat down again. He was smiling sleepily. "Boy, that laughing take a lot out of me," he said.

Billy said he guessed it was time he went home, and we all got up and walked slowly toward the door, with Ruby leading the way. Outside, it was foggy and still raining, though it had let up some. Billy came out and locked the door from the outside, and then we all walked up the street. I said I'd go with them a while and get the bus at the stop farther on.

"Have you ever stopped to wonder why he's being so good to us?"

"Well, we certainly glad you is gonna stay with us a while longer," Ruby said, smiling. She took my arm and Ringo's arm.

Tracy walked on ahead with Billy. Billy was wearing a neatly fitting raincoat, and as he walked, very erect and relaxed, he seemed much younger than he did in the grocery store. Tracy walked slouching forward. He was slightly pigeon-toed. "Look at Billy," Ruby said. "He look like a little boy with a big bear."

"Maybe we is them bears," Ringo said to me, looking across Ruby, "and, John, you is Goldilocks." Then he began to laugh very hard by himself.

"Aw, you ain't funny, Ringo," Ruby said, squeezing my arm. "You just ain't funny."

As we approached my bus stop, Ruby told me to take care of myself. "I hope you remember us," she said.

She called to Tracy and Billy to come back and say goodbye to me. They turned around and looked surprised, and then they walked back.

"Look, if you ever sick again," Ringo said, "you come on back and see us."

"Aw, shut up, Ringo," Ruby said. "He don't have to be sick to come back and see us. Right?" She put her arm around my shoulder as I shook hands with Ringo. "He talk like we is some hospital or something," she said.

"Aw, Ruby, you take everything I say and twist it," Ringo said. "Look, John, don't mind nothing I done."

I told Ringo he hadn't done anything.

"You lucky he ain't had more time," Billy said. "He can do some things."

I shook hands with Billy and thanked him for everything. Then Tracy stuck out his big hand. "So long, John," he said. "It been nice knowing you."

The bus was coming down the street rather slowly, because of the fog. When it pulled in, I picked up my suitcase and said goodbye again.

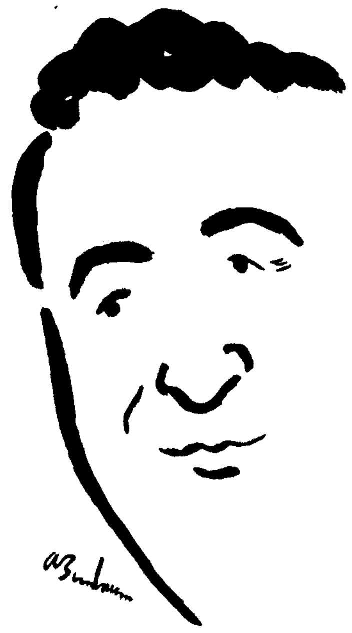
"Goodbye, honey!" Ruby yelled. "Take it easy."

Billy gave a serious little wave, and as I stepped into the bus, Ringo yelled, "I hope the bus break down!," and Ruby hit him on the head with her pocketbook. I heard Ringo say that he had said it for luck, and Ruby told him that she had also hit him for luck. I went to the back of the bus and waved to them from the rear window, and the fog closed in and covered them, and I couldn't see them any more.

—Julian Mazor

PROFILES

A SCIENTIST'S ADVICE—I



Jerome B. Wiesner

WHILE most of us have in the last few years come to recognize the momentous interplay between scientific achievements and world politics, not many people are as keenly aware of it as a restless, resourceful forty-seven-year-old professor of electrical engineering on leave of absence from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology named Jerome Bert Wiesner, who is the President's Special Assistant for Science and Technology. Wiesner's life has been centered on that interplay since he was appointed to his present office, two years ago, and throughout that period his large, black-thatched head has been buzzing with Presidential questions about the country's trimness as a scientific force—a trimness in which the government invests about fourteen billion dollars a year. Wiesner's opinions come to light in a variety of circumstances. They may be expressed at a White House conclave, resplendent with military uniforms, in which the relative capabilities of different weapons are being debated, since Wiesner is an expert on the subject of ballistic missiles. Or perhaps, since he is also an expert on disarmament, the President wants to know his estimation of a new type of seismograph—a detection device that may contribute to a nuclear-test-ban treaty—in which case Wiesner may put forth his views before a meeting attended by officials of the government's Arms Control and Disarmament Agency. If a post of scientific importance is to be filled, it is Wiesner who is likely to suggest suitable candidates to the President and the appropriate department head, by memo or telephone. The teaching of science, too, is a matter on which the Professor often expresses his ideas at White House meetings, for the Chief Executive is disturbed by the fact that current methods of instruction are generally outmoded. More than once, sitting alone with Mr. Kennedy, the scientist has set forth at length his conception of a reasonable approach to the exploration of space. And plummeting vicariously to the bottom of the sea, the President and his Special Assistant have at other times pondered our future moves in oceanography, a domain of knowledge about which the United States is growing increasingly curious, for reasons having to do with defense and the enrichment of our diet, among other things. Not so long ago, the two men talked over the wisdom of building and launching an expensive oceanographic vessel—a research ship whose crew of specialists would roam the oceans in no particular hurry, stopping whenever they chose, to sound the depths for their secrets. It is possible that, as they talked on, the vision of this unhurried ship gave them a certain respite from their more burdensome tasks, for both men are passionate sailors.

In periods when the interplay between science and politics is especially intense or complex, Wiesner may be in and out of the President's office three or four times a day, and on occasion the two may confer at the edge of the White House pool. Like other close aides, Wiesner is almost never beyond Mr. Kennedy's reach. Whenever he is away from his desk, in the Executive Offices of the White House, he leaves a list of the phone numbers at which he can be reached; he gets about in a government car that is driven by a chauffeur and is equipped with a two-way radio, over which White House operators can call him while he is in transit. His home in Chevy Chase is furnished with a government safe, in which, before turning in, he stores documents that he has studied during the evening. On summer weekends, he sometimes hitches a flight to New England with Mr. Kennedy, aboard the Presidential jet. After the plane lands at Otis Air Force Base, near Falmouth, the President goes on by helicopter to Hyannis Port and Wiesner goes on by car and ferry to Martha's Vineyard, where he has a summer house. If the phone isn't ringing for him when he reaches his island home, he may go sailing on Menemsha Pond in an eighteen-foot boat that he owns. It has no ship-to-shore communications equipment, but Wiesner cannot delude himself that he has finally got away from it all. At any moment, a cutter from the Coast Guard station at Menemsha may bear down on his small craft with an important message. It would not be an ideal time—what time would?—for him to learn of a national emergency, but, unlike many other people, he would know exactly what to do if one should arise. His orders call for him to make his way to the President's side.

Though Wiesner has such easy access to the President, and though his advice is sought by Cabinet members as well, he is no gray eminence ruling our scientific roost. He has his influence, to be sure, but his recommendations are not always acted upon, any more than are those of other Presidential advisers, including the Cabinet members themselves. Naturally, he doesn't relish setbacks, but since he is free of any tendency to confuse wisdom with infallibility, they don't leave him unduly ruffled. In fact, Wiesner suspects that he would find it unsettling if he always had his own way, since science, crucial as it is, is only one of a complex of factors shaping the international scene. There is no isolating its role, he maintains, and he cites the presence of a scientist in the White House as clear evidence of that fact. (Two men preceded him in the adviser's post, which was founded in 1957 by President Eisenhower—Dr. James R. Killian, President of M.I.T. at the time, and Dr. George Kistiakowski, a Harvard chemist.) Wiesner doubts whether there has ever really been a neat line of demarcation between science and world affairs; he thinks it would be nice if there were, but since there isn't, one of his regular tasks is to elucidate technical reports for the President's, and perhaps the public's, political consideration. "The phrase 'political science' doesn't mean what it used to," he says. "It's become a double-entendre."

As the President's Special Assistant, Wiesner finds himself incessantly shuttling across the mythical border between science and politics and being pulled this way or that as he considers such matters as the budgeting of weapons develop-

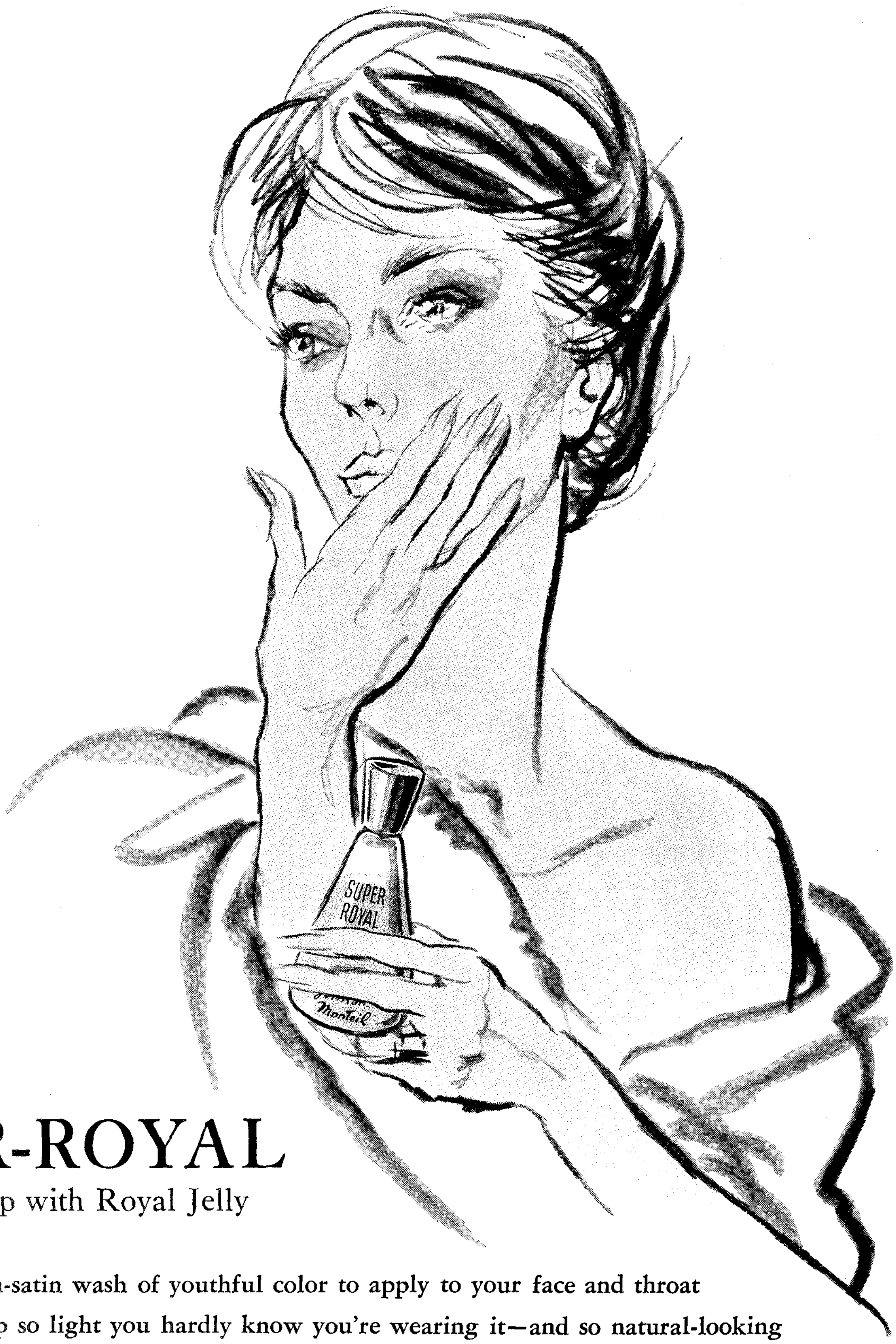
Whitney Darrow, jr

"You're stupid. I like that in a woman."

• •

ment, the choice of medicines for the dispensaries of new African republics, the needs of pure research and the needs of backward American industries, and the performance of the latest Russian rockets. It is not an orderly agenda, but Wiesner, a reflective, quiet-spoken man, is able to deal with it quite calmly. One reason for this—so friends of his have suggested—is that Wiesner happens to have a high regard for political figures, at least in the abstract. He is impressed, it seems, with the responsibility they are willing to bear, particularly when they are confronted by problems that call for some knowledge of science. "In reaching decisions, technical data, no matter how clear and simple, can help them only up to a point," he has said. "In the end, they have to fall back on instinct—a flash of intuition—and, with the stakes as high as they are nowadays, that takes courage." Wiesner has claimed that he isn't put off even by the average politician's preoccupation with appropriations and parochial interests. "Of course, a politician is out to please the voters, and why shouldn't he be? After all, who else is it that's affected by the government?" he remarked to an old M.I.T. colleague who was down from Cambridge recently. Wiesner's government service has convinced him that a scientist in Washington, or any other capital, must remember that he is a long way from the laboratory and the scientific method. The laboratory is certainly Wiesner's spiritual home, and the scientific method—the acquisition of facts and their arrangement, by inspiration, into harmonious, predictable patterns—is something he has never ceased to revere. "The scientific method is the rejection of shadow for substance, of dilemma for solution," he recently told a science student. "It represents nothing less than the good manners of the mind. I believed this before I came to Washington, and I will still believe it after I've left."

THE President undoubtedly had a number of reasons for choosing Wiesner as his scientific adviser, but possibly the strongest one was the fact that he had already sampled the quality of the M.I.T. professor's advice. Wiesner, that is, was pretested. During the 1960 campaign, the politician frequently called upon the scientist to assist him in developing Democratic positions on certain issues relating to war and peace—issues that the two men are still discussing, now in a setting of vast power and responsibility. "Senator Kennedy couldn't easily have found a better man to fill his needs," Dr. Jerrold R. Zacharias, a well-known physics professor at M.I.T., said not long ago, recalling the campaign. "Their styles were so similar; both of them were young, tireless, and tough-minded, and both went to the heart of any situation with a kind of automatic speed. Furthermore, the Senator had Jerry's whole background in military problems to draw upon. Jerry was soaked in those problems. Since 1942, he'd had a hand in submarine warfare, air defense, atom bombs, guerrilla warfare, civil defense, and psychological warfare." The campaign, with its daily turmoil, gave Kennedy and Wiesner plenty of opportunities to get to know each other, and apparently they hit it off, for a few weeks after Election Day the President-elect, to the surprise of no one in his entourage, invited Wiesner to join the new administration. Wiesner, however, did not accept immediately but dis-



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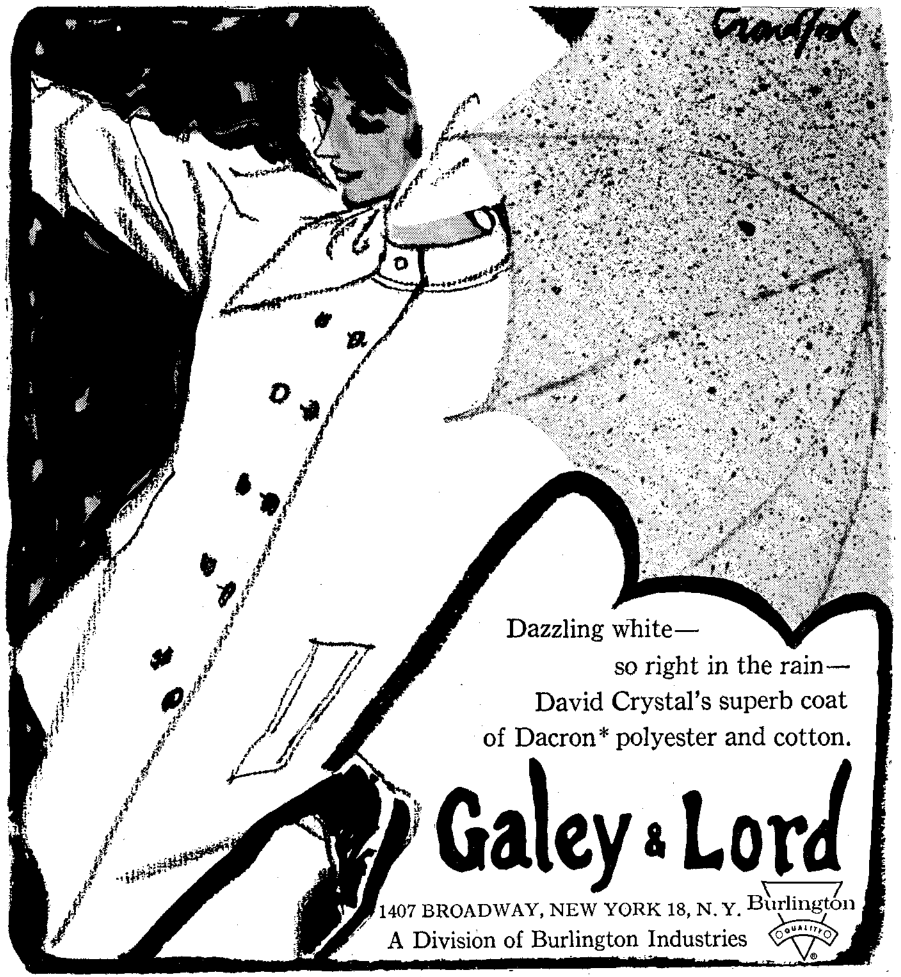

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cussed the matter with the President-elect on two occasions. He had reservations, and not until Mr. Kennedy said that he was already aware of them, and still wanted him, did Wiesner agree to take the job.

Wiesner did not hesitate on the ground of personal inconvenience, though he might well have. Accepting the assignment would mean giving up his job at M.I.T., which included the directorship of the Institute's Research Laboratory of Electronics, one of the world's great centers of communications research; it would mean uprooting his wife and four children from a comfortable old sixteen-room house in Watertown, a pleasant, unfashionable township near Cambridge; it would mean cutting his annual income as a professor and an industrial consultant nearly in half; and it would mean unloading shares in several profitable electronics firms, one of which he had helped found. What bothered him, however, was an altogether different consideration: the thought that he might turn out to be a political liability. He had engaged in disarmament activities, both as a government delegate to international conferences and as a private citizen, and he feared that these activities might represent a kind of "past" that would hurt the incoming administration. "That word 'disarmament'—it's pretty suspect," Wiesner once remarked. "It has come to mean 'softness,' 'unpreparedness,' 'appeasement.' Everybody says he's for disarmament, but discuss it as a serious hope and you're likely to be patronized as 'unrealistic.' It's hard to believe, but self-preservation has become a controversial issue."

Wiesner's disarmament "past" dated, essentially, from 1958, and came after sixteen years of heavy involvement with military research, yet his concern with arms control was not that of a previously aloof scientist who suddenly acquires a social conscience. Wiesner, according to his friends, had always had one. If anything, they say, his disarmament activities were simply one stage in a continuing quest to satisfy his social conscience. Because he found the new world into which he had thrust himself a highly stimulating one, he went at these activities with great drive, but then the same drive had marked his rise to eminence in the scientific world. "When something lays hold of Jerry's interest, he gives himself to it a hundred and fifty per cent," Professor Elting Morison, an M.I.T. historian, said not long ago. "He's a moral man, in my opinion, and that may account for his strong sense of commitment." In Wiesner's own opin-

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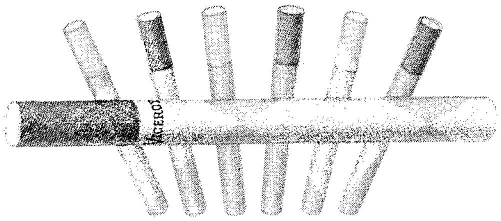

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ion, his deep interest in arms control owed its origin primarily neither to his social conscience nor to his instinct for self-preservation—though both no doubt had something to do with it—but to his study of arms themselves. Only after Wiesner had become thoroughly acquainted with America's offensive and defensive systems did he come to the conclusion that arms alone could not guarantee security. His decision was not accompanied by any dramatic denunciation of weapons as vile and evil. It simply reflected a comprehension—gradual, careful, almost occupational—that no matter how ingenious and elaborate military defenses became, they could never become impregnable. The more he learned of military needs, he has said, the more hopeless the possibility of ever satisfying them appeared. Other scientists versed in military research have arrived at similar conclusions. One of them is Dr. Harold Brown, the Director of Defense Research and Engineering for the Department of Defense. "The more powerful the weapons that a nation possesses, the more insecure it feels," Dr. Brown recently told an interviewer.

Wiesner does not think of himself as having undergone a "conversion." In his view, he had been as much concerned with preventing the outbreak of war when he was developing weapons as when he was speaking up at a disarmament meeting. The public might not readily understand this, he realized, but scientists with a background in weapons would; indeed, he saw such scientists as being in a special position to do something about the control of arms, simply because they were acquainted with the arms that had to be controlled. The fact of the matter is, Wiesner has said, that a close connection exists between the technical nature of weapons and the limitation of weapons, and no arms-control arrangement is likely to get anywhere unless it makes use of the military researcher's knowledge. Wiesner's own work as a military researcher—in radar, rockets, bombs, and submarines—has earned him the respect of military men. "Jerry is a hardheaded man of tremendous technical competence, and the Polaris program owes him a big debt," Vice Admiral William Raborn, Deputy Chief of Naval Operations for Development, declared the other day, and General Bernard A. Schriever, commander of the Air Force Systems Command, has said of Wiesner, "He's unquestionably been one of the greatest contributors to this nation's strength since the war." In the fall of 1957, however, another Air Force general, a famous hero of

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the last war, saw fit to charge Wiesner with impracticality. Pounding his Pentagon desk, he told the scientist, "Stop trying to sell me on missiles! They'll have no value in your lifetime or mine!" Four days later, the Russians put Sputnik in orbit.

Like most of his friends, Wiesner had expected to stick to the academic life after the war, but the truculence of the Soviet Union gradually aroused his curiosity about the state of our defenses. When he looked into it, he discovered weaknesses so glaring that to neglect them, he felt, was to invite war. "In the middle fifties, we were definitely yielding the initiative in military technology to the Russians," he has said. The result was that he lent himself to a long succession of military projects, each of which seemed at the time to supply a missing piece in some necessary mosaic of might. Many of these pieces are integral parts of our defense system today. One of the projects led to the creation of our Distant Early Warning network, which might not have materialized without Wiesner's research on the scatter propagation of radio waves. Another was Project Hartwell, a Navy study in which Wiesner and a number of other scientists devised methods of coping with submarine attacks. Still another was Project Charles, an Air Force study, begun not long after the Russians acquired thermonuclear weapons, that was designed to overhaul our air defenses. A fourth, Project Teapot, was organized at a time when most American scientists and military men were skeptical about the feasibility of intercontinental ballistic missiles. Our intelligence reports indicated Russian activity in this field, however, so the Air Force decided that it should seek definitive advice on the matter. It thereupon rounded up a committee of top-flight scientists, headed by the late Dr. John Von Neumann, a leading mathematician, who later became a member of the Atomic Energy Commission, and including Wiesner. A great deal hung on the committee's judgment, both because the country's safety might be at stake and because our basic military outlook might have to be revamped. After intensive study, the committee delivered its verdict: intercontinental ballistic missiles were indeed feasible, and we had better get on with a crash program. "That committee's work was a turning point in getting this country started in ballistic missiles," General Schriever told an acquaintance not long ago.

It was in 1957, Wiesner has said, that he saw that Project This and Project That weren't sufficient to produce any lasting pattern of security. In that year, President Eisenhower appointed a panel of sixty scientists and non-scientists, under the chairmanship of the late H. Rowan Gaither, Jr., chairman of the board of the Ford Foundation, to study the relative effectiveness of active and passive air defense. Wiesner was technical director of the Gaither panel, and he and his colleagues put in six months of hard research. The findings of the panel, and even its formal title, have remained secret to this day, but their general features have often been publicly discussed. Before it was through, the group had made an exhaustive investigation of the impact of nuclear war, real or threatened, on the United States. "The panel gave me my first look at the complete military package," Wiesner has said. "The studies I'd been associated with before that had been on the antiseptic side, since they were limited to comparing the capabilities of a particular American weapon with those of a foreign model." The panel looked into the possibility of a nationwide shelter program, but it went much further, considering such things as the biological effects of radiation; the effects of biological warfare; food, fuel, and medical needs in the event of nuclear war; methods of preventing looting during and after attacks; and even the likely outlines of postwar civilization. An emergency, the panel foresaw, might well bring about garrison-state measures, including absolute government control over industry and labor and travel. It estimated the cost of an effective air-defense system and of an effective civil-defense system, and though these figures have never been released, they are known to have been astronomical. Even so, they were arrived at on the assumption that the Soviet Union would not continue to improve its military machine, and this was no more likely than that the American military machine would remain static. When President Eisenhower heard the findings of the Gaither study, he told members of the panel, "Gentlemen, you have left out only one thing. Where are the bulldozers we'll need for scraping the bodies off the streets?"

One of the most profound impressions that the Gaither study made on Wiesner became fully clear to him only with the passage of time. During their researches, he and the other panel members relied heavily on intelligence assessments of Russian capabilities. "Some of my colleagues and I came to realize that, given the secrecy of the Soviet Union, these assessments were largely imaginary," Wiesner has said. "We ex-

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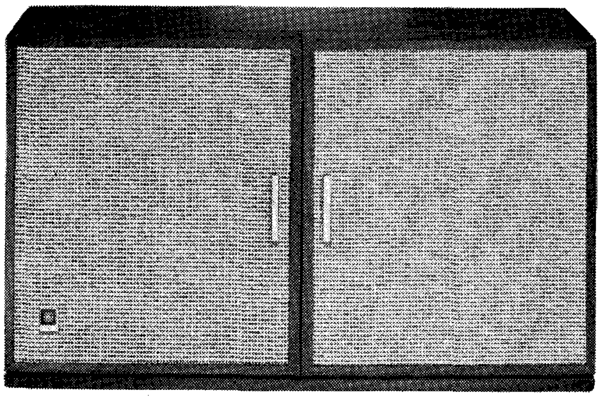

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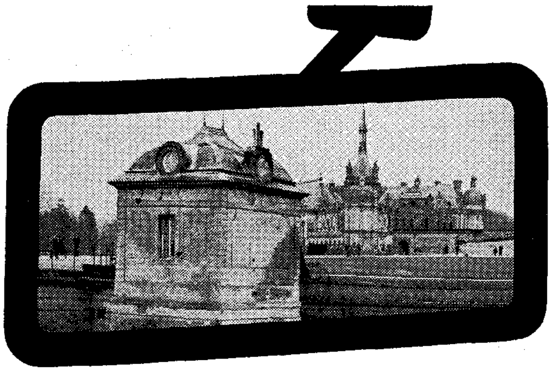
aggerated Russian capabilities and so we exaggerated the responses we had to make. Thinking back on my work with the panel, I came to understand that we were in an arms race not only with the Russians but with ourselves as well. The Russians were caught in the same trap. The thought was inescapable that the more either side tried to buy security, the tighter the trap became."

IT was not long after the Gaither study was completed that Wiesner plunged into the problem of disarmament, and, from the start, his most demanding activities in this new field were those he undertook for the government. They sometimes kept him away from his laboratory and home for weeks at a time. One such assignment took him to Geneva in the fall of 1958, as technical director of a sixty-man United States delegation to the Conference on the Prevention of Surprise Attack, which was attended by representatives of nine other powers—Russia, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Albania, Italy, France, Canada, and Britain. "Jerry knew the capabilities of every one of us American delegates—exactly what each of us could do when it came to preparing position papers for our various panels," William A. Higinbotham, head of the Instrumentation Division of the Brookhaven National Laboratory, who was a fellow-delegate, recently told a friend. "He probably knew as much about the members of the other delegations. Whenever he went to lunch or to a café, it was in the company of a Russian or a Pole whose point of view he believed it important to understand." As for the conference itself, it failed, obviously, since the possibility of a surprise attack is still with us. Wiesner felt, however, that the sessions he attended, which were held behind closed doors at the Palais des Nations, yielded a fair amount of solid information. In the course of the meetings, he and hundreds of other delegates weighed the technical aspects of preventing surprise attacks. They presented lengthy papers on the types of weapons most likely to be used in such attacks and the methods of inspecting such weapons; they discussed the matter of ground and aerial observers, whose primary task would be to look out for military build-ups; and they agreed that if the arms race went on unabated, sufficient manpower could never be found to guarantee a foolproof system of inspection against surprise attacks. The delegates also agreed on a good many other aspects of the problem, but the conference finally broke up in a melee of political bickering



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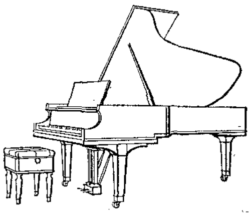

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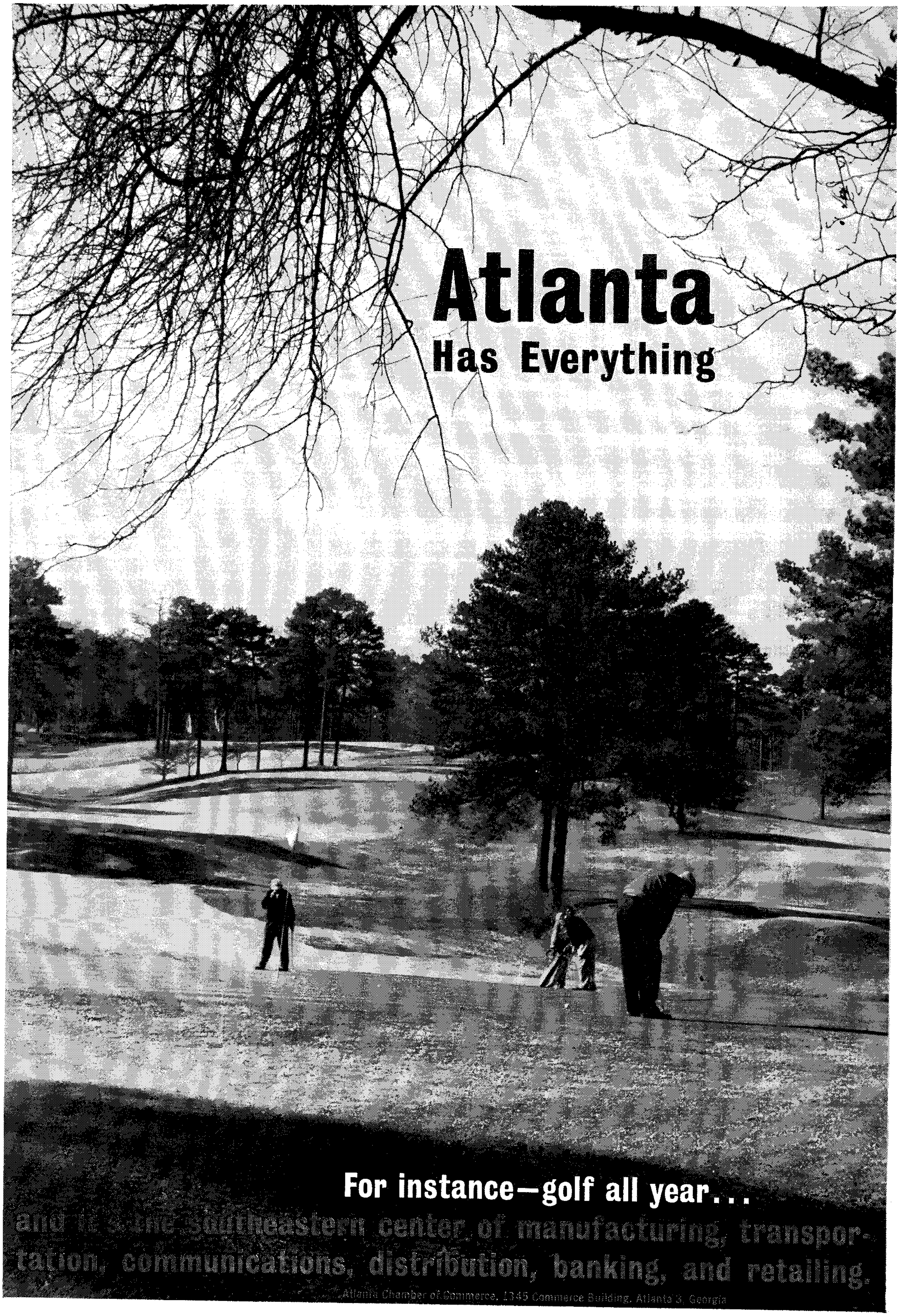
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over the best method of outlawing surprise attacks. The Russians wanted the reduction of stockpiles of weapons; the French concentrated on control of missiles; and the Americans favored President Eisenhower's Open Skies policy, together with ground observation. Those weeks in Geneva had given Wiesner his first close look at an international conference, and he came away feeling that he had been educated, if not elevated. "The conference was a try—good, bad, or indifferent—that had to be made before anyone could make a better one," he has since said.

Each of Wiesner's other government assignments left him with some new reflection on the tortuous course of disarmament. In the spring of 1958, President Eisenhower had appointed him to the President's Science Advisory Committee, and not long afterward a panel of committee members, including Wiesner, began meeting periodically in the White House, in secrecy, to examine the chances of working out an international pact to end the testing of missiles. The aim was narrow, perhaps, but it was important; if governments gave up testing missiles, it was reasoned, they might hesitate to try missile strikes, because the accurate delivery of the warheads would be too uncertain. For several months, Wiesner and the others wrestled with the many technical questions raised by their study, but in the end political reality defeated their efforts. No matter how much headway they might make with technical questions, there was no getting around the fact that at that particular time the Soviet Union appeared to hold a sizable lead over us in ballistic-missiles development, which meant that we could not propose a missile-test moratorium without either appearing weak or asking for a humiliating rebuff. The scientists quietly left the capital, having absorbed what they gathered was a political axiom: When an imbalance of forces exists, a situation is not objectively negotiable. "The President never made our ideas public, they were so clearly doomed to failure," Wiesner has said of these talks.

The following year, Wiesner was back in Washington for another White House meeting, this time as chairman of a panel composed of some members of the Science Advisory Committee and various military men and diplomats—a dozen men all told—which took up the subject of arms control in general instead of limiting itself to a specific issue like missile tests or surprise attacks. At the time the panel was set up, international tensions were relatively low, and

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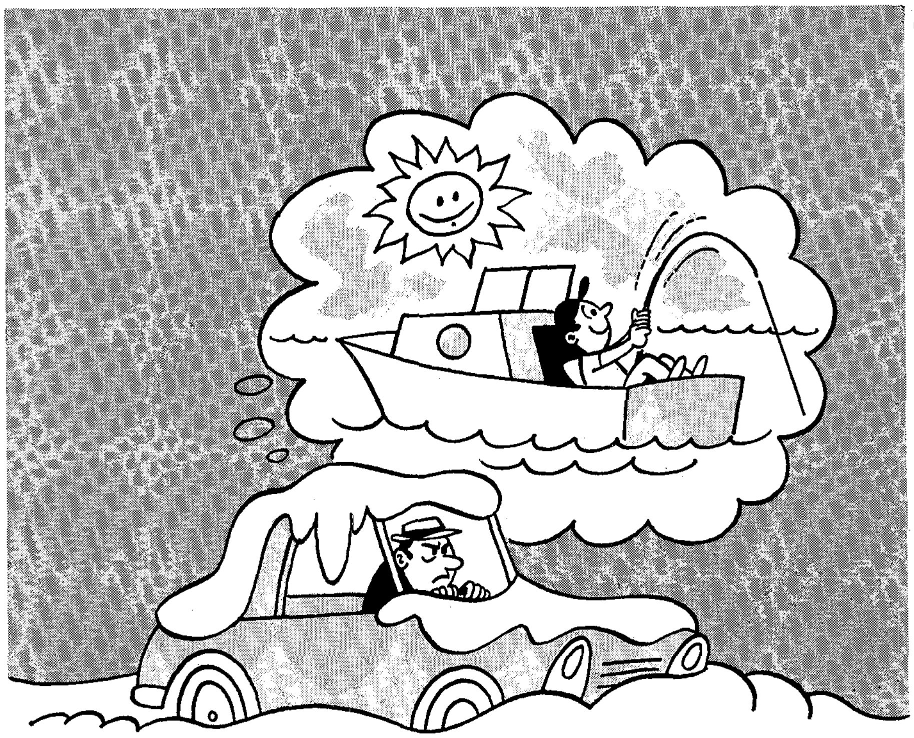

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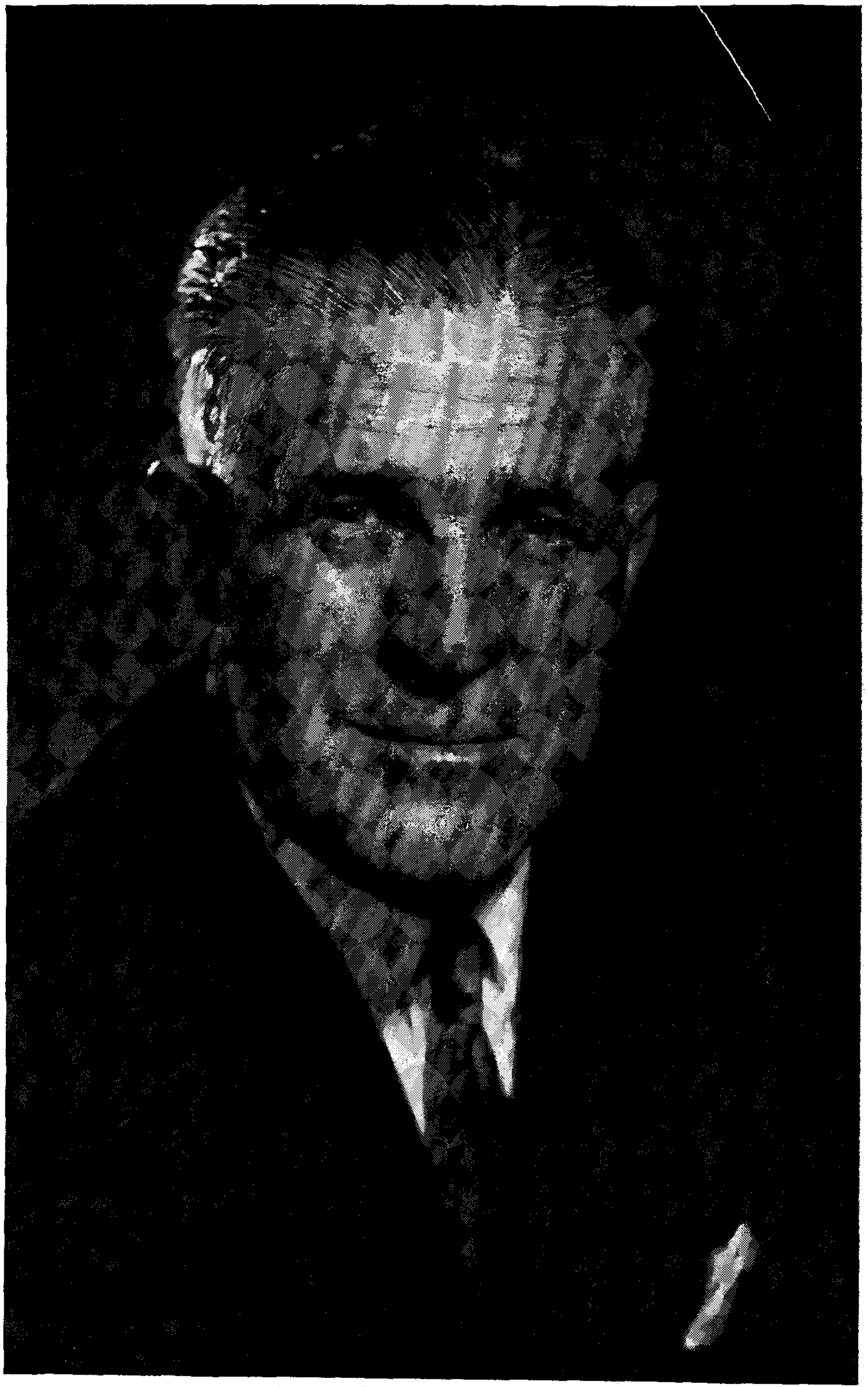
it was this condition of vague quiet that led President Eisenhower to decide that a rare moment was at hand for taking stock of the general direction, if any, in which we were moving in the matter of arms control, and, in particular, of the degree of skill with which we were doing so. Wiesner was all for the President's idea. "The international conferences so far had shown that our delegations didn't have adequate technical preparation for carrying on their discussions," he has said. "As for the Russians, they were even worse prepared, so, quite apart from wisdom, simple efficiency was needed at the negotiating table. Certainly it's nice to want arms control, but that's not enough—you also have to know how to go about trying to get it." Over the next five months, Wiesner and his panel met from time to time in the capital, in order to build up a fund of useful knowledge on which the government could draw in future negotiations on arms control. (One beneficiary of this fund of knowledge has been the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, which was set up by President Kennedy as a new government organization in September, 1961, with William C. Foster as its head.) Among the subjects that the panel, which made periodic secret reports to the President, discussed were problems of international law, the use of international armies, theories of disarmament, the inspection of weapons and the factories in which they were made, and the relationship between the gradual reduction of military forces, or "phasing," and disarmament. Wiesner concedes that the effects of the panel's work are, by their nature, difficult to trace, but he does feel that the quality of the discussions at subsequent international conferences has shown an improvement. And he thinks the panel's activities were significant in another way. "The important thing was that the President saw fit to have the panel organized," he has said. "The government was saying, in effect, that the issue of disarmament was here to stay."

Before Wiesner took over his present job, his disarmament activities as a private citizen also consumed a good deal of his time. With other learned Cambridge men—Harvard and M.I.T. teachers, mostly—he participated in informal seminars designed to probe the dilemmas of the arms race as well as other issues. Now and then, he appeared on television forums—thoughtful, unsensational programs concerned with the prospect of megaton-bomb attack. He did some writing, too, contributing a foreword and a paper to a special, four-hundred-page issue of *Dædalus*, the quarterly journal of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, that was published in the fall of 1960 and was devoted to arms control. Wiesner was chairman of the guest editorial board for the issue, and among the contributors were men of various viewpoints, including Dr. Edward Teller; Henry A. Kissinger, Professor of Government at Harvard; Erich Fromm, the psychoanalyst; Senator Hubert H. Humphrey, of Minnesota; and Arthur Larson, a special consultant to President Eisenhower. The issue, which has become a reference work for students of disarmament, probably constitutes the most definitive collection of papers on the subject yet printed. It has been translated into five languages, brought out as a book, under the title "Arms Control, Disarmament, and National Security," by a New York publisher, and distributed as a dividend by the Book-of-the-Month Club.

Wiesner's own paper in that issue of *Dædalus* was one of the longest, and showed the care that had gone into his thinking about the role of international suspicion in disarmament. He considered ways of verifying the truthfulness of the reports made by inspectors under any arms-control systems that might be established. The inspectors themselves might have to be inspected, he wrote, perhaps by means of lie-detector tests; he also put forward the possibility of rewarding ordinary citizens everywhere who disclosed violations of treaty agreements. And he noted that if the Communists were unduly suspicious of the West, the West could also harbor a good deal of suspicion. "The fear of Soviet duplicity is so great among some Western experts who participate in disarmament planning that it is not possible to visualize a level of inspection which would alleviate this fear," he wrote. His foreword, however, ended on a hopeful note: "I am confident that if the nations of the world were to devote one quarter of the effort in terms of manpower and money now being expended in the arms race on the quest for a lasting peace and better world, the goal, though a difficult one, could be achieved in our lifetime."

Wiesner's private researches into disarmament took him out of the country several times, and he feels that one of his most informative excursions was a visit he made to Russia in March, 1960, at the invitation of the Soviet Academy of Sciences; he was accompanied by Richard Leghorn, president of the Itek Corporation, a Massachusetts electronics firm. For three weeks, the two men travelled about the country,



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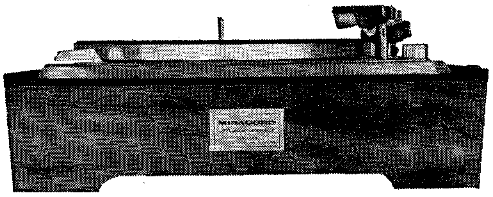

from Leningrad, in the north, to Tiflis, the ancient capital of Georgia, in the south. They visited a number of research institutes, and they also formed impressions of other things. Having been provided with an interpreter by the Soviet Academy, the Americans were able to converse with ordinary Soviet citizens about world politics; they repeatedly heard Russians express a deep fear and hatred of Germans. Leghorn recalls that in walking through the streets of Leningrad and pausing to chat with this passerby or that, one was sure to hear some personal account of the Nazi siege that the city had endured from 1941 to 1944—a siege of nine hundred days, in which a million people had starved to death—and that one could not stop off in Kiev without hearing of local mass murders that had been carried out by the Reichswehr. To Wiesner, this anti-German sentiment seemed so intense that he had the feeling the war was still on for most Russians. "It was an attitude, I could see, that created yet another difficulty for disarmament," he has said. "The Russians, it was clear, would never go along with any arms-control arrangement unless Germany was included."

Other journeys that Wiesner made in behalf of disarmament took him to a ski lodge at Lac Beauport, near Quebec; a resort hotel in the Austrian spa of Baden; and, in November, 1960, back to Moscow. (On this second visit to the Soviet capital, Wiesner and Walt Whitman Rostow, now head of the State Department's Policy Planning Council, successfully urged the release of two American pilots whom the Communists had jailed on the charge of espionage.) These scattered places were the settings of successive Pugwash Conferences—named for Pugwash, Nova Scotia, where the first of them was held, in 1957—in which eminent scientists from both sides of the Iron Curtain discussed the role of science in solving problems that science had helped create. These conferences, lasting about ten days each, gave the scientists a chance to think things through without the inhibiting presence of political figures. Nor were reporters present, and in the opinion of some participants this was just as well, since the proceedings were not always models of deportment. "We can get as angry and irrelevant as the next fellow," one Pugwash veteran, a Harvard scientist, has said. Wiesner found the conferences illuminating, and not only because of the papers that were presented and discussed, dealing with such topics as possible inspection systems, phases of disarmament, and coöperative interna-

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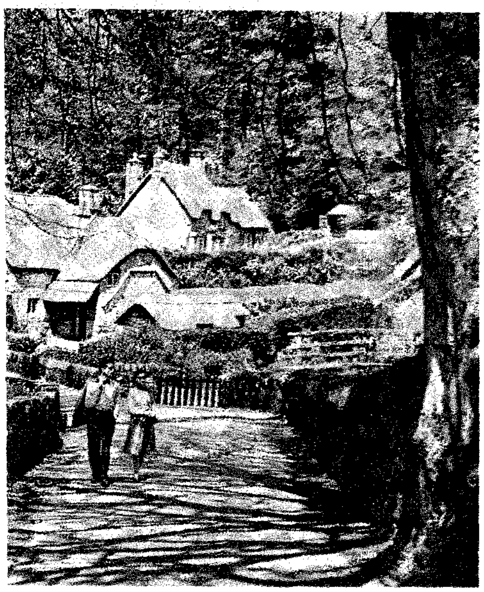

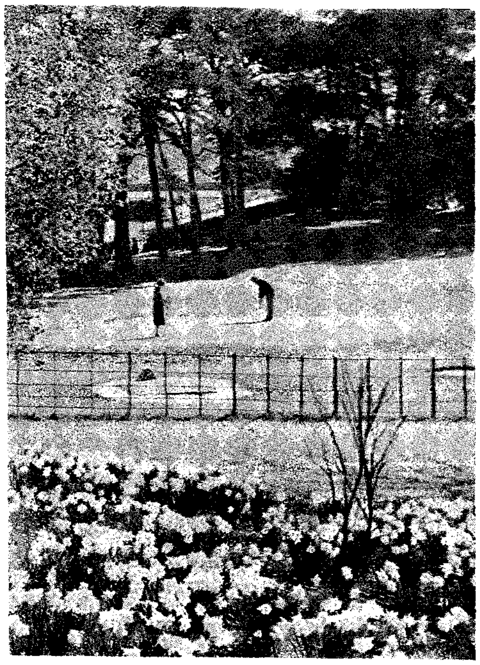

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tional projects for exploring space. The conferences also gave him a chance to become acquainted with his colleagues from behind the Iron Curtain. Strolling with them through the Vienna Woods or sitting with them on the veranda of the ski lodge, he learned a good deal about their conceptions of history, their personalities, and their prejudices. During the conferences, they tended—as did the Westerners—to give comparatively free rein to their thoughts. Wiesner never heard any of them speak traitorously of Socialism, but their thinking, he observed, did not necessarily take a monolithic form. One wing, it was apparent, leaned toward the view that Russia must accumulate superior weapons in order to deter the West from its "war plans;" another believed that the arms race itself must be stopped while there was still time. It was essentially the same division that existed in the West, Wiesner realized, and it interested him that it should exist among Soviet scientists as well. "How does one explain this similarity?" he once asked a friend with whom he was recalling his Pugwash experiences. "Differences of opinion are standard in the West but not in Communist countries, where everybody is raised on a political philosophy that is built not on opinions but on articles of faith." One explanation, he conjectured, is that the scientists at the conferences believed they were addressing themselves to the issue of survival, rather than to that of conflicting ideologies. It was a bond that made it possible for them to reveal their fears. The Russians, it appeared, feared the spread of nuclear weapons, particularly to West Germany, and resented the fact that their country was ringed by American missile bases. And the Westerners, the Russians learned, considered the Soviet dictatorship entirely capable of springing a surprise attack. The scientists pondered the question of how these misgivings might be lessened by technical means, but it was hard for them to forget that they were nationals of rival governments. There were times when the very fears that they were seeking to overcome appeared to dominate the sessions. On one such occasion, in Baden, a renowned member of the Soviet Academy of Sciences said he was convinced that the West wanted no test-ban treaty, so he was going to leave the conference and go back to his laboratory. According to one witness—Dr. Roger Revelle, an American oceanographer who is now scientific adviser to the Secretary of the Interior—Wiesner was on his feet at once. "Jerry spoke quietly but intensely to the Russian," Revelle

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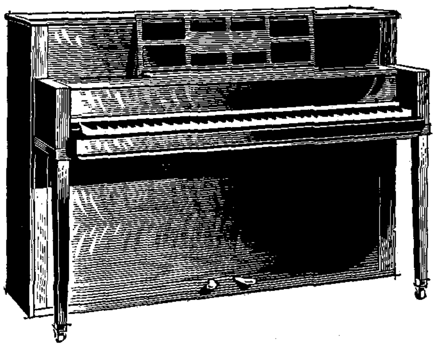
recalls. "He chastised him for being ready to give up on arms control. It was the most important of all the problems with which we were living, Jerry said, and we, as scientists, had a special responsibility to try to solve it. There wasn't a sound in the room for a while after Jerry sat down. We all knew we'd just heard a genuinely serious man."

THE views that led Wiesner to engage in arms-control activities did not include a panacea for relaxing world tensions. Rather, they amounted to a general outlook whose distinctive quality, it appears, was its element of hopefulness. Wiesner is convinced that the international situation is much too dangerous to be faced without optimism. It is an outlook he discussed one afternoon last summer on a Martha's Vineyard beach with half a dozen college students, one of whom was his oldest son, Stephen, an undergraduate at the California Institute of Technology. "Without optimism, there is no generating force for new ideas," he told the young people. "Once you make up your mind that war is inevitable, there's nothing left for you to do—*nothing but consider how to prepare for* that war, how to win it." That sort of thinking was not likely to help matters, Wiesner went on, since it kept one from seeking for ways and means of ending the arms race. Too many people, he said, tended to look upon disarmament in either-or terms—either total disarmament or no disarmament at all—and such an approach led them to exaggerate the obstacles to arms control, which were formidable enough as it was. "One doesn't begin with perfection," Wiesner observed. As a matter of fact, he went on, he doubted whether total disarmament was attainable. "Total disarmament pretty much requires an ideal world," he said. "All I'm hoping for is a world in which police—international police—can maintain law and order." Whatever degree of disarmament was achieved, he continued, would be the culmination of a long-drawn-out process—a series of modest advances. "I call them 'low-risk steps,' " he said. "For example, suppose one country holds down the *manufacture of a type of missile that an*other country thinks is specially tailored for its destruction. That might just make the other fellow a little less nervous, and he might then follow suit." No one he knew was in favor of unilateral disarmament, he said, and he certainly wasn't, but there were many realistic people who believed that the present array of armies and weapons could be greatly reduced



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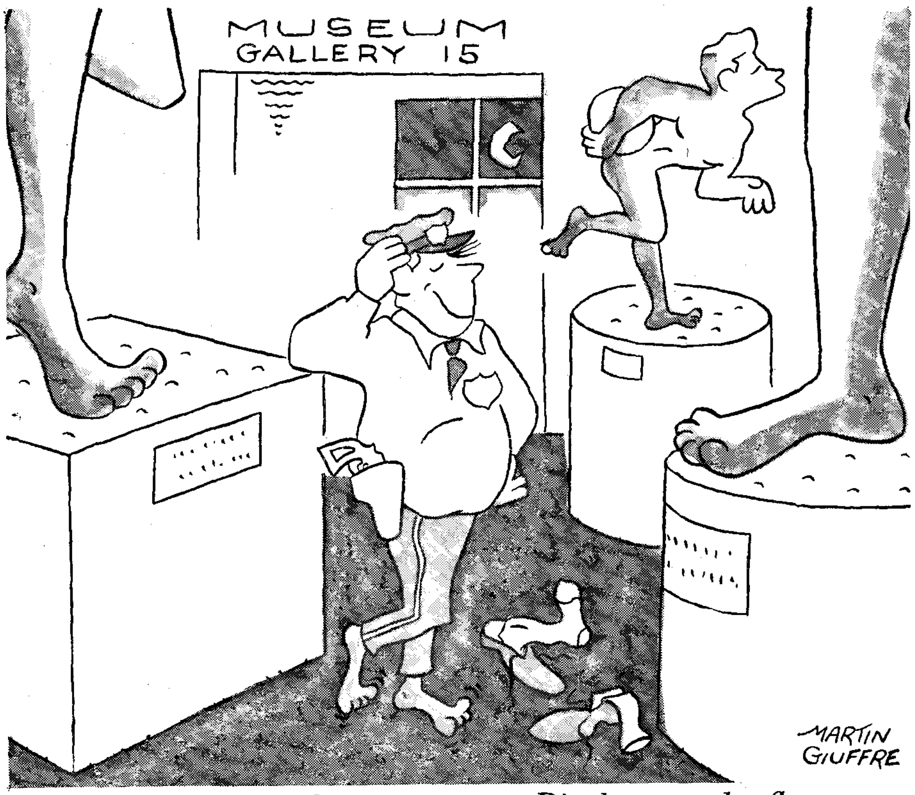

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without any country's really letting down its guard. "And a surprising number of those people are in the Pentagon and its counterparts abroad," he added.

Wiesner did not dwell on what might happen if the arms race got out of hand. He did say, however, that nuclear Pearl Harbors were unthinkable, because, with so many weapons already so widely dispersed, retaliation in kind was certain. But even if no country deliberately started a nuclear war, this same profusion of weapons might bring one about through an accident, or perhaps through escalation—the stepping up of a supposedly limited conflict, launched with conventional weapons. A kind of jungle suspicion was at large, he thought, and that was probably the chief obstacle to the initiation of an effective arms-control system. "How do we allay it?" he asked. "Each side reacts to threats that aren't clearly understood. Each side waits for the other to make the first conciliatory move. This is the almost ideal setting in which to lose sight of our goal of staying alive, and, of course, I don't mean as slaves. Each side has to keep trying to understand the other's real fears and real military motivations, hard though it may be. The only alternative is to repeat the old approaches, which never stopped wars in pre-nuclear times." Taking in the young faces around him, Wiesner concluded, "I don't know any more than you whether we'll ever have disarmament, but if it's going to come, I'd rather it came before another war than after." —DANIEL LANG

(*This is the first of two articles on Dr. Wiesner.*)

•

Orson Welles will be restored to artistic prominence through his movie version of "The Trail," one of the country's great novels.

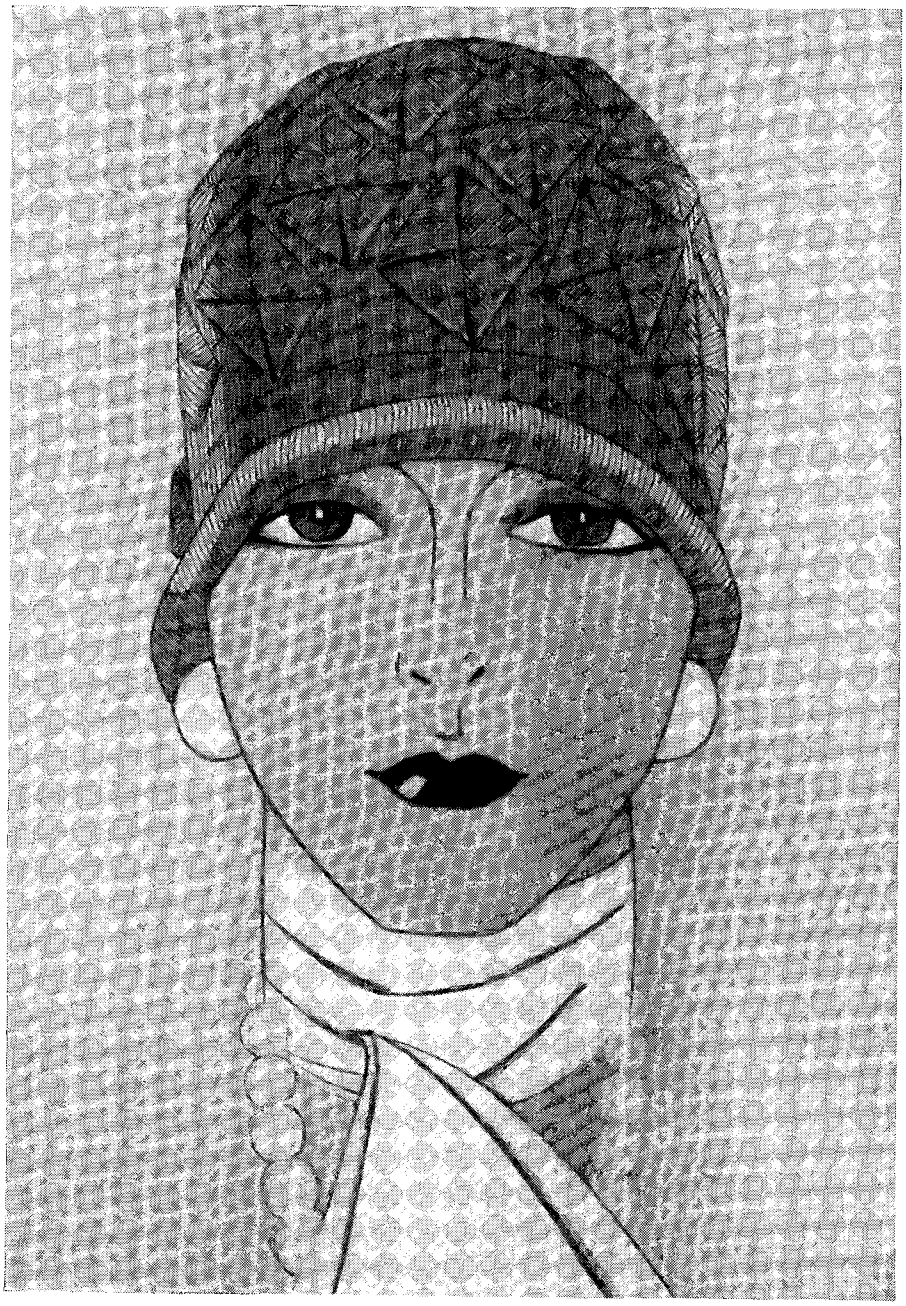
That is the prediction of John Kobler in a Saturday Evening Post article published today. Few cinematic projects ever excited greater curiosity, Kobler said, after interviewing Welles in Paris.

Critics who have viewed "The Trail" feel it will be responsible for new fame for Orson Welles who has found it difficult until now recovering prestige he enjoyed as the creator of "Citizen Kane."

Written, directed and edited by Welles, "The Trail" is based on Franz Kafka's novel published in 1925 and stars Anthony Perkins and also features Welles. Filming was done in Zagreb, Rome and Paris.

The movie world was astonished, according to Kobler, when Welles completed the $1,300,000 film ahead of schedule "without a single temperamental explosion and without exceeding the budget."—*Press release from the Saturday Evening Post.*

To say nothing of the astonishment of Franz (Hopalong) Kafka.



HEAD HEAD-HUNTER

Except, perhaps, for some Boston ladies who "have their hats." American women look to Bazaar for top pre-news. From the cloche of the 20s to the beautiful barbarians of the 60s, Bazaar is chief head-hunter. Advertisers who use their heads choose Bazaar—knowing that's where tomorrow's headlines meet today's deadlines.

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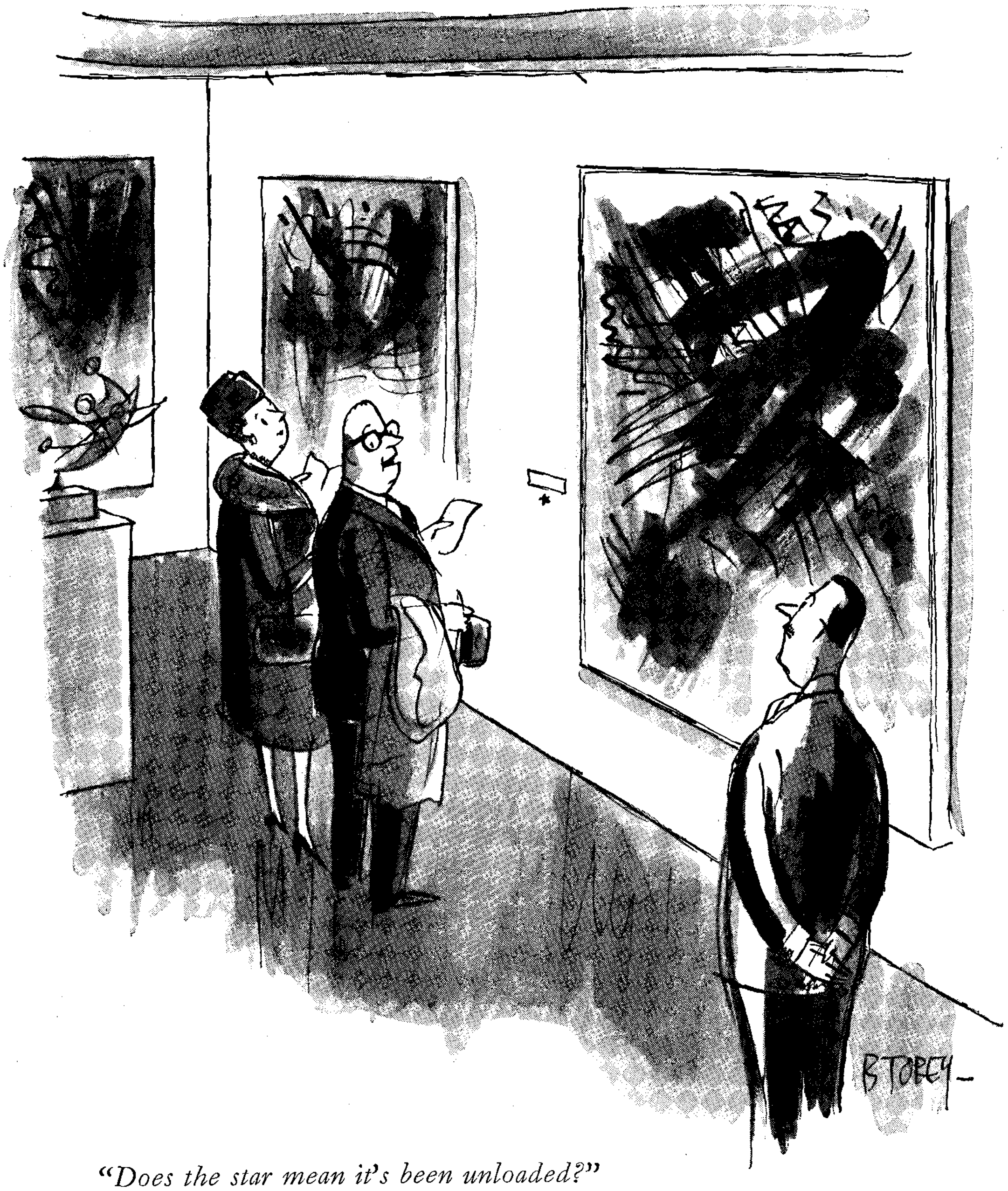
THE THEATRE

NO SOCIAL SIGNIFICANCE

HAVING recovered from a slight case of asphyxiation brought on by some smog effects that drift from the stage into the orchestra at the beginning of the second act of the musical "Oliver!," which is playing at the Imperial, I shall try to give you a rundown on the show. It is a very free adaptation, by Lionel Bart—who is responsible for the music and lyrics as well as the book—of Dickens' "Oliver Twist," and it contains none of the pathos and the sad regard for humanity that the Master introduced into his novel. Instead, it seems bent on demonstrating that hunger, poverty, and oppression can be fun, and a few minutes after it gets under way we find thirteen urchins in a workhouse lining out a tune called "Food, Glorious Food" in the jaunty style that Flanders and Swann employed to render "Mud, Mud, Glorious Mud," which, you may recall, was a hippopotamus's tribute to his favorite environment. But to anyone who can divorce his thoughts from the origins of Mr. Bart's work—and that is a very tough trick—the musical does reveal certain merits. The songs, for the most part, are pleasant; the action is lively; the set, by Sean Kenny, is ingenious; and the performances are full of bounce. It is Mr. Bart's notion to have Fagin depicted as a lovable old scallawag, and Clive Revill, who has the role, makes him just that. He may clout a boy or two in passing, but it is evident that he's a good man deep down under, and the boys he trains in the art of thievery all seem to adore him. Of the boys, David Jones, as the Artful Dodger, has a stage presence remarkable for his years, and Bruce Prochnik, as Oliver, is an appealing child. Georgia Brown is another of the show's assets, doing a fine job as Nancy, the beloved of the villainous Bill Sikes (Danny Sewell). Also on hand is a marvellously trained bull terrier, and by the time he has gone through his paces you'll probably accept him as a member of London's underworld, even though he is of a breed that Bill Sikes never saw. Under the direction of Peter Coe, "Oliver!" is constantly boisterous and surcharged with energy, and the various production numbers are assuredly a sight to behold. Mr. Bart joins Dickens in arranging for a happy ending to the proceedings, and in the closing moments practically all hands become even more euphoric than before. Nancy, Sikes, and Fagin do come to bad ends, just as they did in Dickens, but for a while there I thought Mr. Bart would hit on some way of making them wind up just as happy as everyone else.



"Does the star mean it's been unloaded?"

"HIDDEN STRANGER," by Maxwell Maltz, which closed last week after seven performances at the Longacre, was a kind of mystery melodrama, and the most mysterious thing about it was why it ever got written. It had to do with a countess, resident in a villa outside Florence, whose husband has retired to his quarters for keeps because one side of his face was destroyed when he tried to save his mother from being burned to death. The countess, hoping to get him back into circulation, induces a plastic surgeon to visit the villa, but her husband refuses to entertain the idea of sur-

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gery, whereupon she proposes that the doctor mar her features so that she will look just like the count. After that, "Hidden Stranger" got even more idiotic, and I regretted even more that an actor of the stature of Torin Thatcher, who was cast as the plastic surgeon, had become involved in the sorry affair.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

OFF BROADWAY

O'Neill on Bleecker Street

IN the first couple of acts of José Quintero's revival of "Desire Under the Elms," at the Circle in the Square, there are moments so fascinating that they almost made me reverse my feeling about the play, which I've never liked. By the time the show was over, I'd returned to my original position, and felt, besides, that no work was ever less suited to an arena stage. Still, the presence of George C. Scott and Colleen Dewhurst, as the tough old New England farmer and his youngish bride, who loathes him and yet has married him to have a home of her own, gives the production a stature that is rare Off Broadway. Mr. Scott's Ephraim Cabot is very slightly stiff and very slightly bent to one side; his eyes glitter with malice or lust, or with contempt for his sons—especially for Eben, the youngest of them, who hates him in return—and his only sign of weakness is a mouth gone slack with age. His murderous anger when his wife, out of pique, tells him that Eben has been flirting with her, and his quick suppression of his anger when he realizes that he needs the young man to help him on the farm, are effective, and so is his creaky, drunken dance at the third-act party. I lost some of the lines in his long, harsh speech about himself to his wife in their bedroom scene, but I didn't miss them much. There are, Heaven knows, lines and rhetoric to spare, and the scene is admirably done. Admirable, I guess, is also the word for Mr. Scott, rather than convincing. Mr. Scott is a forceful actor, and perhaps time will marinate or blend or deepen his characterization. As Abbie, the wife, who promises Cabot a son if he will promise, in return, to will her the farm, and who first seduces Eben to make good her part of the bargain and then falls in love with him, Colleen Dewhurst gives a marvellous performance as she changes from a woman whose surface calm is a mask for repugnance and cunning to one who, when the boy returns her love, becomes truly serene and fulfilled (for a while, anyway). Acting aside, Miss Dewhurst

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1. Father Pepperell, Mother Pepperell, Suzy Pepperell, and Victor Pepperell had led the good life of sophisticated beachcombers on Cotton Cay, wearing, always, wonderfully insouciant cottons—Pepperell, of course.

2. Mother Pepperell had on Pepperell Oxford-type cotton culottes by Rosecrest, about $10, when they got a letter which invited Father Pepperell to play in a certain golf tournament on the Mainland. It washed ashore in a vintage-year champagne bottle, tightly corked.

3. Many days later they anchored somewhere that looked like Newport Beach, since it was. "Maybe we shouldn't have come through that nice little canal." Father Pepperell said. "I believe it was out of the way."

4. At the time, Mother Pepperell had on seaworthy separates by Rosecrest: a hooded jacket, about $12, and matching long pants, about $7. Because they were Pepperell cotton (the Oxford weave), they had withstood the long journey with all the aplomb to be expected of wash-wear fabric that won't fade, shrink, or wrinkle.

5. The very next day Father Pepperell boarded an American Airlines jet destined for Chicago, Illinois, and the golf tournament.

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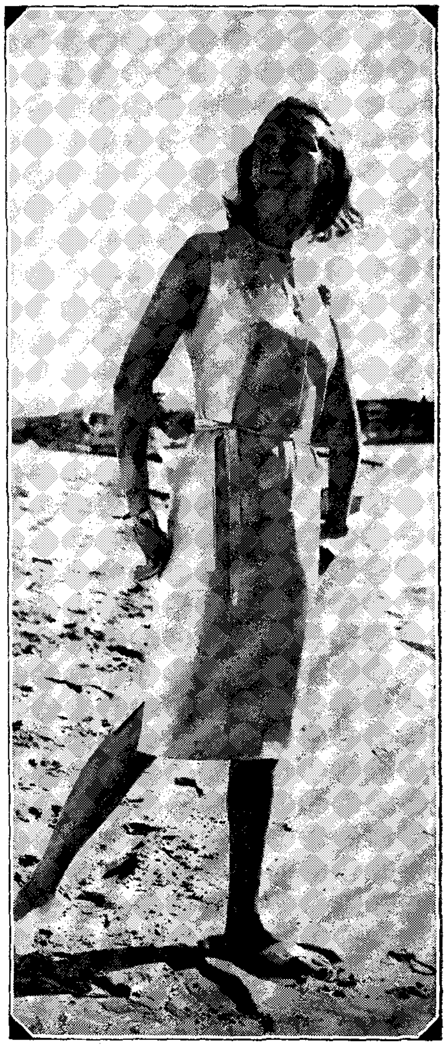
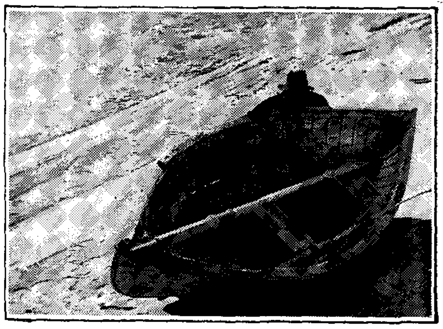
6. Meanwhile, back at the beach,



Mother Pepperell did not see a sinister-looking stranger who openly admired her Rosecrest beach shift, about $10, which was cut of Pepperell Oxford-type cotton.



7. As he looked and lurked, a blood-chilling scream was heard. "Someone has died," the stranger said, "and left you everything." Mother Pepperell appeared bored.

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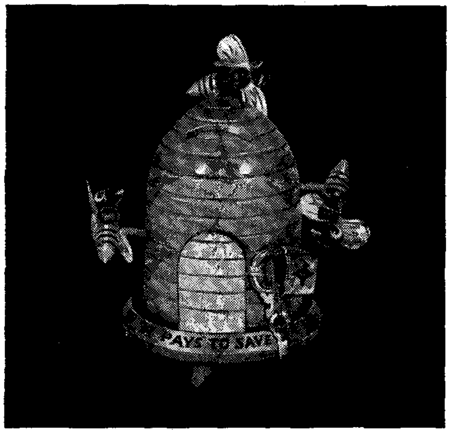

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looks beautiful, in a long rose-colored wool dress. There is no excuse that I can see for Rip Torn's weepy, hysterical Eben. What point is there in this fellow whose control is supposed to snap under the pressure of his feelings, when he has no control to start with? My quarrel here is with the conception of the character—which is damaging to the play—and not necessarily with its execution, though I wasn't much taken with that, either.

Under Mr. Quintero's direction, the performance as a whole is broad, explosive, and, at times, far too explicit. By whipping up the excitement of the melodrama and adding excitement of his own (Eben, for example, awakens his two brothers to tell them of their father's marriage by clanging a bell—a piece of business that is not indicated in the printed version of the play), Mr. Quintero has, for one thing, moved it from New England smack into the Village. Even so, who would have thought the old script to have had so much blood in it? Or humor? Mr. Scott never misses a chance for comedy, and Lou Frizzell, the amusing Stage Manager of the recent Circle in the Square "Pullman Car Hiawatha," is quite funny as the friskier of Eben's dim-witted brothers.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

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(B) Rubbing ointment: yellow column, the palyer stops casting once.

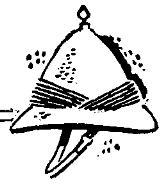
(C) Wiping face: blue column, the palyer casts the dice once more.

(D) Fainting: purple column, the player retreats his chess three steps.

•

France's lowest temperature was recorded in the Alps, where the mercury plunged to 22 below. The 80 residents of Bosbron, near Banyuls-sur-Mer, cut off by snow and ice, lived for two days on left-over Christmas turkey until a relief truck carrying three crates of oysters forced its way through.—*The Times International Edition.*

Ah, the French!



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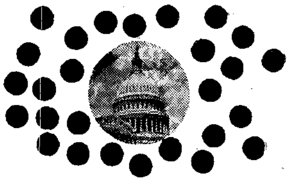

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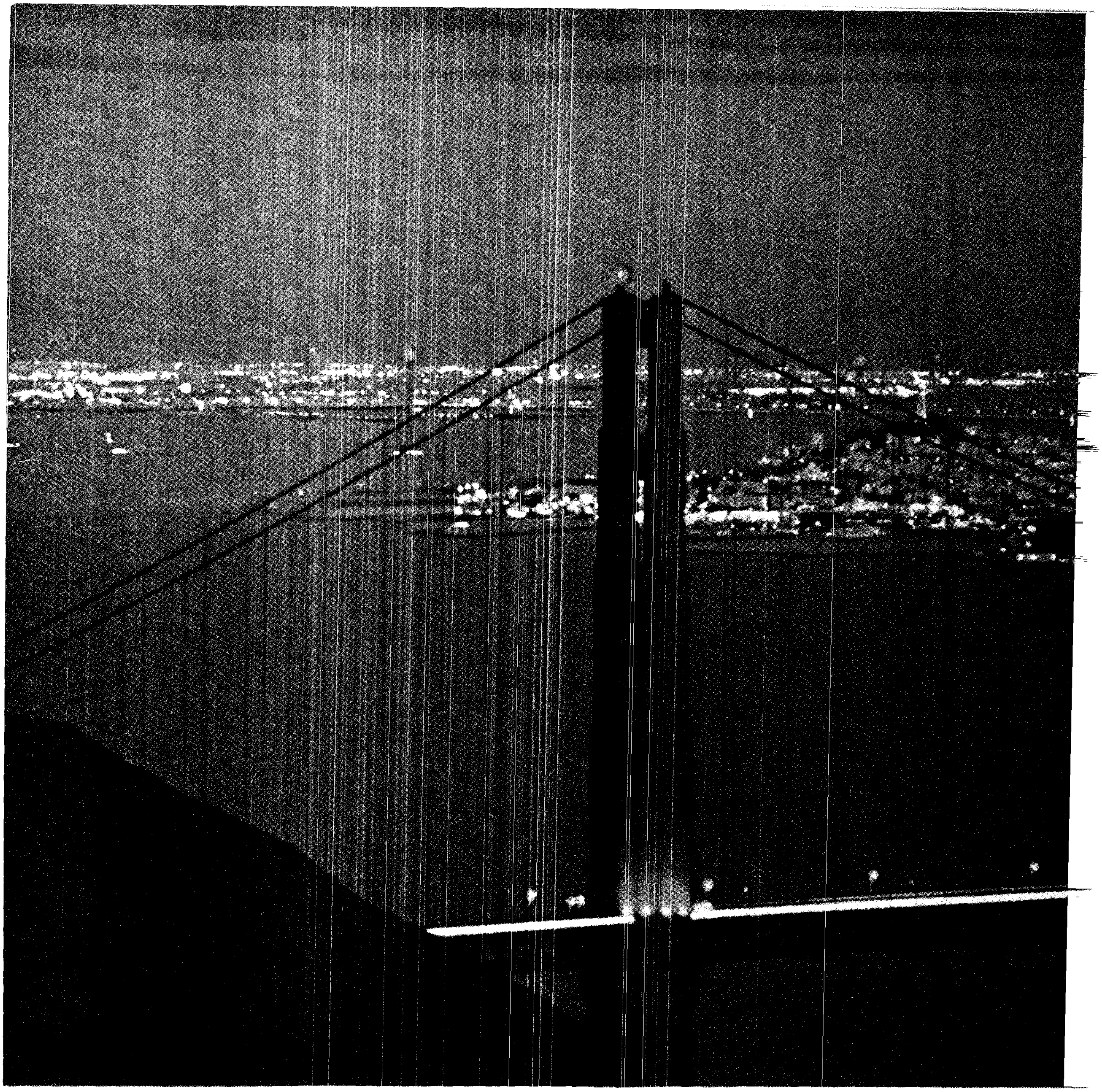

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D) DOLORES MISSION. One of the Spanish padres' brave outposts—built of adobe, hand-hewn timbers and faith.

E) EMBARCADERO. For romantics: the wharves where ships sail off to lands a world away—and the last of the square-rigged clippers rests.

F) FISHERMAN'S WHARF. Seafood restaurants, with a fleet of fishing boats chugging right past your table.

G) GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE. For almost a mile, it soars above the surf at America's gateway to the Pacific.

H) HILLS. 42 in all! There's Telegraph Hill—a sentinel above the sea. Twin Peaks—the city's highest spot. And Nob Hill—where gold barons outmansioned each other.

I) ITALIAN DISTRICT. S. F.'s not-so-Little Italy. Sip cappuccino, sing along with an operatic waiter.

J) JAPANESE TEA GARDEN. Clouds of cherry blossoms, bridges arching high above the tiniest of streams. And for 25¢, kimono-clad girls serve jasmine tea, fortune cookies.

K) KEZAR STADIUM. Like rugged action? You'll strike it rich with the 49'ers—San Francisco's pro football team.

L) LOMBARD STREET. America's most slithering street. One block long . . . with *eight* corkscrew curves!

M) MAIDEN LANE. Once the "maidens" who lived here were anything but. Swank little shops today—including a spiral showcase by Frank Lloyd Wright

N) NIGHT CLUBS. High life, low life—take your pick. Show biz greats—plus far-out jazz, folk singers and flamenco.

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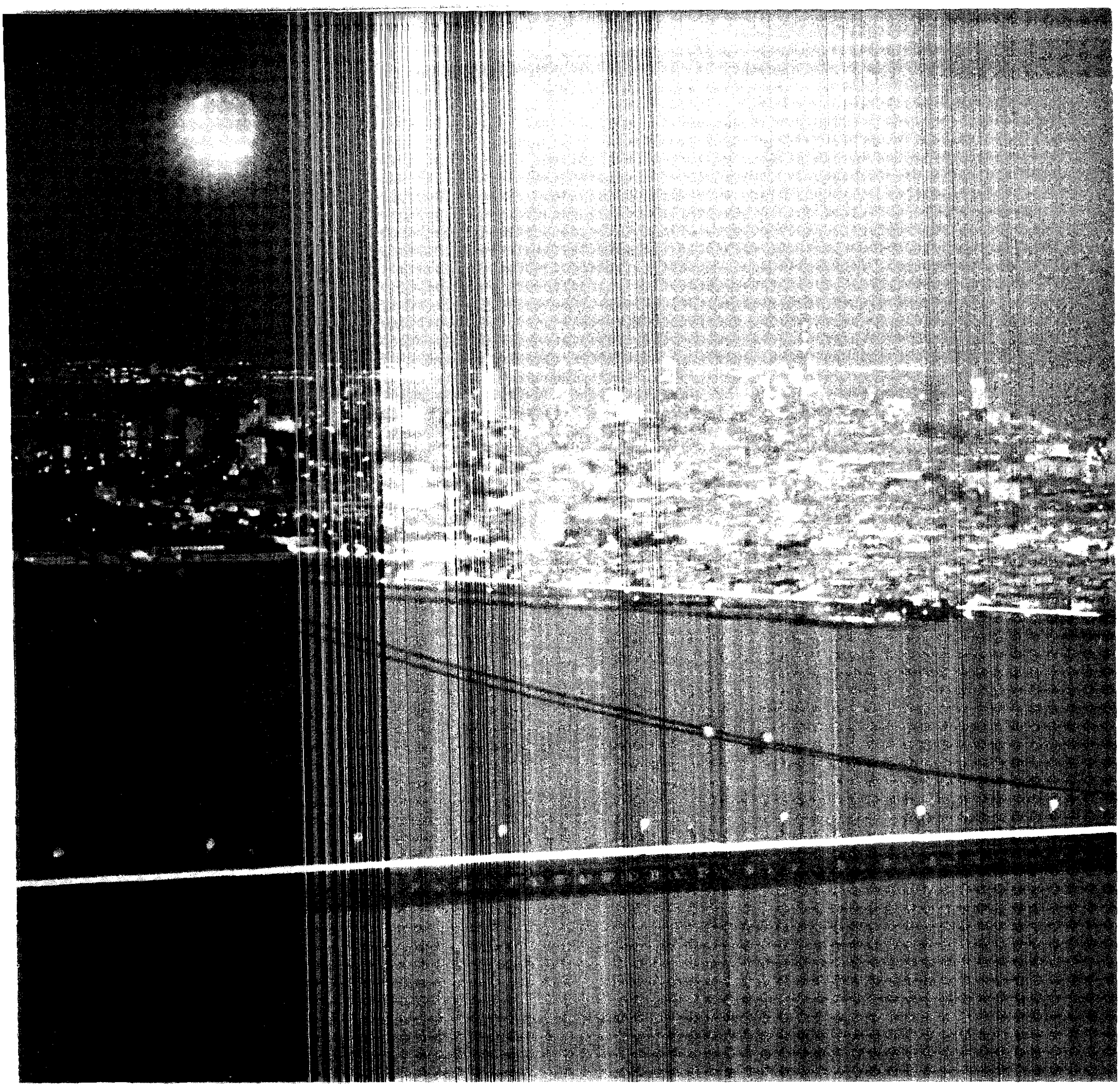
P) PARK, GOLDEN GATE. Art galleries, fern forest—and flowers, flowers, flowers. Plus a sure-fir sight for small fry: a herd of grazing buffalo!



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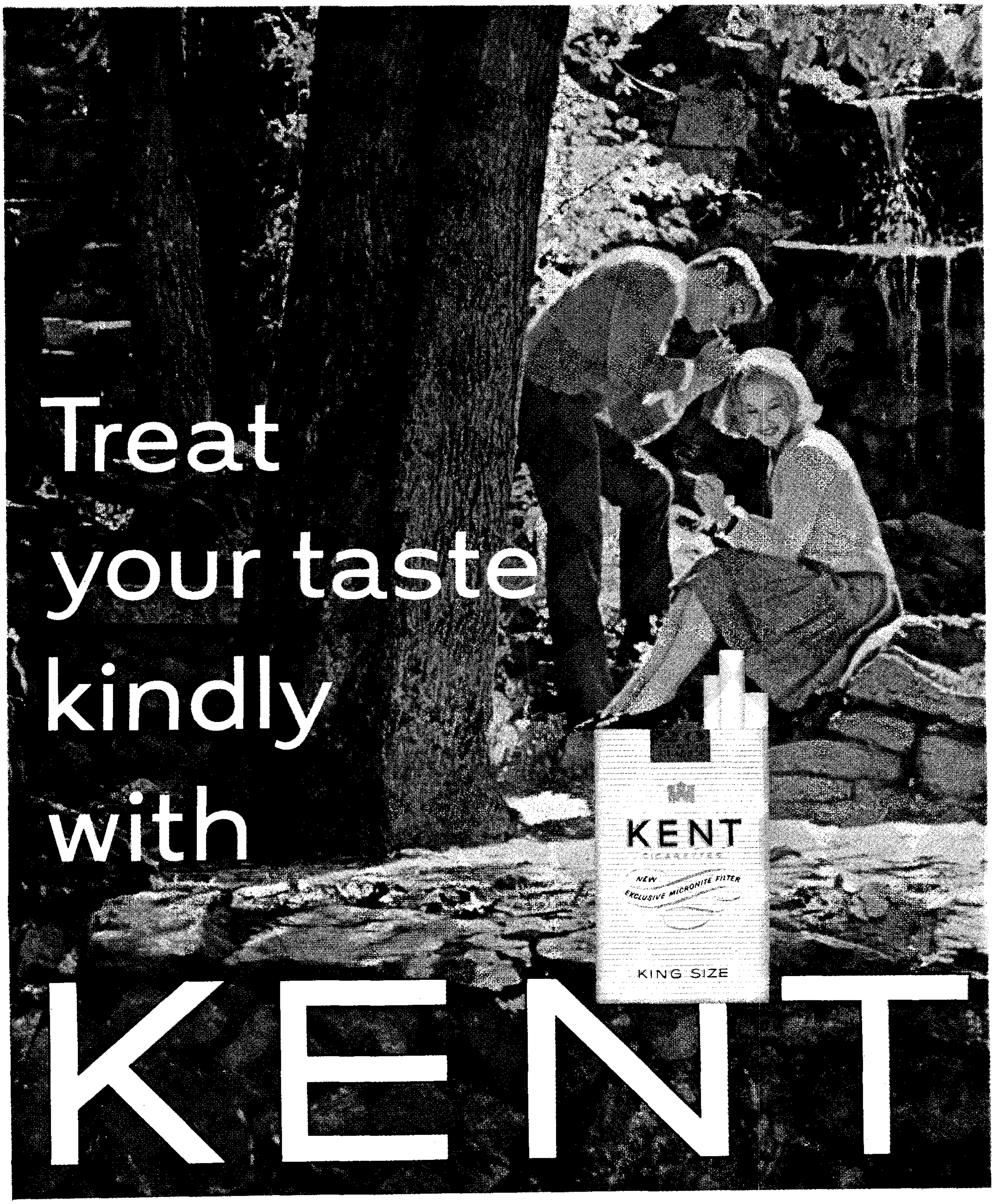
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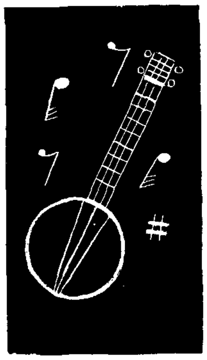
MUSICAL EVENTS

Teutonic Week

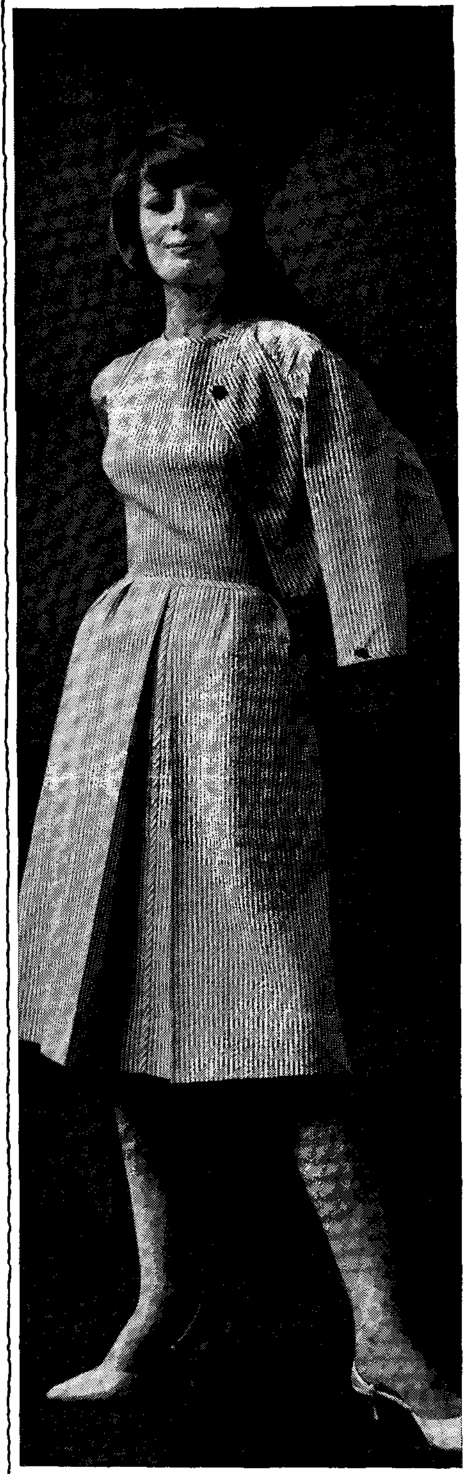
LAST week's most out-of-the-ordinary event was the appearance, in Carnegie Hall on Monday night, of the NDR Symphony Orchestra of Hamburg (the initials mean "Norddeutscher Rundfunk," or "North German Radio"), under the baton of Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt, a conductor of unusual skill and profound feeling for tradition, who made a considerable impression when he performed here for the first time a year ago, as a guest with the Philadelphia Orchestra. The NDR Symphony, of which he is the regular maestro, proved to be a wonderfully trained ensemble, neat and precise in its articulation of various kinds of music, a little lighter in tone quality than such familiar Teutonic organizations as the Berlin and Vienna Philharmonics, admirably smooth and well balanced in its component parts, and, though perhaps a bit more remarkable for its wind section than its strings, in every way a virtuoso group of the finest type. Its program consisted of Bach's Second Brandenburg Concerto; Liszt's First Piano Concerto, with Jorge Bolet as soloist; Brahms' First Symphony; and one contemporary work—Boris Blacher's "Variations on a Theme of Paganini." All this music—even the Blacher variations—was familiar enough, so one's attention was focussed on the quality of performance that the orchestra and its conductor managed to attain, as well as on the virtuosity of Mr. Bolet, who is a pianist of both power and technical fluency, and who, though he thumped and pounded a good deal at the beginning of the Liszt work, came through, in the end, with a pretty dazzling display of pyrotechnics.



In the Brandenburg concerto, which opened the concert, Mr. Schmidt-Isserstedt had his four soloists—trumpet, flute, oboe, and violin—stand in front of the orchestra to perform their parts. Of the four, the unquestionable hero was Adolf Scherbaum, a remarkable specialist in the kind of stratospheric Bach trumpet-playing that this work calls for, and that often entails a considerable amount of obvious strain on the part of the musician. Mr. Scherbaum tackled his high-flying passages with no strain whatever, and one could appreciate the esteem in which he is held in Europe, where he is regarded as a sort of world's champion in this art. Indeed, according to some of the publicity literature I received before the concert, Mr. Scherbaum's accomplishments as a formidable pneumatic phenomenon once led a number of Swiss physicians to examine him while he was blowing a C above high C, and to conclude that the pressure inside his body exceeded the twenty-four pounds per square inch that is found in a well-blown-up automobile tire. This is truly an arresting statistic, but one that does not convey at all the suavity and brilliance with which Mr. Scherbaum utilizes his tremendous ability to compress air.

The Blacher variations, which were done with much technical splash, struck me again as primarily a composer's showpiece, neither particularly unpleasant nor particularly interesting. It was in the Brahms symphony that Mr. Schmidt-Isserstedt and his orchestra made their finest impression. The work was given the sort of reading we have not often heard here since the days of Willem Mengelberg—a reading that was Germanic in the good sense of the word, with pliancy, robustness, and an attention to rhythmic emphasis and contrast that could well be studied by many maestros of the post-Toscanini era. This was Brahms played in the grand traditional manner, and though I have heard so many Brahms Firsts in recent years that I now have an impulse to run and hide when I see one on a program, this performance held my attention, and even thrilled me with its sober nobility.

I WENT to the Boston Symphony's concert in Philharmonic Hall on Wednesday evening mainly to see how Erich Leinsdorf would conduct Bruckner's Ninth Symphony. Fine Bruckner conducting is not at all common, and the ability to hold that master's mammoth creations together in such a way as to realize their complete coherence is an altogether special one. Mr. Leinsdorf's reading lacked the fire, the tenderness, and the passion that I have heard some other conductors, notably the late Bruno Walter, inject into the symphony. This Bruckner was elegant and refined, rather than deeply contemplative and exalted. Nevertheless, it did have the virtues of coherence and exemplary clarity. On the same



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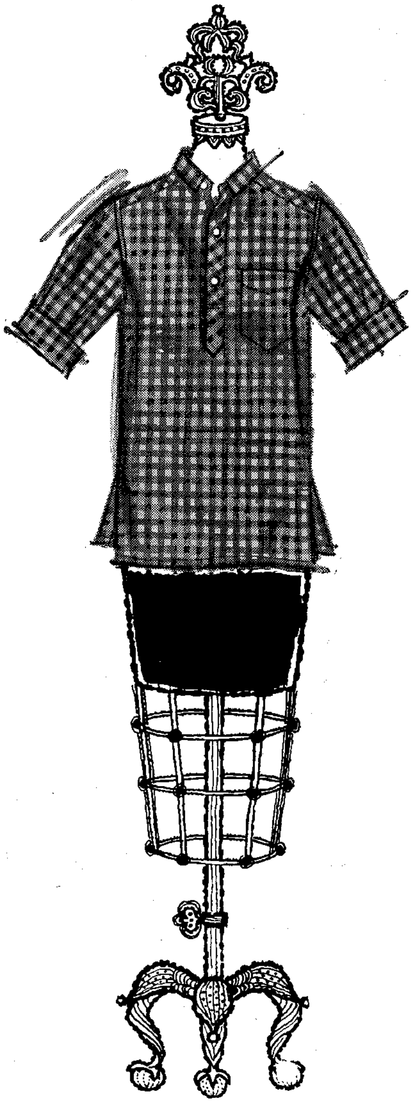

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program, the young American composer Leon Kirchner appeared as soloist in his own First Piano Concerto. It is a composition containing a large number of notes, and showing a feeling for keyboard rhetoric and a keen ear for massed and contrasted sounds of one sort or another. But music consists of a great deal besides sounds, and that great deal I am afraid I failed to detect in it.

AT the Metropolitan Opera House, operas come and go like flowers in a garden. Sometimes they get a little scrawny from neglect. Sometimes, when the soil is just right—that is, when the right kind of singers are available, the rehearsing is studious, and the conducting is particularly inspired—you get a superb growth that will perhaps not be duplicated for years. This, I think, is the case with the current production, put on for the first time on Friday night, of Wagner's "Der Fliegende Holländer." Except for the scenery, which is old but still presentable, everything seemed to be galvanized by a fresh spirit of vigor and infinite care. Both orchestra and chorus performed magnificently. Karl Böhm, the conductor, paced the score as only a very knowing Wagnerian can. George London, in his role as the Dutchman, ought to be commemorated by a statue in the lobby. I have never encountered a finer interpretation of the Dutchman, and I suspect it will be many seasons before any other artist anywhere undertakes this brooding, romantic role with comparable authority, either in voice or in physical presence. Leonie Rysanek, as Senta, unfortunately was not in very good voice that evening, and sang some of her pianissimo phrases hesitantly and out of tune. But Senta is ordinarily one of her best roles—she looks and acts it beautifully—and I am sure that when her vocal cords are in better shape, she will recapture the artistry she has shown in it in the past. Sándor Kónya, as Senta's lover Erik, sang gloriously (isn't this the *Heldentenor* we have been waiting for?), and the remaining singers—Giorgio Tozzi, as Daland; Lili Chookasian, as his housekeeper; and George Shirley, as the Steersman—were about as close to perfection as one could ask.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ RECORDS

Big Ben

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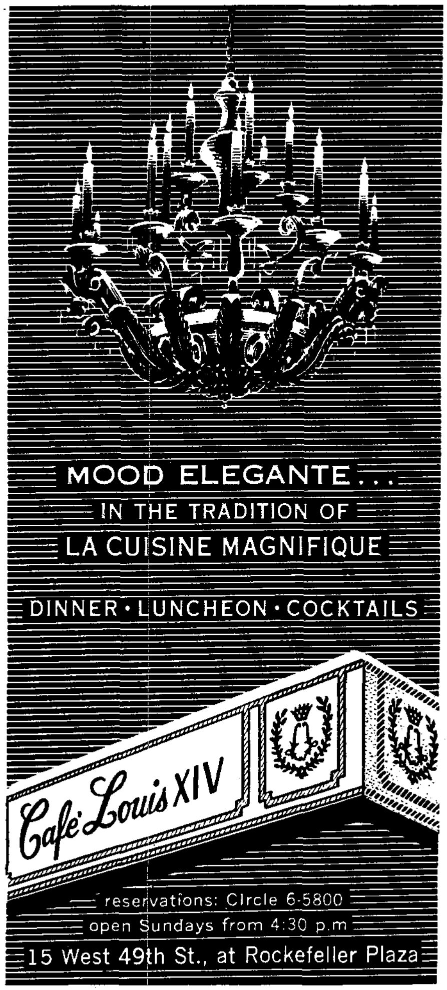

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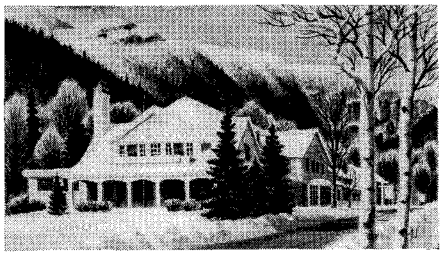

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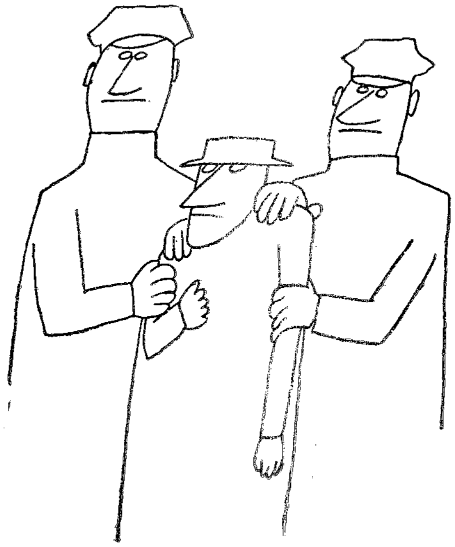
or dead. A notable victim of this sluggishness is Ben Webster, the fifty-three-year-old tenor saxophonist from Kansas City. Webster has been playing near the top of his powers for an astonishing twenty years. Yet though he has idolatrous admirers and his share of imitators, he has never been celebrated. Indeed, during the mid-fifties the benign owner of a recording company reportedly paid Webster, who could find no work, a weekly Fulbright-type salary. Stiff competition also explains the bypassing of Webster. In 1940, when he came to prominence in the Duke Ellington band, he was shaded by Coleman Hawkins, whose "Body and Soul" had just been recorded, and by Lester Young, who was laying all sorts of cornerstones. Swing and the big bands went down before the war and bebop. Charlie Parker rose out of the wreckage, and Hawkins and Webster sank together; Young continued to light the background, but like a waning moon. Parker's reign lasted until his death, in 1955, and after a respectful pause Sonny Rollins and John Coltrane hove into view and were, in turn, followed by Ornette Coleman. However, in the late fifties the handful of swing musicians who survived these fluctuations of empire enjoyed a brief return to favor. But Webster was out of luck, for at the forefront of this revival were Young and Hawkins. That they weren't playing as consistently or as well as Webster made no difference; their reputations had been indestructibly cast fifteen years before. This explains the lugubrious spectacle that took place in April, 1958, when Webster, absent from New York night clubs for nearly a decade, appeared at the Village Vanguard for a two-week stand. He was playing magnificently, but the audiences, made up largely of musicians and mourners, were



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sparse, and Webster's run was not extended. A short time later, he surfaced again at a Czechoslovakian bar, on Second Avenue in the Seventies, and on one poignant night he played to a house of five people—this reviewer and two friends, and what appeared to be a couple of Webster's relatives.

Since neglect and misinformation go hand in hand, it is not surprising that Webster has long been set down as the most important of Coleman Hawkins' followers. Genealogical style charts are a popular parlor game among jazz students, and the family tree generally made up for tenor saxophonists looks like this: It has two trunks—Coleman Hawkins and Lester Young. The largest branches sprouting from the Hawkins trunk are Webster, Herschel Evans, and Chu Berry. From Webster grow twigs marked Illinois Jacquet, Ike Quebec, George Auld, Vido Musso, and Arnett Cobb. From Berry's branch grow Lucky Thompson, Don Byas, and Benny Golson. Evans' branch bears one twig—Buddy Tate. Now, to correct this tree, one of its roots should be marked Johnny Hodges-Sidney Bechet, and out of this root should grow a sizable third trunk, Webster, which would rise between those of Hawkins and Young. To be sure, before Webster's style hardened in the late thirties, he *did* reflect—if uneasily—Hawkins' work. But this admiration was eventually salted with Webster's respect for Johnny Hodges, and now his playing is as much his own as that of any gifted jazz musician who has grown up with Louis Armstrong, Hawkins, Lester Young, Art Tatum, and Charlie Parker, the principal instrumental monuments in jazz.

ONE of those men who swell evenly rather than grow paunchy and bunchy, Webster is solidly packed and of medium height. His shoulders are wide and square, and he has a ramrod back. When he plays, his face, heavy and eaglelike, is expressionless. He holds his horn directly in front of him in a rigid, present-arms position, and he stands stock-still. Like a sequoia, he exudes might and mystery. (He is known among acquaintances as The Brute.) His style is easy, magisterial, and enveloping; it *embraces* the listener. Many jazz musicians, through timidity, lack of technique, or plain blurriness, make the listener do much of the work; Webster, an old family retainer, meets his audience three-quarters of the way. After a time, the remarkably sustained assurance and invention of his work

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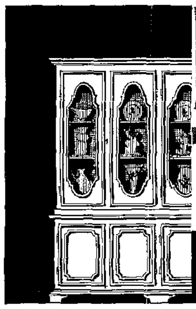

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paralyze one's critical instinct, for they slip past objectivity and into the subconscious. Webster's tone, a wonder of music, has a good deal to do with this. It is probably the broadest ever achieved on the instrument. The magic and delicate combination of embouchure, lung power, choice of reed, and manner of tonguing out of which jazz saxophonists fashion their extraordinary variety of tones is one of the conundrums of jazz. But ultimately, perhaps, tone is a direct extension of personality, an unwitting mirror of the soul. Webster's tone is not as dense as Hawkins', nor does it leak, like Chu Berry's. And it has none of the lachrymose quality of Herschel Evans'. Rollins and Coltrane, in contrast, are rubbery and rock-grinding. Particularly during slow ballads, the luxuriousness and weight of his tone seem alone to control the choice and flow of notes, the harmonies and rhythms. Webster has three distinct attacks. In ballads, the wings of his tone spread, he hovers serenely and directly over the melody. He may play one chorus out of tempo, exalting the melody through respectful exaggeration and emphasis. He will play softly, sometimes raising his volume in his opening phrases, which often have a staccato quality. Wide, placid, behind-the-beat phrases alternate with quick, purposely stagy downward runs. The frequent rests between phrases balance what they separate. In all this, Webster's vibrato is pronounced, and it often fades into imperious, toneless undulations—a superbly understated melodramatic effect. After this ad-lib chorus, he will gather himself, like a big man rising from a deep chair, and stride into intense melodic embellishments. He will use more notes, occasional circus trills, and glisses that suggest a plane rounding a pylon. But one is not conscious of notes and rhythm and harmony; instead, Webster's solo has been the study of an emotion, of a moment, of a mood. His slow blues, like his ballads, are gorgeous, but they are not as expensively furnished. They insinuate rather than announce. His second attack, also insinuating, occurs at medium tempos. He will open a solo with an extended on-the-beat phrase, again played softly. It is a floating, barely tinted phrase, and two-to-one it raises goose pimples. Gradually he will bear down, increasing his volume and intensity. This sometimes leads him into his third attack, an acid growling. This growling, which can be unattractive, implies that Webster has temporarily run out of ideas, is feeling brutish, or is simply ill at ease. Or it may be

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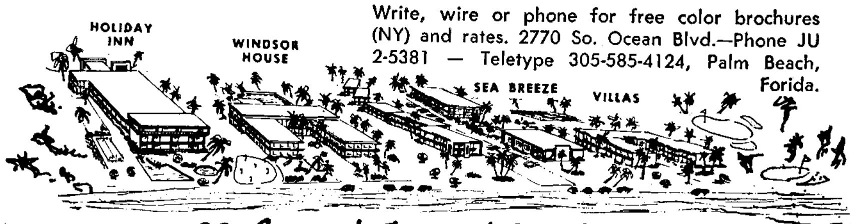

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a plain excess of emotion. Webster, more than Hawkins and Young, is erratic. At times his playing—a surprisingly fragile mechanism—slips out of joint. He overblows, he squeaks, he falls back on rhetoric. Even so, his *presence* never falters.

WEBSTER's recordings, both the good and the flawed, are reasonably true indications of his in-the-flesh sound. Fortunately, they have come along at the rate of one or two a year since the mid-fifties, when his recording career, which dwindled dismally in the late forties, was resumed. Three of the best of these, made between 1957 and the present, are, in order of age, "Barney Kessel: 'Let's Cook' " (Contemporary M3603), "Gerry Mulligan Meets Ben Webster" (Verve MG V-8343), and "Ben Webster and 'Sweets' Edison" (Columbia CL 1891). Webster appears on only one side of the Kessel record, in a session organized around Benny Carter, who fell ill before the date. The two numbers, "Tiger Rag" and "Jersey Bounce," which last just under ten minutes apiece, are notable for Webster's delightful solo in "Tiger Rag" and for the piano of Jimmy Rowles. (Also on hand, besides Kessel, are Frank Rosolino on trombone, Leroy Vinnegar on bass, and Shelly Manne.) Rowles has a Debussy attack, his touch is light and clear, and his loose single-note lines have a sly, witty quality. Kessel, by and large, is a worn admirer of Charlie Christian, while Manne and Vinnegar, generally a dependable rhythm team, sound stiff and careless.

The Mulligan album, which includes Rowles, Vinnegar, and Mel Lewis, on drums, is a treat. All of Webster—in a couple of slow ballads, two up-tempo standards, and a slow blues—is on view. He is especially winning in "Chelsea Bridge," which has one of those cloud-palace ad-lib choruses, and in the slow blues, "Go Home," in which he takes three soft choruses. Mulligan graciously subordinates himself to Webster, but the gesture is wasted; Webster towers over him, making him sound apologetic and schoolboyish. Rowles is again exemplary, and his wandering, water-music introduction to the ballad "Tell Me When" is worth close attention.

"Ben Webster and 'Sweets' Edison" is the least satisfactory record of the three. Webster is excellent in two slow ballads, "How Long Has This Been Going On?" and "My Romance," but in the three medium-tempo blues he sounds mechanical and workaday, and

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no wonder; Edison, in recent years, has, like Bud Freeman, perfected a master solo, which he varies only slightly, regardless of tempo, material, or mood. Playing with him must be like chatting with a robot. The bare adequacy of the rhythm section (Hank Jones, George Duvivier, and the drummer Clarence Johnson) calls to mind the marvellous days on Fifty-second Street when Webster worked with Marlowe Morris, John Simmons, and Big Sid Catlett, the last of whom prodded him into feats that no one could sustain for long. Needless to say, the recordings Webster made at the time with this group sold poorly and have never been reissued.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

◆

MENDHAM, N.J. (AP)—Do you pet owners get tired of walking the dog and cleaning the bird cage and fish tank? Then take a tip from the Robert J. Blazek family—get a boa constrictor.

About a year ago, Blazek, a research engineer, yielded to a longtime fascination and brought home a boa for his wife and twin boys, aged 5.

Now 3 years old, the half-grown, 6-foot-long reptile has become a regular member of the household. The family feeds him mice.

"The boys love to play with him and he's no work at all," said Mrs. Blazek. "He's easy to take care of and very gentle with the children. The only thing I ever worry about is if he should get loose in the house. We'd have an awful time finding him.

"We'll probably give him to a museum when he gets to be eight or nine feet long," Mrs. Blazek said. "By that time, he'll be thicker as well as longer—and I just don't think we'll want to keep him in the house." '-hrdlu nun nuun un ppupu pupu—*Cumberland (Md.) News.*

Oh-oh. He *is* loose.

◆

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Pleasant Sins

LIKE the minister who causes his congregation to wince before it's hit by announcing that his sermon will consist of a detailed examination of the lives and works of the minor prophets Amos, Hosea, Micah, Zephaniah, Nahum, Habakkuk, Haggai, Zechariah, Malachi, Obadiah, Joel, and Jonah, a movie bearing the title "7 Capital Sins" made me nervous even before I sat down to it, seven being an awful lot of sins, and seven episodes being an awful lot of movie. My fears, though, proved ill-founded; this new French comedy is funny nearly every foot of the way, and at least one of its episodes is so enchanting that, short as it is, it should manage to achieve an individual immortality. By its nature, the film is a grab bag, because each of the episodes has a different author, or authors; a different director; and a different cast. The resulting variety of styles of writing, camerawork, and acting isn't an advantage—on the contrary, it's a bloody nuisance—but the French seem to dote on this form of communal enterprise, and we'd probably never be treated to such an array of first-rate talents in any other fashion. Among the many celebrated writing, directing, and acting cooks who have helped stir this engaging broth are Eugene Ionesco, Claude Mauriac, Daniel Boulanger, Philippe de Broca, Roger Vadim, Jean-Luc Godard, Claude Chabrol, Marie-Jose Nat, Dany Saval, Claude Brasseur, Eddie Constantine, Sami Frey, Jean-Pierre Cassel, and, for all I know, Haggai, Zechariah, and Malachi.

"FORE ES
JO MC DE
ALSO
EDLA
SH N"

For those who may have been rather carelessly brought up, let me note that the seven capital sins are, in the order dealt with in this picture, anger, envy, gluttony, lust, laziness, pride, and greed. Mr. Ionesco, who wrote the script for the "Anger" episode, shows how a tiny domestic accident—a husband finds a fly in his soup—turns a world of utter peace and loving-kindness into such a state of local, national, and then interhemispheric rage that it ends by blowing itself up. A nice, simple, outrageous farce, which should perhaps have served to finish the picture instead of begin it. Another of my favorite episodes is "Laziness," written and directed by Mr. Godard, in which Eddie Constantine, playing a famous movie star named Eddie Constantine, is picked up by a sexy starlet who, in order to further her career, boldly attempts to give herself to him. But poor Constantine is the helpless slave of sloth—he cannot be bothered even to bend over and tie a loose shoelace, much less summon the energy to make love to a pretty girl.

Best of all is the episode "Gluttony," written by Daniel Boulanger and directed by Philippe de Broca. A middle-aged, gormandizing peasant learns that his aged father has suddenly died of indigestion, and he sets out, with his wife and mother-in-law, in an ancient car stuffed with viands, to attend the funeral. So many compassionate stops are made along the way to let them eat and drink that the trio arrives too late for the funeral ceremony but in plenty of time for the feast that follows it, which itself threatens to bring on a mortal seizure or two. Mr. de Broca is a master of visual gags, and his rendering of the family's zigzag *pique-nique* through the rich countryside is Bruegel-like in its devotion to the playful, prankish detail. The image of the birdy little old mother-in-law crouched rocking in the back seat of the car, her bright eyes slowly hazing with drink, will delight me for a long while to come.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

OUR CONSIDERATE AUTHORS (AND REVISIONISTS)

[*From "The Natural Way to Healthful Sleep," by Charles P. Kelly*]

Rock-a-bye, baby, up in the tree top.
When the wind blows, baby's cradle will rock;
Baby's cradle will rock, baby's cradle will rock.
With the tree's drowsy swing baby's cradle will rock.

Since the big bough is not likely to break,
Fear of a fall won't keep baby awake;
Won't keep baby awake, won't keep baby awake.
No disquieting care will keep baby awake.

The Mother Goose lines above have been chosen partly because they are already associated in everyone's mind with sleep. They have been freely altered to keep the eyes directed upward and to give additional suggestion of sleep. They have also been extended to make two four-line stanzas, so that their repetition will occupy a full period of breath-holding. For greater peace of mind the baby's tragic fall has been sidestepped.

The harbor at Istanbul, Turkey. You can fly there on KLM and visit 28 extra cities for no extra fare.

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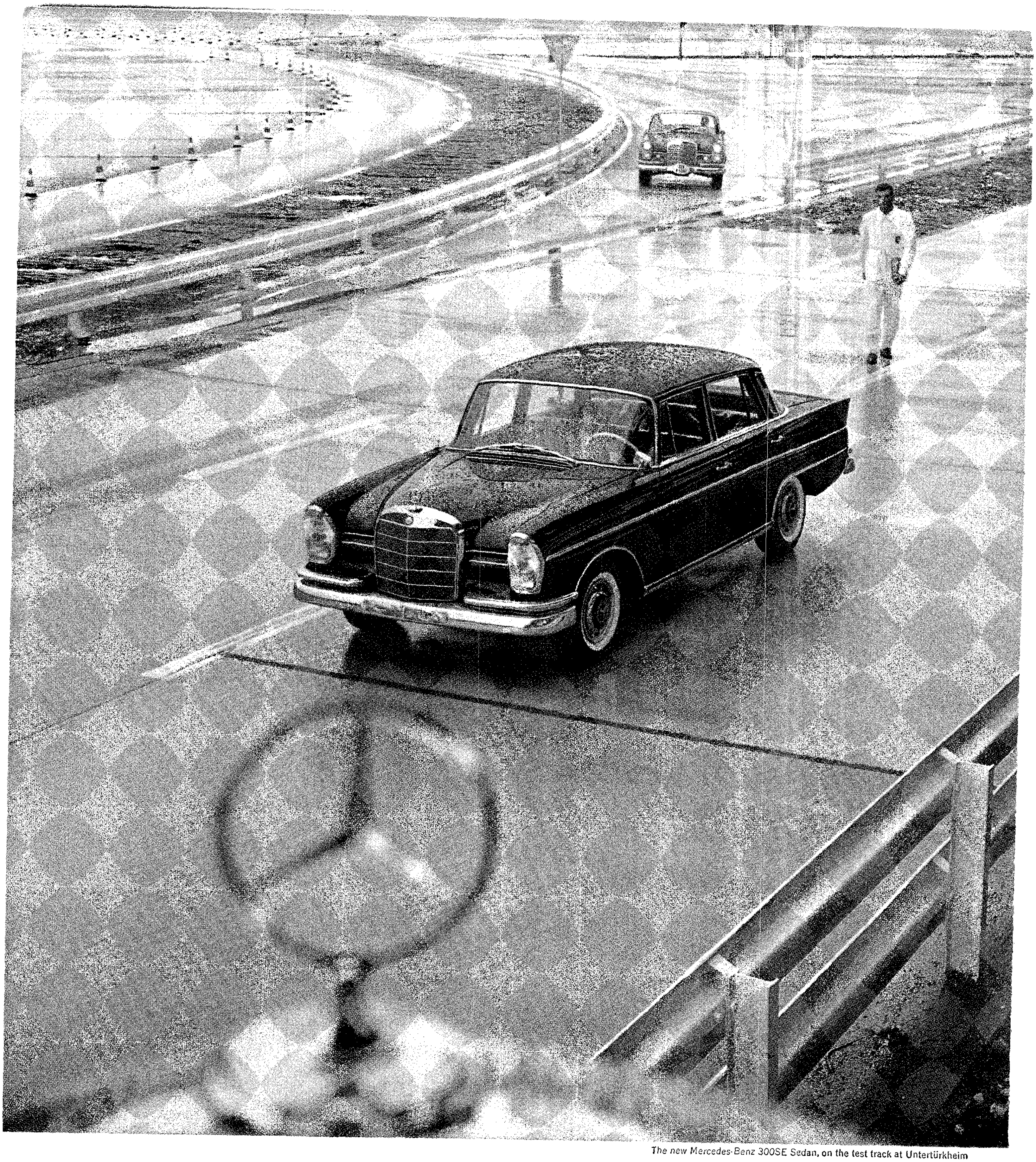

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THE CHILDREN ARE VERY QUIET WHEN THEY ARE AWAY

IT is a winter-afternoon sky, very dark, and lowering itself now to thicken the heavy mist that is gathering over the dunes. The Atlantic Ocean, hidden by the fading dunes, is thundering today. The line of the dunes is growing dimmer, and the huge house that stands up there over the sea is becoming ghostly. It is an enormously clumsy house, with hundreds of diamond-paned windows and a massive front door that has flights of stone steps going up to it. Inside, there must be at least eighty or ninety rooms, all of different shapes and some with balconies. In clear weather, some of the balconies can be seen from here.

"Here" is a small lawn that stretches its little length with modest satisfaction in front of a fat, romantic cottage that is very closely related to the amiable monstrosity on the dunes. The cottage might have been baked from a bit of dough left over after the giant's place on the dunes was made. They are alike, and the cottage has its own massive doorway and its diamond-paned windows and its big beams and its gingerbread roof.

The giant house is inhabited in the summertime by seven children, and the cottage is the home of a black Labrador retriever and five handsome mongrel cats. The retriever's name is Niobe and she is almost six years old. On a bleak day like today, the cats stay indoors. They are asleep around the house, or they are at the windows, attentive to nothing. But at the edge of the driveway that separates the small lawn from the great one leading to the dunes, Niobe lies on guard, with a large hollow bone between her front paws and her head turned toward the big house away up there in the distance. Niobe must wonder why the children do not appear. They were always appearing, from all directions, and descending on her, when she did not reach them first. They used to swoop down from their house and across the lawn in a flight of white shorts and white shirts, and Niobe never crossed the driveway to trespass on their grass until she was certain they were coming to her. They used to call her name as they ran for her, and as their breath shortened and their voices came closer, her name sounded louder, and the sound of it filled her with a joy that could only increase, because there was no limit to the children's energy or to their affection for her. "Niobe. *Good* Niobe. Good *Niobe*." There had never been so many voices calling her all at once, or so many legs to charge at and then avoid, or so many admiring faces to watch and please. Please them all, always please, that was her duty, her only duty, and she had never before seen it so plain, or felt it to be so simple, or so interesting, or felt herself so valuable. She was a dog and she performed like a dog. She forgot her middle age and her extra weight and her gray muzzle, and she frolicked like a puppy, and like a mustang, and like a kitten.

She found a treasure in the short grass and then, after smelling it importantly, she tormented it for a few seconds with her paws before she pranced away and left it as it was, invisible. She entertained like a dog. She lay stretched on her back with her huge chest heaving dramatically. Upside down she is grotesque, a vulnerable monster. She might be a sacrifice, on the lawn, in the sunlight. Her front paws hang in the air empty and aimless, and the big, soft ears that make her look demure and mournful fall away, inside out, and leave her face exposed and wild. And her eyes are wild; they look at nothing. The children are astonished to see their familiar turn mysterious, and they make a circle around her. They are embarrassed, because she is shameless, and they try to clear the air with their laughter. "Look at Niobe. She is *funny*." Who is Niobe now, and what is she? She is not herself. The smallest girl decides that Niobe is a bench, and she sits heavily down on the softest place, the stomach. Niobe springs rudely up and resumes her proper shape. Now she is a dog again, and she stands on four legs again. The children welcome her return by telling her her name: Niobe, Niobe, Niobe. Niobe brandishes her heavy tail and challenges the eyes that watch her with her eyes, and then she races away and they all race after her. She has never been so pursued. She has

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never been so famous or so celebrated. Her name is on every lip. She has come into her own. She is the only dog in the world.

BUT here it is winter, with the cold winter weather that is so good for playing in, and she has been waiting for hours, ever since last summer, and the children have not appeared. If she watches faithfully they will appear. They generally come out around this time. Whenever they come out is this time. Niobe moves the old bone over to the middle of the driveway and then she resumes her dignified attitude, with her paws precisely arranged, as though she were lying in wait on her own tomb. Her head is turned to the house on the dunes. It is lost in the mist. The house is gone. There is no sound except the pounding of the sea in the distance, and that sound means nothing to Niobe. What use to plunge into the sea and brave the waves when she has no witnesses? The lawn is empty, shrinking away into the mist, and the air has turned to silence. No voice is calling from up there on the dunes. There is no Niobe. Her name is lost. She was the only dog in the world, but now she is only a dog. It is all the children's fault, all this absence. It is all their fault. They are too quiet. All this silence can be blamed on them, and all this waste. Niobe takes her eyes from the dunes and puts her chin on the empty bone between her paws. She drowses. It is all the children's fault. Everything is too quiet. It is all their fault. The children are quiet because they are away. But what is away, and then, what is here? Niobe is here. Niobe sleeps. Now Niobe is away, where the children are who are so quiet here.

—MAEVE BRENNAN

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FOR LANGUAGES

BOOKS

Our Invisible Poor

IN his significantly titled "The Affluent Society" (1958) Professor J. K. Galbraith states that poverty in this country is no longer "a massive affliction [but] more nearly an afterthought." Dr. Galbraith is a humane critic of the American capitalist system, and he is generously indignant about the continued existence of even this non-massive and afterthoughtish poverty. But the interesting thing about his pronouncement, aside from the fact that it is inaccurate, is that it was generally accepted as obvious. For a long time now, almost everybody has assumed that, because of the New Deal's social legislation and—more important—the prosperity we have enjoyed since 1940, mass poverty no longer exists in this country.

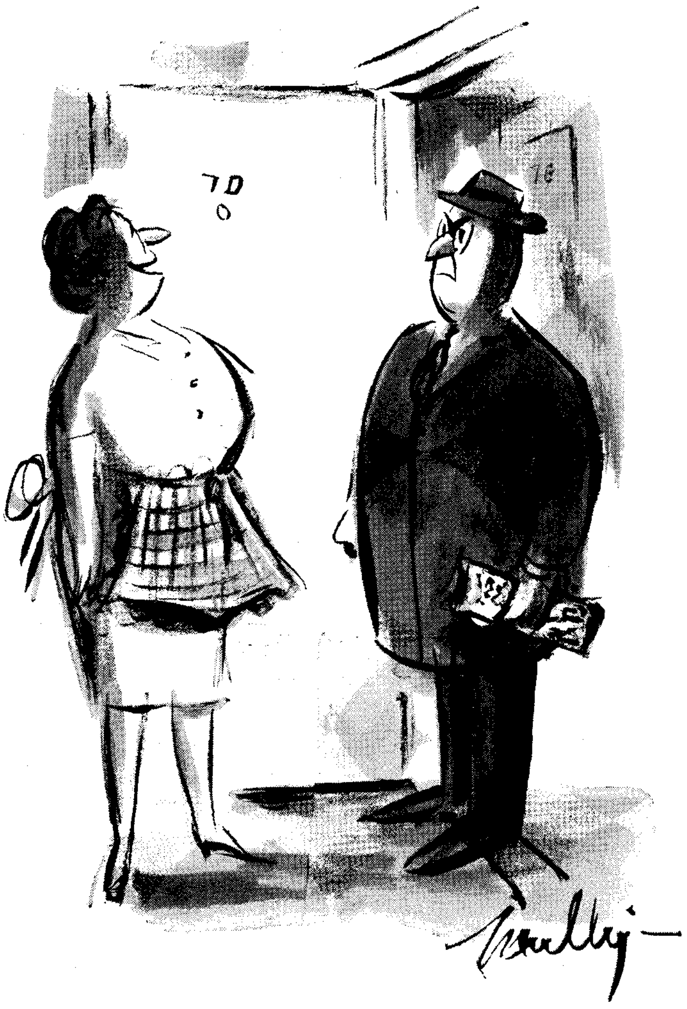
Dr. Galbraith states that our poor have dwindled to two hard-core categories. One is the "insular poverty" of those who live in the rural South or in depressed areas like West Virginia. The other category is "case poverty," which he says is "commonly and properly related to [such] characteristics of the individuals so afflicted [as] mental deficiency, bad health, inability to adapt to the discipline of modern economic life, excessive procreation, alcohol, insufficient education." He reasons that such poverty must be due to individual defects, since "nearly everyone else has mastered his environment; this proves that it is not intractable." Without pressing the similarity of this concept to the "Social Darwinism" whose fallacies Dr. Galbraith easily disposes of elsewhere in his book, one may observe that most of these characteristics are as much the result of poverty as its cause.

Dr. Galbraith's error is understandable, and common. Last April the newspapers reported some exhilarating statistics in a Department of Commerce study: the average family income increased from $2,340 in 1929 to $7,020 in 1961. (These figures are calculated in current dollars, as are all the others I shall cite.) But the papers did not report the fine type, so to speak, which showed that almost all the recent gain was made by families with incomes of over $7,500, and that the rate at which poverty is being eliminated has slowed down alarmingly since 1953. Only the specialists and the statisticians read the fine type, which is why illusions continue to exist about American poverty.

Now Michael Harrington, an alumnus of the *Catholic Worker* and the Fund for the Republic who is at present a contributing editor of *Dissent* and the chief editor of the Socialist Party biweekly, *New America*, has written "The Other America: Poverty in the United States" (Macmillan). In the admirably short space of under two hundred pages, he outlines the problem, describes in imaginative detail what it means to be poor in this country today, summarizes the findings of recent studies by economists and sociologists, and analyzes the reasons for the persistence of mass poverty in the midst of general prosperity. It is an excellent book—and a most important one.

My only serious criticism is that Mr. Harrington has popularized the treatment a bit too much. Not in the writing, which is on a decent level, but in a certain vagueness. There are no index, no bibliography, no reference footnotes. In our overspecialized culture, books like this tend to fall into two categories: Popular (no scholarly "apparatus") and Academic (too much). I favor something intermediate—why should the academics have *all* the footnotes? The lack of references means that the book is of limited use to future researchers and writers. A pity, since the author has brought together a great range of material.

I must also object that Mr. Harrington's treatment of statistics is more than a little impressionistic. His appendix, which he calls a coming to grips with the professional material, doesn't live up to its billing. "If my interpretation is bleak and grim," he writes, "and even if it overstates the case slightly, that is intentional. My moral point of departure is a sense of outrage. . . . In such a discussion it is inevitable that one gets mixed up with dry, graceless, technical matters. That should not conceal the crucial fact that these numbers represent people and that any tendency toward understatement is an intellectual way of acquiescing in suffering." But a fact is a fact, and Mr. Harrington confuses the issue when he writes that "these numbers represent people." They do—and one virtue of his book is that he never forgets it—but in dealing with statistics, this truism must be firmly repressed lest one begin to think from the heart rather than from the head, as he seems to do when he charges those statisticians who "understate" the numbers of the poor with having found "an intellectual way of acquiescing in suffering." This is moral bullying, and it reminds me, *toutes proportions gardées*, of the habitual confusion in Communist thinking between facts and political inferences from them. "A sense of outrage"



"Well, well, well! Mr. Big!"

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is proper for a "moral point of departure," but statistics are the appropriate *factual* point of departure, as in the writings of Marx and Engels on the agony of the nineteenth-century English working class—writings that are by no means lacking in a sense of moral outrage, either.

These objections, however, do not affect Mr. Harrington's two main contentions: that mass poverty still exists in the United States, and that it is disappearing more slowly than is commonly thought. Two recent dry, graceless, and technical reports bear him out. One is that Commerce Department study, already mentioned. More important is "Poverty and Deprivation in the U.S.," a bulky pamphlet issued by the Conference on Economic Progress, in Washington, whose national committee includes Thurman Arnold, Leon H. Keyserling (said to be the principal author of the pamphlet), and Walter P. Reuther.

IN the last year we seem to have suddenly awakened, rubbing our eyes like Rip van Winkle, to the fact that mass poverty persists, and that it is one of our two gravest social problems. (The other is related: While only eleven per cent of our population is non-white, twenty-five per cent of our poor are.) Two other current books confirm Mr. Harrington's thesis: "Wealth and Power in America" (Praeger), by Dr. Gabriel Kolko, a social historian who has recently been at Harvard and the University of Melbourne, Australia, and "Income and Welfare in the United States" (McGraw-Hill), compiled by an imposing battery of four socio-economists headed by Dr. James N. Morgan, who rejoices in the title of Program Director of the Survey Research Center of the Institute for Social Research at the University of Michigan.

Dr. Kolko's book resembles Mr. Harrington's in several ways: It is short, it is based on earlier studies, and it is liberally inclined. It is less readable, because it is written in an academic jargon that is merely a vehicle for the clinching Statistic. Although it is impossible to write seriously about poverty without a copious use of statistics—as this review will demonstrate—it *is* possible to bring thought and feeling to bear on such raw material. Mr. Harrington does this more successfully than Dr. Kolko, whose prose is afflicted not only with academic blight but also with creeping ideology. Dr. Kolko leans so far to the socialist side that he sometimes falls on his nose, as when he clinches the inequality of wealth in the Unit-

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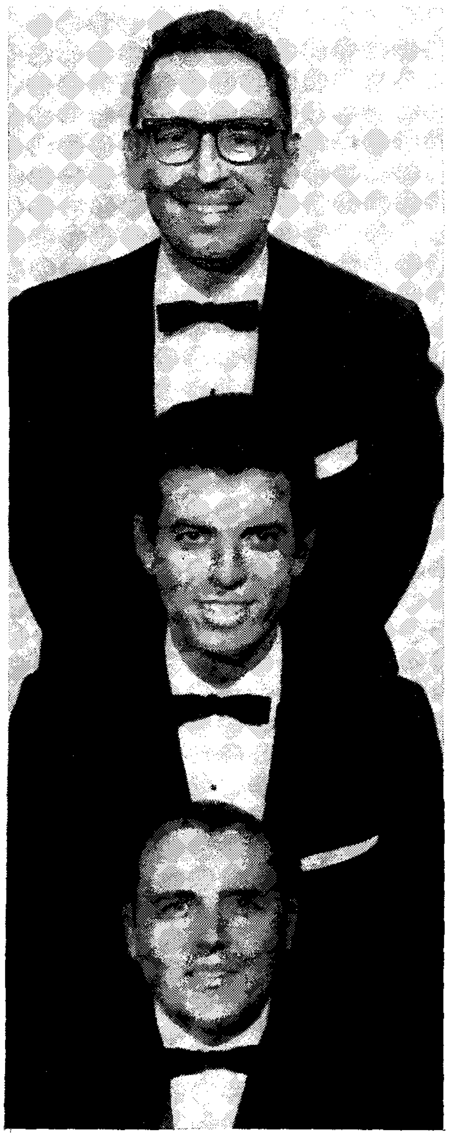

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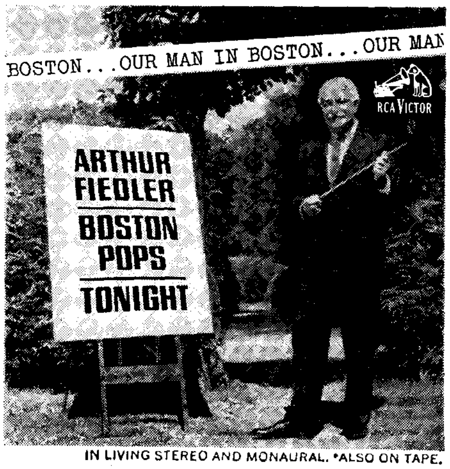
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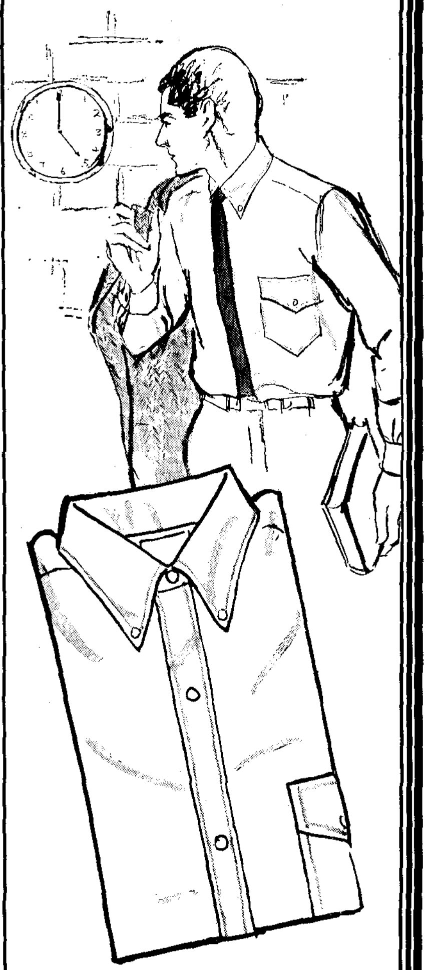

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ed States with a statistic: “In 1959, 23% of those earning less than $1,000 [a year] owned a car, compared to 95% of those earning more than $10,000.” The real point is just the opposite, as any citizen of Iran, Ghana, Yemen, or the U.S.S.R. would appreciate—*not* that the rich have cars but that almost a quarter of the extremely poor do. Similarly, although Dr. Kolko has two chapters on poverty that confirm Mr. Harrington's argument, his main point is a different and more vulnerable one: “The basic distribution of income and wealth in the United States is essentially the same now as it was in 1939, or even 1910.” This is a half fact. The rich are almost as rich as ever and the poor are even poorer, in the percentage of the national income they receive. Yet, as will become apparent later, there have been major changes in the distribution of wealth, and there has been a general improvement in living standards, so that the poor are much fewer today than they were in 1939. “Most low-income groups live substantially better today,” Dr. Kolko admits. “But even though their real wages have mounted, their percentage of the national income has not changed.” That in the last half century the rich have kept their riches and the poor their poverty is indeed a scandal. But it is theoretically possible, assuming enough general increase in wealth, that the relatively poor might by now have achieved a decent standard of living, no matter how inferior to that of the rich. As the books under consideration show, however, this theoretical possibility has not been realized.

Inequality of wealth is not necessarily a major social problem per se. Poverty is. The late French philosopher Charles Péguy remarks, in his classic essay on poverty, “The duty of tearing the destitute from their destitution and the duty of distributing goods equitably are not of the same order. The first is an urgent duty, the second is a duty of convenience. . . . *When all men are provided with the necessities* . . . what do we care about the distribution of luxury?” What indeed? Envy and emulation are the motives—and not very good ones—for the equalization of wealth. The problem of poverty goes much deeper.

“Income and Welfare in the United States” differs from the other works reviewed here in length (531 big pages) and in being the result of original research; 2,800 families were interviewed “in depth.” I must confess that, aside from a few interesting bits of data, I got almost nothing out of it. I

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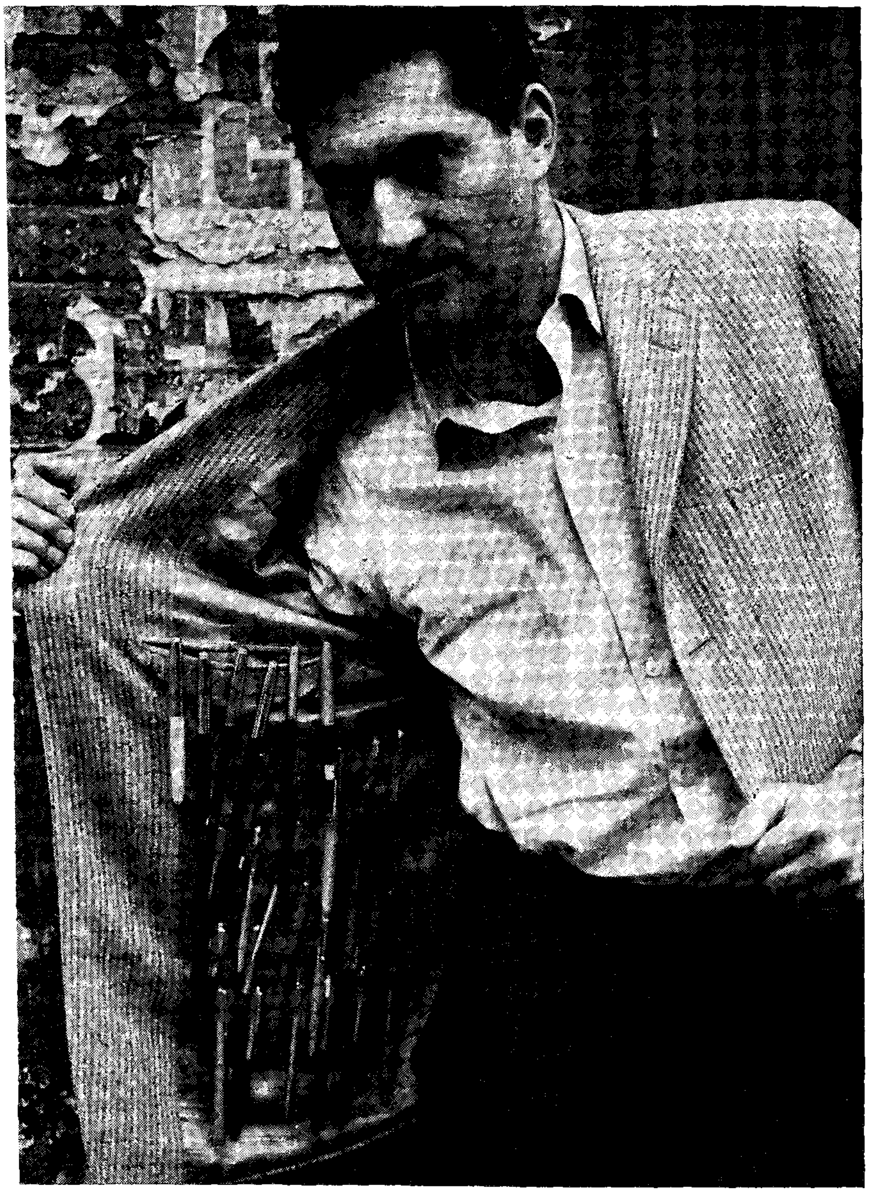

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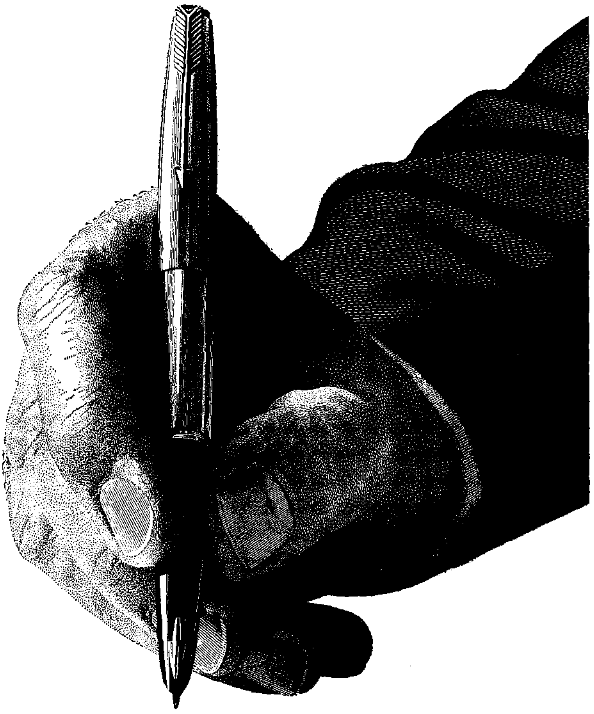

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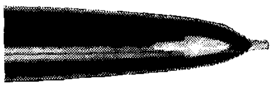

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assume the authors think poverty is still an important social problem, else why would they have gone to all this labor, but I'm not at all sure what their general conclusions are; maybe there aren't supposed to be any, in the best tradition of American scholarship. Their book is one of those behemoths of collective research financed by a foundation (in this case, largely by Ford) that daunt the stoutest-hearted lay reader (in this case, me). Based on "a multi-stage area probability sample that gives equal chance of selection to all non-institutional dwelling units in the conterminous United States [and that] was clustered geographically at each stage and stratified with interlaced controls," it is a specimen of what Charles Lamb called *biblia abiblia*—things that have the outward appearance of books but are not books, since they cannot be read. Methodologically, it employs something called the "multivariate analysis," which is explained in Appendix E. Typographically, Appendix E looks like language, but it turns out to be strewn with booby traps, all doubtless well known in the trade, like "dummy variables," "F ratios," "regression coefficients," "beta coefficients" (and "partial beta coefficients"), and two kinds of "standard deviations"—"of explanatory variable A" and "of the dependent variable."

My experience with such works may be summarized as follows: (alpha) the coefficient of comprehensibility decreases in direct ratio to the increase in length, or the longer the incomprehensibler, a notion that is illustrated here by the fact that Dr. Kolko's short work is more understandable than Dr. Morgan et al.'s long one; (beta) the standard deviation from truism is inversely related to the magnitude of the generalization, or the bigger the statement the more obvious. (Beta) is illustrated by the authors' five general proposals for action ("Implications for Public Policy"). The second of these is: "Fuller employment and the elimination of discrimination based on prejudice would contribute greatly to the independence of non-white persons, women, teenagers, and some of the aged." That is, if Negroes and the rest had jobs and were not discriminated against, they would be better off—a point that doesn't need to be argued or, for that matter, stated. The authors have achieved such a mastery of truism that they sometimes achieve the same monumental effect even in non-magnitudinous statements, as: "Table 28-1 shows that the proportion of parents who indicated that their children will attend pri-

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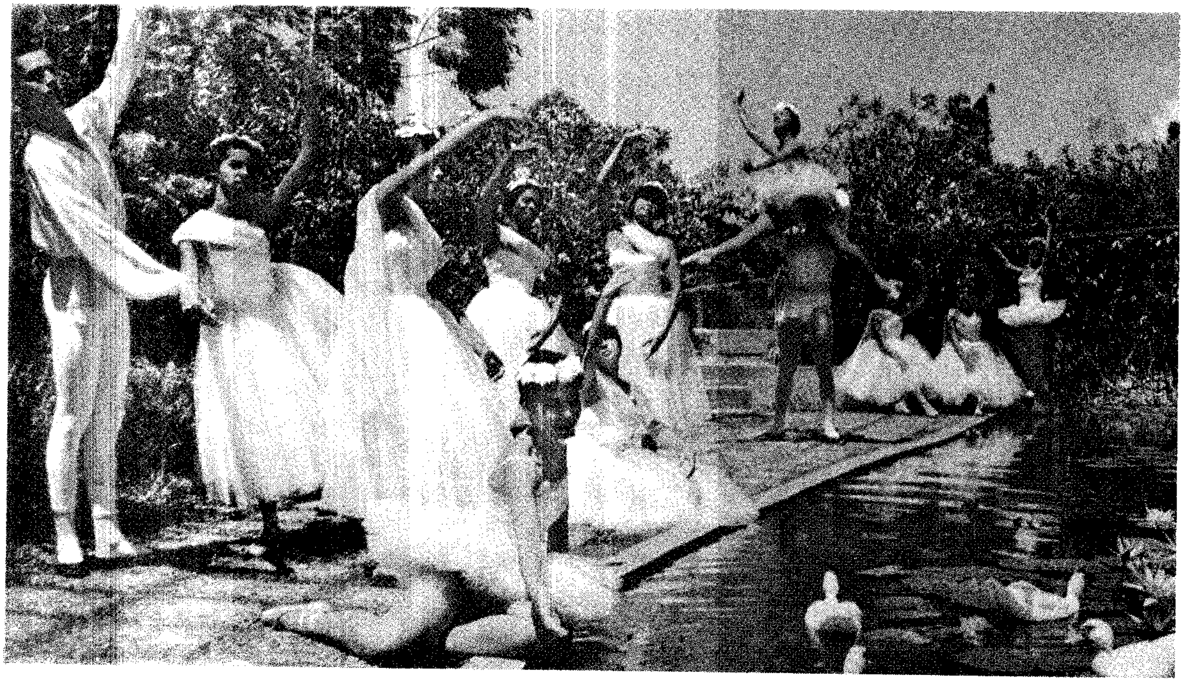

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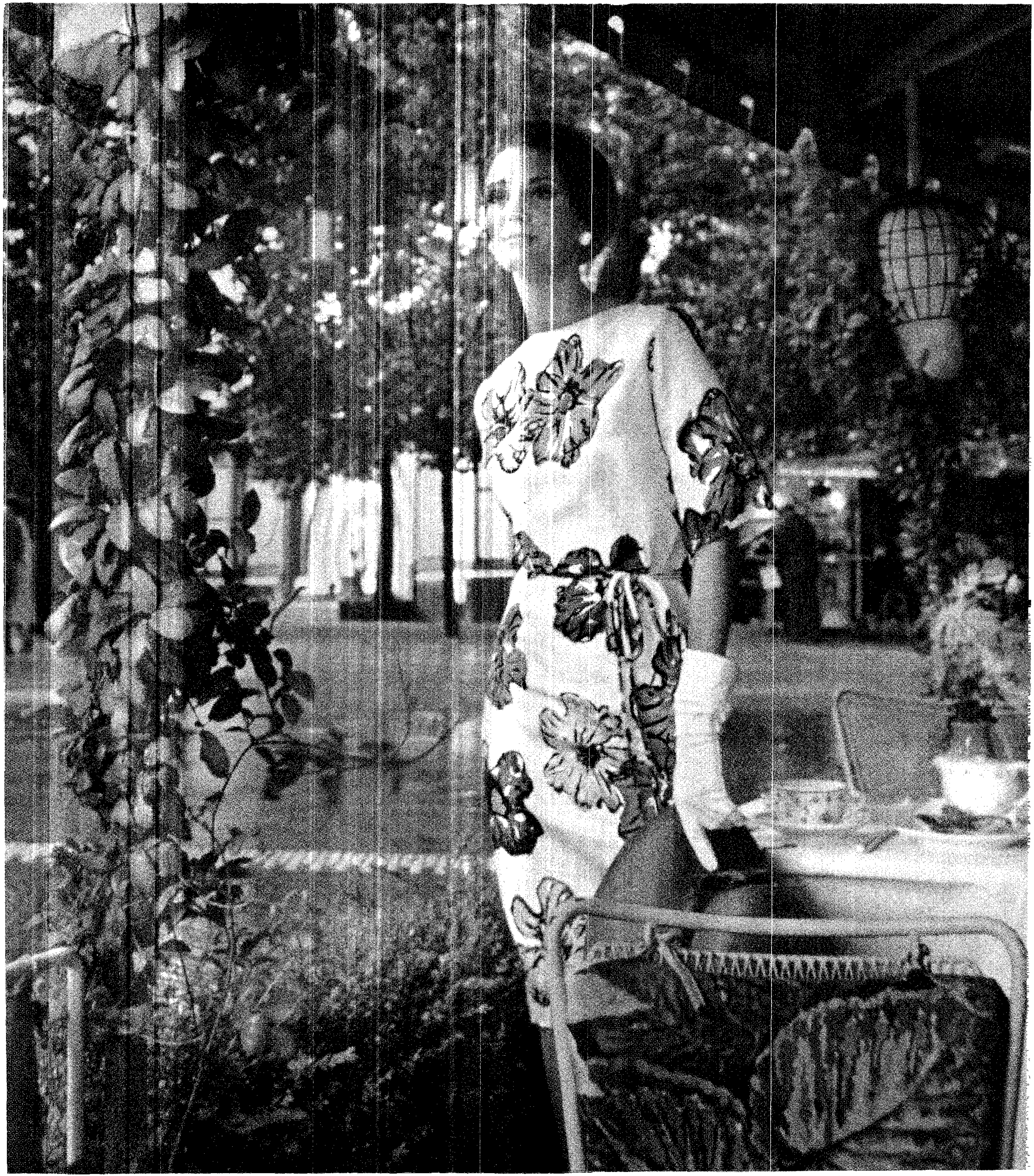

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WHAT is "poverty"? It is a historically relative concept, first of all. "There are new definitions [in America] of what man can achieve, of what a human standard of life should be," Mr. Harrington writes. "Those who suffer levels of life well below those that are possible, even though they live better than medieval knights or Asian peasants, are poor. . . . Poverty should be defined in terms of those who are denied the minimal levels of health, housing, food, and education that our present stage of scientific knowledge specifies as necessary for life as it is now lived in the United States." His dividing line follows that proposed in recent studies by the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics: $4,000 a year for a family of four and $2,000 for an individual living alone. (All kinds of income are included, such as food grown and consumed on farms.) This is the cutoff line generally drawn today.

Mr. Harrington estimates that between forty and fifty million Americans, or about a fourth of the population, are now living in poverty. Not just below the level of comfortable living, but real poverty, in the old-fashioned sense of the word—that they are hard put to it to get the mere necessities, beginning with enough to eat. This is difficult to believe in the United States of 1963, but one has to make the effort, and it is now being made. The extent of our poverty has suddenly become visible. The same thing has happened in England, where working-class gains as a result of the Labour Party's post-1945 welfare state blinded almost everybody to the continued existence of mass poverty. It was not until Professor Richard M. Titmuss, of the London School of Economics, published a series of articles in the *New Statesman* last fall, based on his new book, "Income Distribution and Social Change" (Allen & Unwin), that even the liberal public in England became aware that the problem still persists on a scale that is "statistically significant," as the economists put it.

Statistics on poverty are even trickier than most. For example, age and geography make a difference. There is a distinction, which cannot be rendered arithmetically, between poverty and low income. A childless young couple with $3,000 a year is not poor in the way an elderly couple might be with the same income. The young couple's statistical

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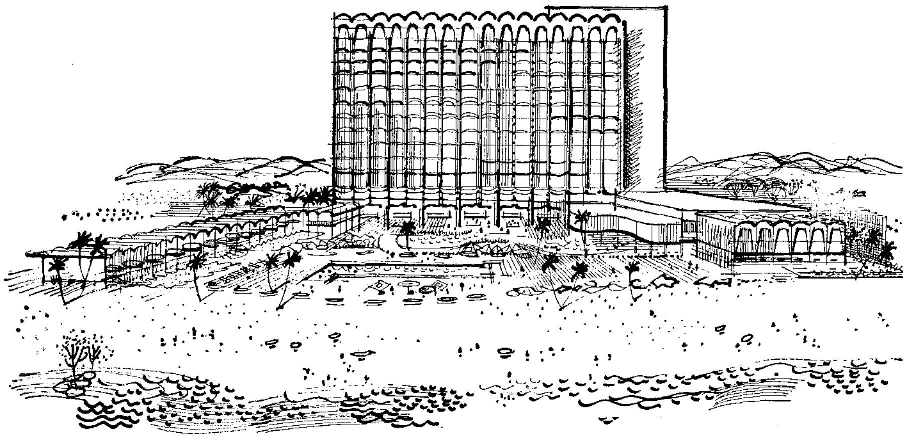

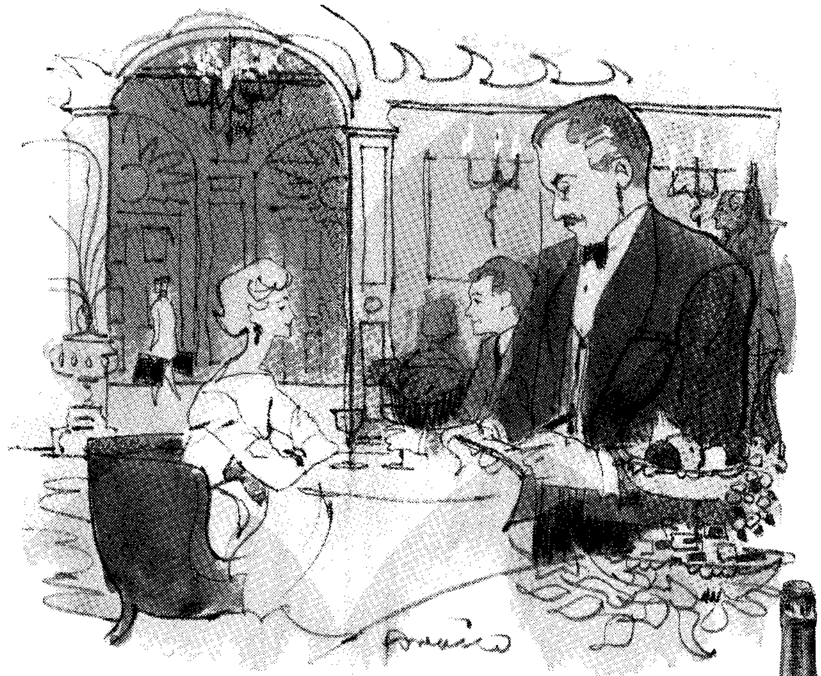

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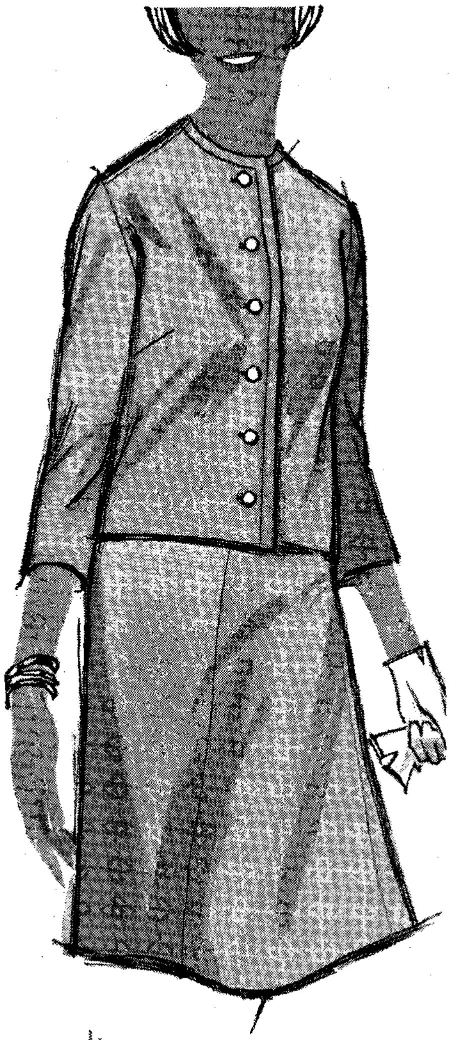

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poverty may be a temporary inconvenience; if the husband is a graduate student or a skilled worker, there are prospects of later affluence or at least comfort. But the old couple can look forward only to diminishing earnings and increasing medical expenses. So also geographically: A family of four in a small town with $4,000 a year may be better off than a like family in a city—lower rent, no bus fares to get to work, fewer occasions (or temptations) to spend money. Even more so with a rural family. Although allowance is made for the value of the vegetables they may raise to feed themselves, it is impossible to calculate how much money they *don't* spend on clothes, say, or furniture, because they don't have to keep up with the Joneses. Lurking in the crevices of a city, like piranha fish in a Brazilian stream, are numerous tempting opportunities for expenditure, small but voracious, which can strip a budget to its bones in a surprisingly short time. The subtlety and complexity of poverty statistics may be discovered by a look at Dr. Kolko's statement that in 1959 "23% of those earning less than $1,000 owned a car." Does this include college students, or are they included in their families' statistics? If the first is true, then Dr. Kolko's figure loses much of its meaning. If the second is, then it is almost *too* meaningful, since it says that one-fourth of those earning less than twenty dollars a week are able to afford a car. Which it is, deponent sayeth not.

It is not, therefore, surprising to find that there is some disagreement about just how many millions of Americans are poor. The point is that all these recent studies agree that American poverty is still a mass phenomenon. One of the lowest estimates appears in the University of Michigan's "Income and Welfare," which states, "Poor families comprise one-fifth of the nation's families." The authors do not develop this large and crucial statement, or even give sources for it, despite their meticulous pedantry in all unimportant matters. So one can only murmur that the other experts put the number of poor much higher. (Though even a fifth is still over 35,000,000 people.) The lowness of the Michigan estimate is especially puzzling since its cutoff figure for poverty is $4,330, which is slightly higher than the commonly accepted one. The tendentious Dr. Kolko is also unconvincing, in the opposite direction. "Since 1947," he writes, "one-half of the nation's families and unattached individuals have had an income too small to provide them with a maintenance standard of living," which he sets at

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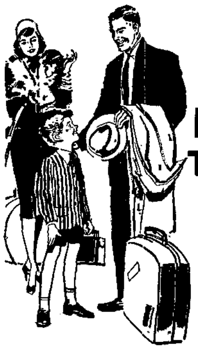

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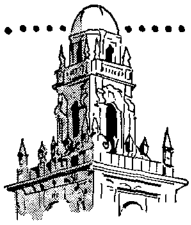

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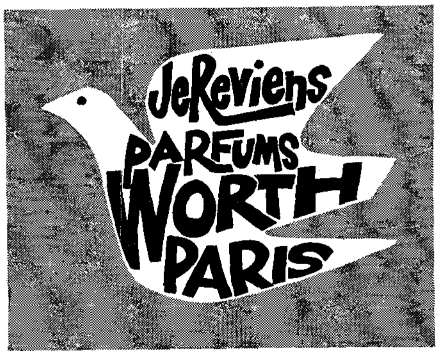

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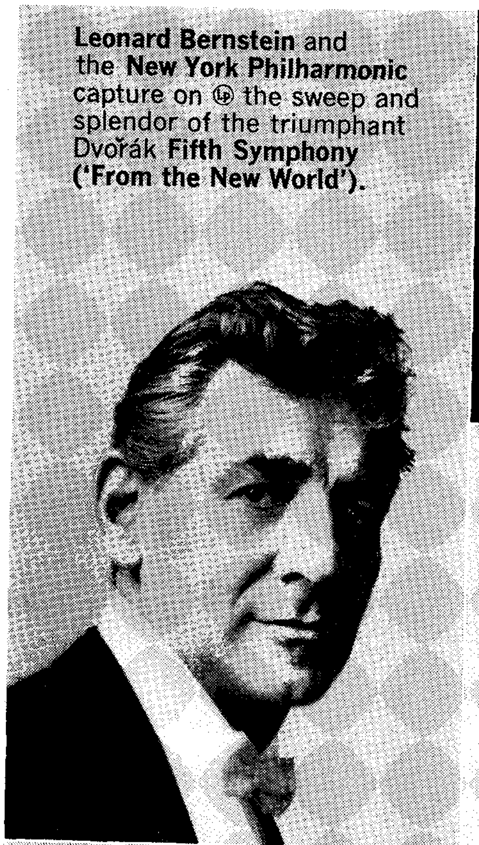

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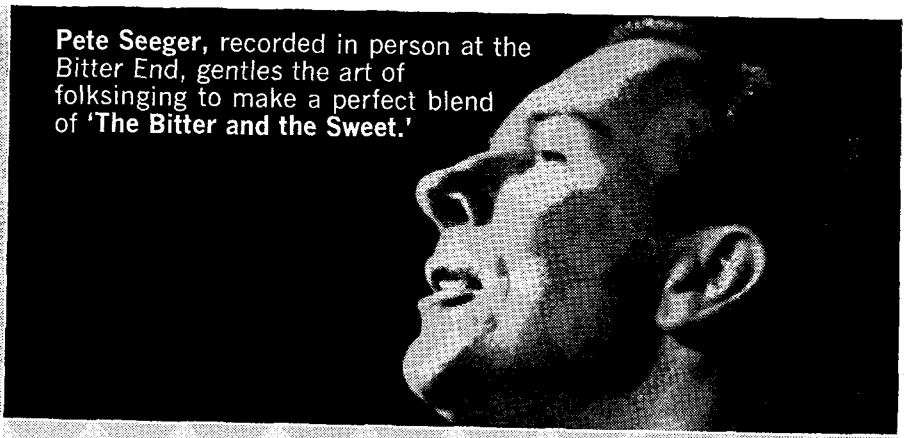

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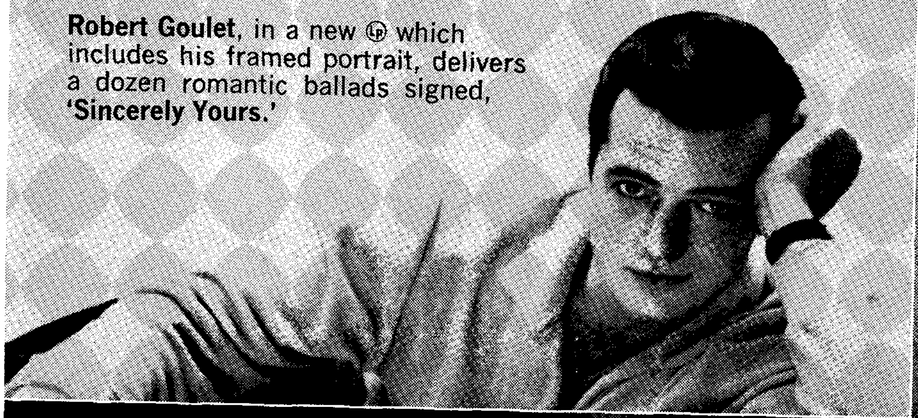

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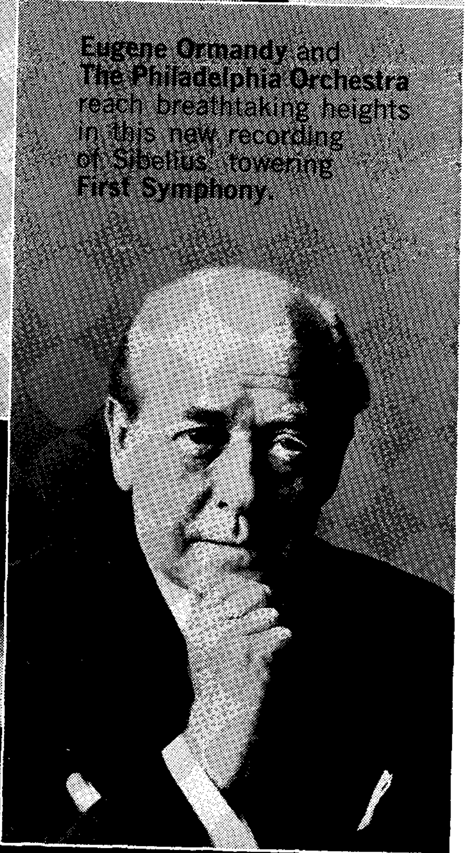

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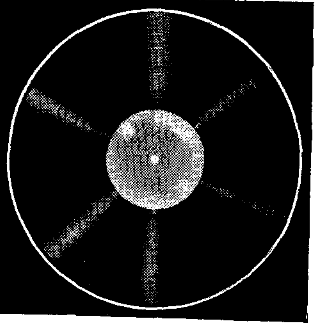

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$4,500 a year for a family. He does give a table, with a long supporting footnote that failed to make clear to me how he could have possibly decided that 90,000,000 Americans are now living on less than $4,500 a year; I suspect some confusion between a "maintenance" and a "minimum-comfort" budget.

More persuasive estimates appear in the Conference on Economic Progress pamphlet, "Poverty and Deprivation." Using the $4,000 cutoff, the authors conclude that 38,000,000 persons are now living in poverty, which is slightly less than Mr. Harrington's lowest estimate. One reason may be that the pamphlet discriminates, as most studies don't, between "multiple-person families" and "unattached individuals," rating the latter as poor only if they have less than $2,000 a year. But there is more to it than that, including a few things I don't feel competent to judge. Income statistics are never compiled on exactly the same bases and there are all kinds of refinements, which vary from one study to another. Thus the Commerce Department's April report estimates there are 17,500,000 families *and* "unattached individuals" with incomes of less than $4,000. How many of the latter are there? "Poverty and Deprivation" puts the number of single persons with under $2,000 at 4,000,000. Let us say that in the 17,500,000 under $4,000 there are 6,500,000 single persons—the proportion of unattached individuals tends to go down as income rises. This homemade estimate gives us 11,000,000 families with incomes of under $4,000. Figuring the average American family at three and a half persons—which it is—this makes 38,500,000 individuals in families, or a grand total, if we add in the 4,000,000 "unattached individuals" with under $2,000 a year, of 42,500,000 Americans now living in poverty, which is close to a fourth of the total population.

The reason Dr. Galbraith was able to see poverty as no longer "a massive affliction" is that he used a cutoff of $1,000, which even in 1949, when it was adopted in a Congressional study, was probably too low (the C.I.O. argued for $2,000) and in 1958, when "The Affluent Society" appeared, was simply fantastic.

THE model postwar budgets drawn up in 1951 by the Bureau of Labor Statistics to "maintain a level of adequate living" give a concrete idea of what poverty means in this country—or would mean if poor families lived within their income and spent it wisely, which they don't. Dr. Kolko summarizes the kind of living these budgets provide:

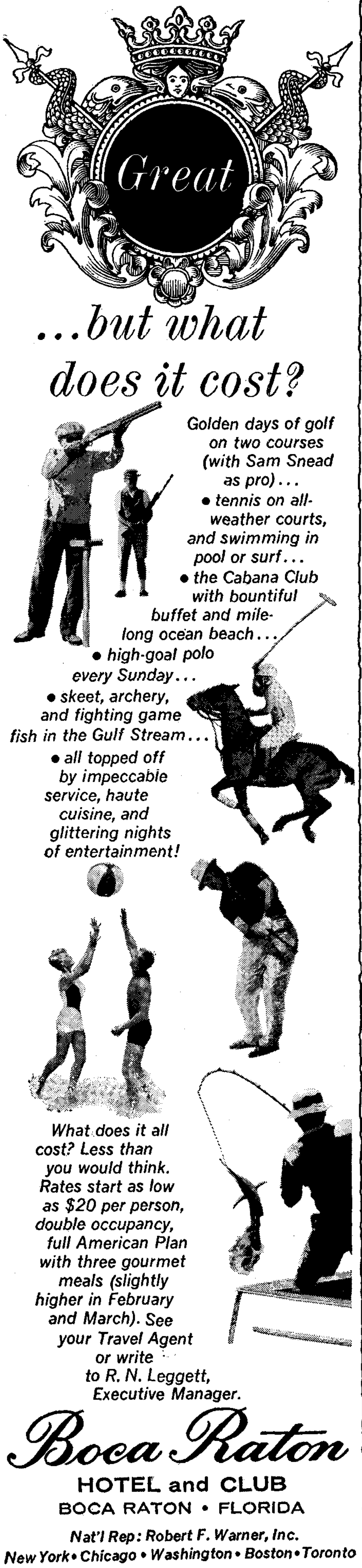
> Three members of the family see a movie once every three weeks, and one member sees a movie once every two weeks. There is no telephone in the house, but the family makes three pay calls a week. They buy one book a year and write one letter a week.
>
> The father buys one heavy wool suit every two years and a light wool suit every three years; the wife, one suit every ten years or one skirt every five years. Every three or four years, depending on the distance and time involved, the family takes a vacation outside their own city. In 1950, the family spent a total of $80 to $90 on all types of home furnishings, electrical appliances, and laundry equipment. . . . The family eats cheaper cuts of meat several times a week, but has more expensive cuts on holidays. The entire family consumes a total of two five-cent ice cream cones, one five-cent candy bar, two bottles of soda, and one bottle of beer a week. The family owes no money, but has no savings except for a small insurance policy.

One other item is included in the B.L.S. "maintenance" budget: a new car every twelve to eighteen years.

This is an ideal picture, drawn up by social workers, of how a poor family *should* spend its money. But the poor are much less provident—installment debts take up a lot of their cash, and only a statistician could expect an actual live woman, however poor, to buy new clothes at intervals of five or ten years. Also, one suspects that a lot more movies are seen and ice-cream cones and bottles of beer are consumed than in the Spartan ideal. But these necessary luxuries are had only at the cost of displacing other items—necessary necessities, so to speak—in the B.L.S. budget.

THE Conference on Economic Progress's "Poverty and Deprivation" deals not only with the poor but also with another large section of the "underprivileged," which is an American euphemism almost as good as "senior citizen;" namely, the 37,000,000 persons whose family income is between $4,000 and $5,999 and the 2,000,000 singles who have from $2,000 to $2,999. The authors define "deprivation" as "above poverty but short of minimum requirements for a modestly comfortable level of living." They claim that 77,000,000 Americans, or *almost half the population*, live in poverty or deprivation. One recalls the furor Roosevelt aroused with his "one-third of a nation—ill-housed, ill-clad, ill-nourished." But the political climate was different then.

The distinction between a family income of $3,500 ("poverty") and



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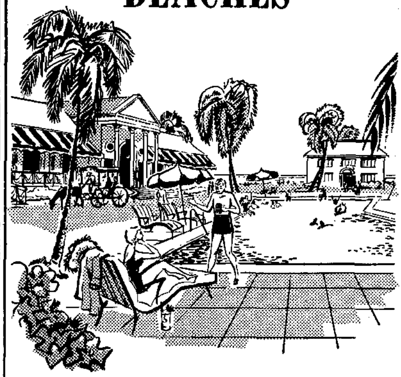

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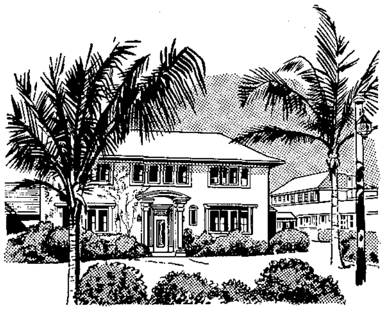

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$4,500 ("deprivation") is not vivid to those who run things—the 31 per cent whose incomes are between $7,500 and $14,999 and the 7 per cent of the topmost top dogs, who get $15,000 or more. These two minorities, sizable enough to feel they *are* the nation, have been as unaware of the continued existence of mass poverty as this reviewer was until he read Mr. Harrington's book. They are businessmen, congressmen, judges, government officials, politicians, lawyers, doctors, engineers, scientists, editors, journalists, and administrators in colleges, churches, and foundations. Since their education, income, and social status are superior, they, if anybody, might be expected to accept responsibility for what the Constitution calls "the general welfare." They have not done so in the case of the poor. And they have a good excuse. It is becoming harder and harder simply to *see* the one-fourth of our fellow-citizens who live below the poverty line.

> The poor are increasingly slipping out of the very experience and consciousness of the nation [Mr. Harrington writes]. If the middle class never did like ugliness and poverty, it was at least aware of them. "Across the tracks" was not a very long way to go. . . . Now the American city has been transformed. The poor still inhabit the miserable housing in the central area, but they are increasingly isolated from contact with, or sight of, anybody else. . . . Living out in the suburbs, it is easy to assume that ours is, indeed, an affluent society. . . .
>
> Clothes make the poor invisible too: America has the best-dressed poverty the world has ever known. . . . It is much easier in the United States to be decently dressed than it is to be decently housed, fed, or doctored. . . .
>
> Many of the poor are the wrong age to be seen. A good number of them are sixty-five years of age or better; an even larger number are under eighteen. . . .
>
> And finally, the poor are politically invisible. . . . They are without lobbies of their own; they put forward no legislative program. As a group, they are atomized. They have no face; they have no voice. . . . Only the social agencies have a really direct involvement with the other America, and they are without any great political power. . . .
>
> Forty to fifty million people are becoming increasingly invisible.

These invisible people fall mostly into the following categories, some of them overlapping: poor farmers, who operate 40 per cent of the farms and get 7 per cent of the farm cash income; migratory farm workers; unskilled, unorganized workers in offices, hotels, restaurants, hospitals, laundries, and other service jobs; inhabitants of areas where poverty is either endemic ("peculiar to a people or district"), as in the rural South, or epidemic ("prevalent among a community at a special time and produced by

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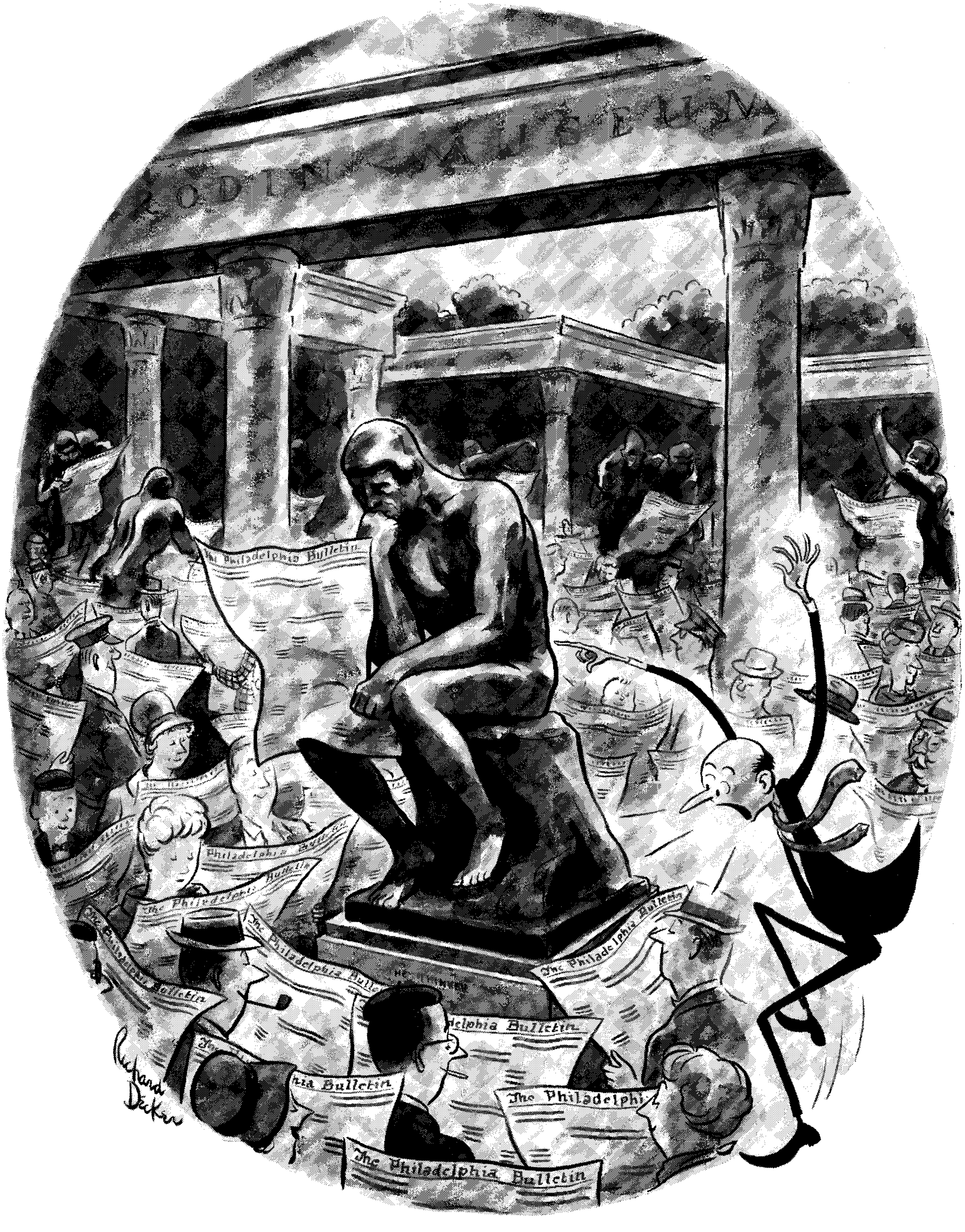
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some special causes"), as in West Virginia, where the special cause was the closing of coal mines and steel plants; Negroes and Puerto Ricans, who are a fourth of the total poor; the alcoholic derelicts in the big-city skid rows; the hillbillies from Kentucky, Tennessee, and Oklahoma who have migrated to Midwestern cities in search of better jobs. And, finally, almost half our "senior citizens."

THE only pages in "Poverty and Deprivation" that can be read are the statistical tables. The rest is a jungle of inchoate data that seems deliberately to eschew, like other collective research projects, such human qualities as reason (the reader has to do most of the work of ordering the material) and feeling (if Mr. Harrington sometimes has too much, it is a venial sin compared to the bleakness of this prose). My hypothesis is that "Poverty and Deprivation" was composed on that TX-0 "electronic brain" at M.I.T. This would account both for the vitality of the tables and for the deadness of the text.

And what shall one say about the University of Michigan's "Income and Welfare in the United States"? Even its *tables* are not readable. And its text makes "Poverty and Deprivation" look like the Federalist Papers. On the first page, the authors unloose a generalization of stupefying generality: "The United States has arrived at the point where poverty could be abolished easily and simply by a stroke of the pen. [Where have we heard *that* before?] To raise every individual and family in the nation now below a subsistence income to the subsistence level would cost about $10 billion a year. This is less than 2 per cent of the gross national product. It is less than 10 per cent of tax revenues. [They mean, but forgot to say so, *federal* taxes, since if state and local taxes were added, the total would be much higher than $100 billion.] It is about one-fifth of the cost of national defense." (They might have added that it is slightly more than three times the $3 billion Americans spend on their dogs and cats and canaries every year.) This got big headlines in the press, as must have been expected: " 'STROKE OF PEN' COULD ELIMINATE POVERTY IN U.S., 4 SCIENTISTS SAY." But the authors, having dropped the $10 billion figure on the first page, never explain its meaning—is it a seedbed operation or a permanent dole? They are not clear even on how they arrived at it. At their own estimate of 35,000,000 poor, $10 billion would work out to slightly less than $300 per person. This

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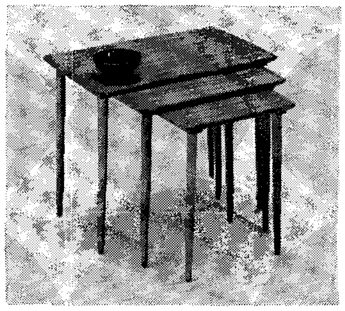

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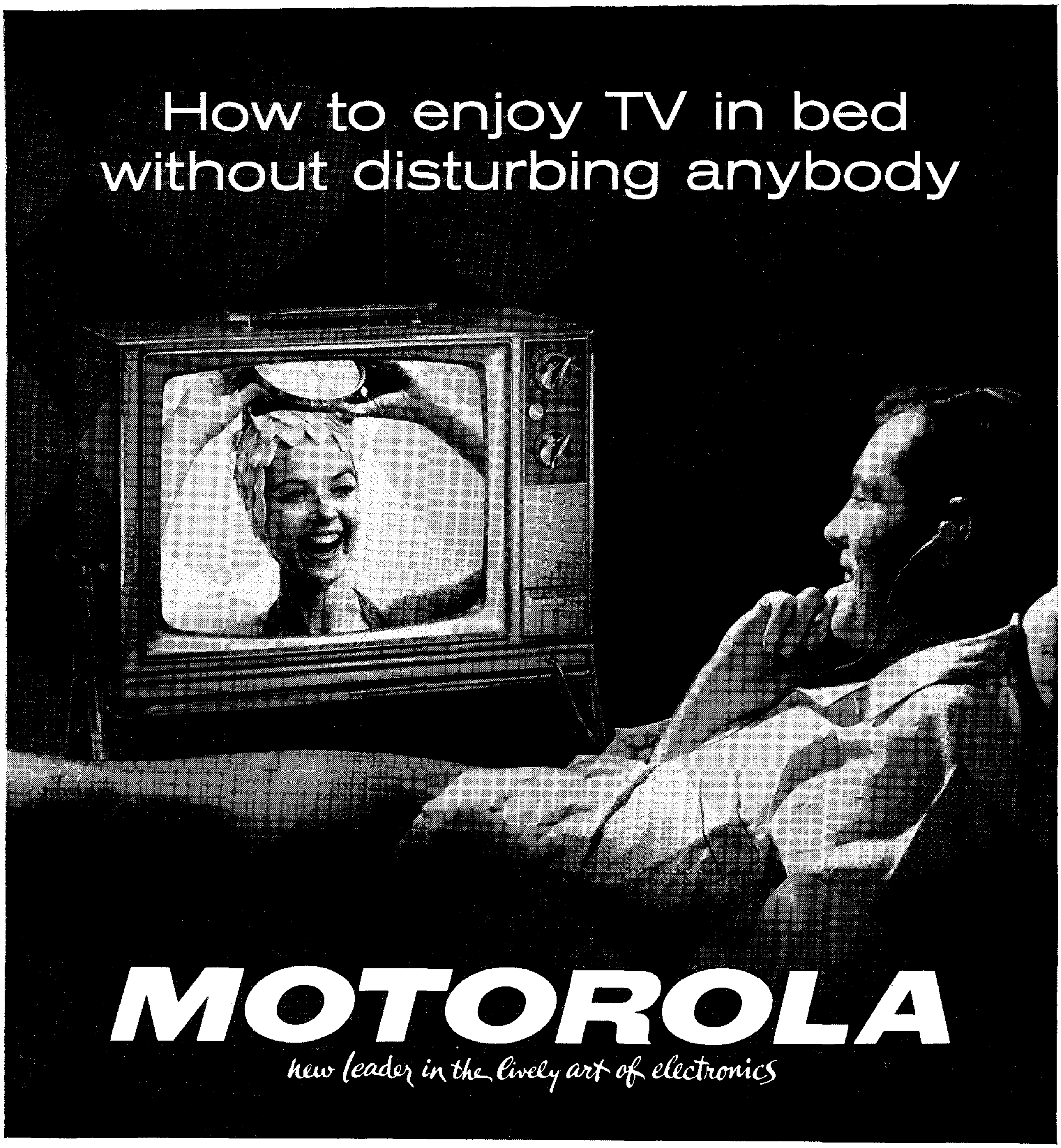
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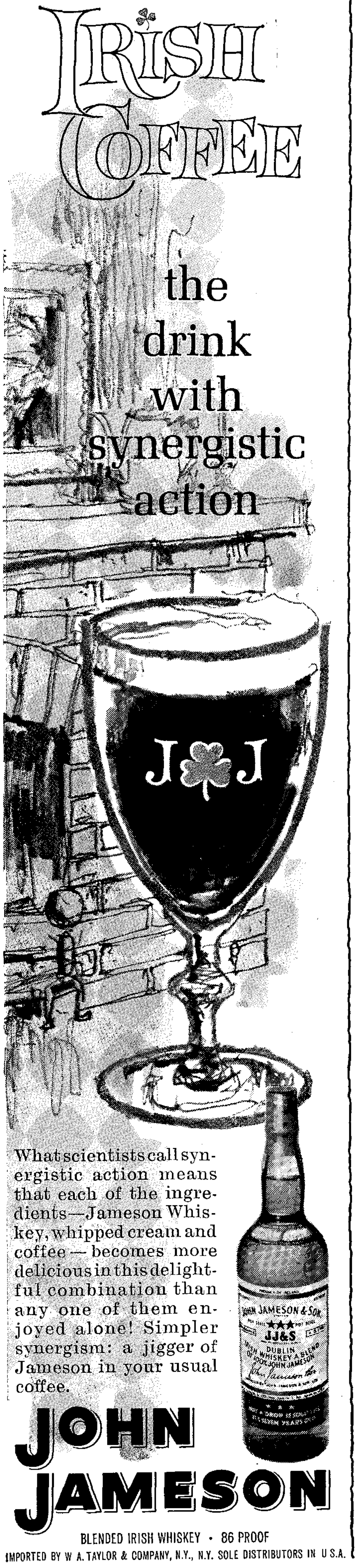
seems too little to abolish poverty "easily and simply by a stroke of the pen."

There are other vaguenesses: "A careful analysis of the characteristics of families whose incomes are inadequate reveals that they should earn considerably more than they do on the basis of their education and other characteristics. The multivariate analysis . . . indicates that heads of poor families should average $2,204 in earnings. In fact heads of poor families earned an average of only $932 in 1959." I have already confessed my inability to understand the multivariate analysis, but the compilers *seem to be saying* that according to the variables in their study (race, age, sex, education, physical disabilities, and locale), heads of poor families should now be making twice as much as they are. And why don't they? "The discrepancy *may* arise from psychological dependency, lack of motivation, lack of intelligence, and a variety of other factors that were not studied." One wonders why they were not studied—and what those "other factors" were, exactly. Also, *whether such a discrepancy—the earnings* the researchers expected to find were actually less than half those they *did* find—may not indicate some ghastly flaw in that "multivariate analysis." There is, of course, no suggestion in the book that Dr. Morgan and his team are in any way worried.

THE most obvious citizens of the Other America are those whose skins are the wrong color. The folk slogans are realistic: "Last to be hired, first to be fired" and "If you're black, stay back." There has been some progress. In 1939, the non-white worker's wage averaged 41.4 per cent of the white worker's; by 1958 it had climbed to 58 per cent. A famous victory, but the non-whites still average only slightly more than half as much as the whites. Even this modest gain was due not to any Rooseveltian or Trumanian social reform but merely to the fact that for some years there was a war on and workers were in demand, whether black, white, or violet. By 1947, the non-whites had achieved most of their advance—to 54 per cent of white earnings, which means they have gained, in the last fifteen years, just 4 per cent.

The least obvious poverty affects our "senior citizens"—those over sixty-five. Mr. Harrington estimates that half of them—8,000,000—live in poverty, and he thinks they are even more atomized and politically helpless than the rest of the Other America. He estimates that one-fourth of the "unrelated indi-



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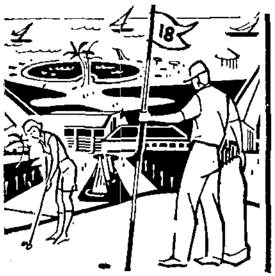

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Photos: Tea in a roadside cottage and tea in a resort hotel. Elliot Erwitt, Magnum, photographer.

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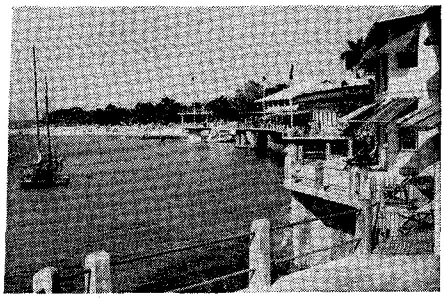

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viduals" among them, or a million persons, have less than $580 a year, which is about what is allotted *for food alone* in the Department of Agriculture's minimum-subsistence budget. (The average American family now spends only 20 per cent of its income for food—an indication of the remarkable prosperity we are all enjoying, except for one-quarter of us.) One can imagine, or perhaps one can't, what it would be like to live on $580 a year, or $11 a week. It is only fair to note that most of our senior citizens do better: The average per-capita income of those over sixty-five is now estimated to be slightly over $20 a week. That is, about $1,000 a year.

The aged poor have two sources of income besides their earnings or savings. One is contributions by relatives. A 1961 White House Conference Report put this at 10 per cent of income, which works out to $8 a week for an income of $4,000—and the 8,000,000 aged poor all have less than that. The other is Social Security, whose benefits in 1959 averaged $18 a week. Even this modest sum is more than any of the under-$4,000 got, since payments are proportionate to earnings and the poor, of course, earned less than the rest. A quarter of them, and those in general the neediest, are not covered by Social Security. The last resort is relief, and Mr. Harrington describes most vividly the humiliations the poor often have to put up with to get that.

The problem of the aged poor is aggravated by the fact that, unlike the Italians or the English, we seem to have little respect for or interest in our "senior citizens," beyond giving them that honorific title, and we don't include them in family life. If we can afford it, we are likely to send them to nursing homes—"a storage-bin philosophy," a Senate report calls it—and if we can't, which is the case with the poor, they must make do with the resources noted above. The Michigan study has a depressing chapter on "The Economics of Living with Relatives." Nearly two-thirds of the heads of families queried were opposed to having their aged parents live with their children. "The old do not understand the young, and the young do not understand the old or the young," observed one respondent, who must have had a sense of humor. Other replies were "Old people are pretty hard to get along with" and "The parents and the children try to boss each other and when they live with you there's always fighting." The minority in favor gave practical reasons, like "It's a good thing to have them with you so you can see after them" and "The old

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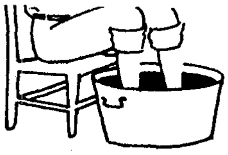

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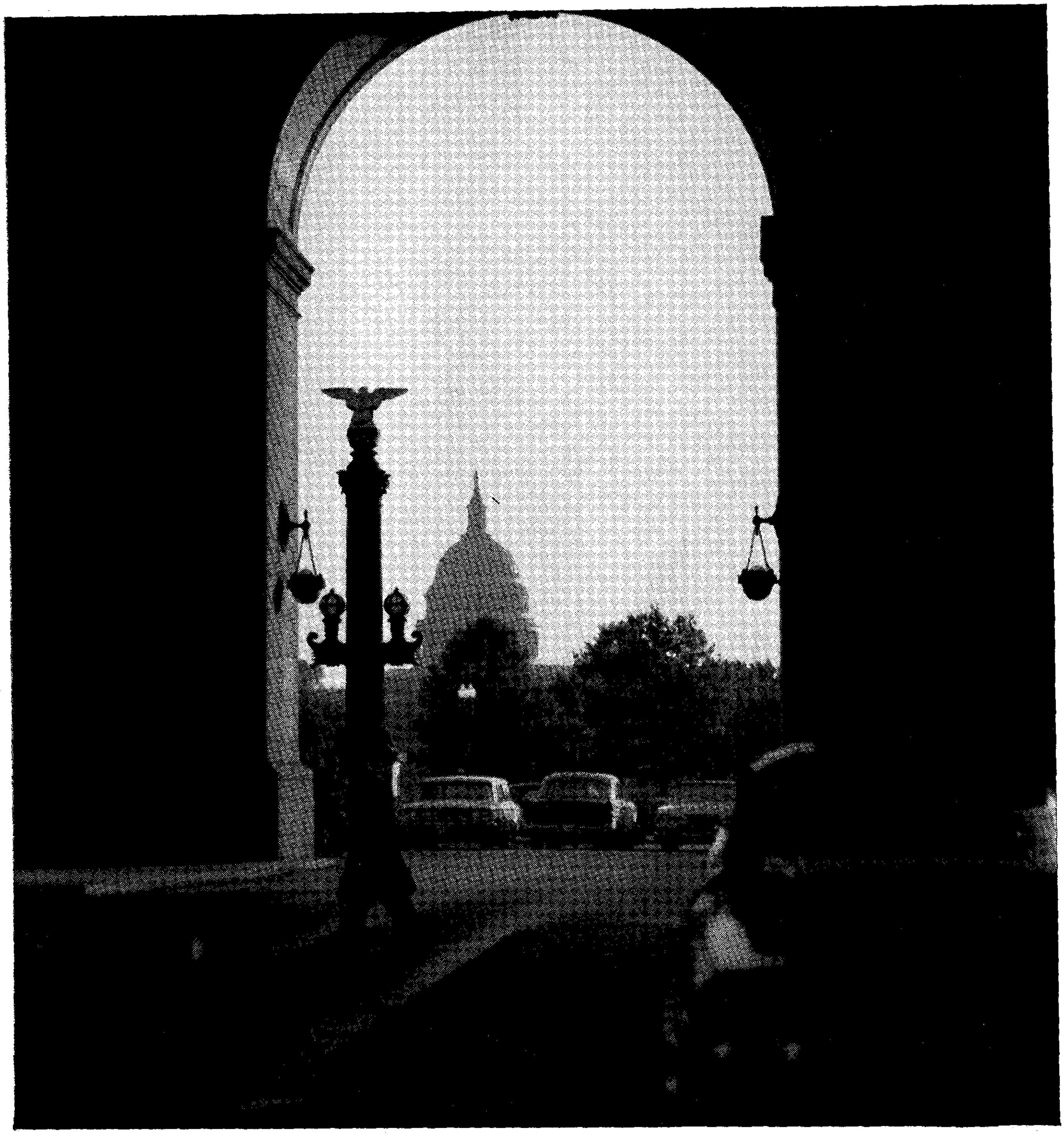

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folks might get a pension or something, so they could help you out." Hardly anyone expressed any particular respect for the old, or a feeling that their experience might enrich family life. The most depressing finding was "People most able to provide support for relatives are most opposed to it. Older people with some college education are eleven to one against it." The most favorable toward including older people in the home were Negroes, and even they were mostly against it.

The whole problem of poverty and the aged is especially serious today because Americans are living longer. In the first half of this century, life expectancy increased 17.6 years for men and 20.3 years for women. And between 1950 and 1960 the over-sixty-five group increased twice as fast as the population as a whole.

The worst part of being old and poor in this country is the loneliness. Mr. Harrington notes that we have not only racial ghettos but geriatric ones, in the cheap rooming-house districts of large cities. He gives one peculiarly disturbing statistic: "One-third of the aged in the United States, some 5,000,000 or more human beings, have no phone in their place of residence. They are literally cut off from the rest of America."

Ernest Hemingway's celebrated deflation of Scott Fitzgerald's romantic notion that the rich are "different" somehow—"Yes, they have money"—doesn't apply to the poor. They are different in more important ways than their lack of money, as Mr. Harrington demonstrates:

> Emotional upset is one of the main forms of the vicious circle of impoverishment. The structure of the society is hostile to these people. The poor tend to become pessimistic and depressed; they seek immediate gratification instead of saving; they act out.
>
> Once this mood, this unarticulated philosophy becomes a fact, society can change, the recession can end, and yet there is no motive for movement. The depression has become internalized. The middle class looks upon this process and sees "lazy" people who "just don't want to get ahead." People who are much too sensitive to demand of cripples that they run races ask of the poor that they get up and act just like everyone else in the society.
>
> The poor are not like everyone else.... They think and feel differently; they look upon a different America than the middle class looks upon.

The poor are also different in a physical sense: they are much less healthy. According to "Poverty and Deprivation," the proportion of those "disabled or limited in their major activity by chronic ill health" rises sharply as in-

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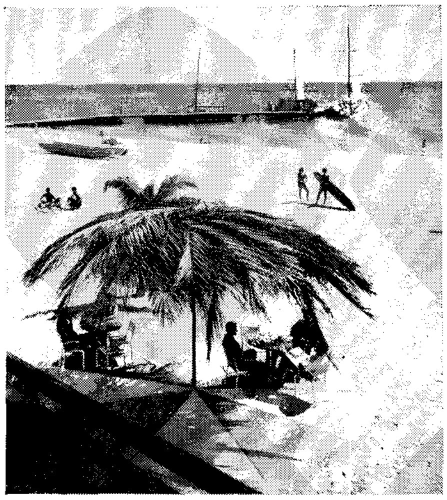

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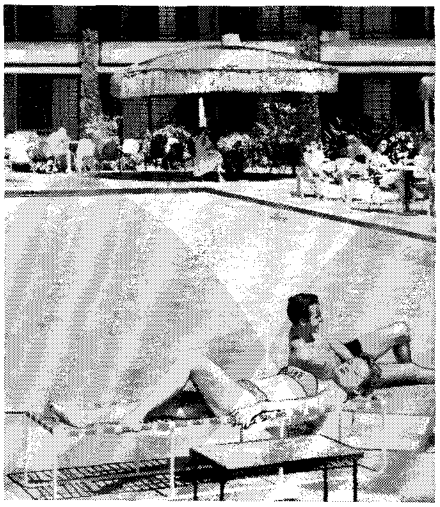

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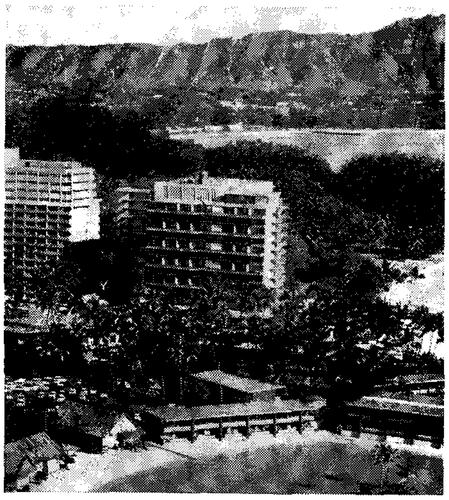

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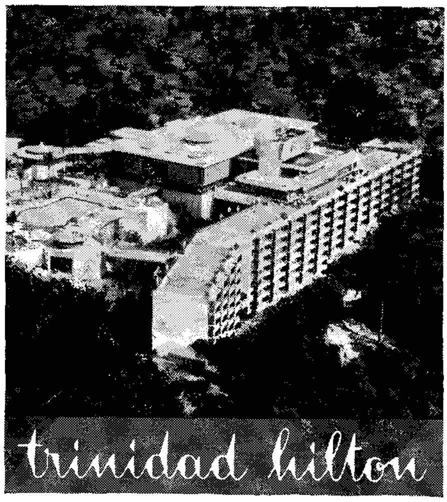

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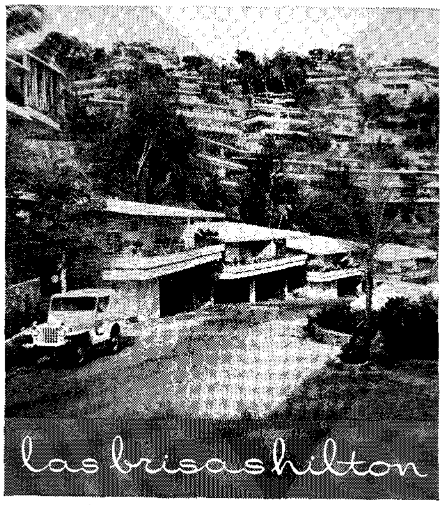

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come sinks. In reasonably well-off families ($7,000 and up), 4.3 per cent are so disabled; in reasonably poor families ($2,000 to $3,999), the proportion doubles, to 8 per cent; and in unreasonably poor families (under $2,000), it doubles again, to 16.5 per cent. An obvious cause, among others, for the very poor being four times as much disabled by "chronic ill health" as the well-to-do is that they have much less money to spend for medical care—in fact, almost nothing. This weighs with special heaviness on the aged poor. During the fifties, Mr. Harrington notes, "all costs on the Consumer Price Index went up by 12 per cent. But medical costs, that terrible staple of the aged, went up by 36 per cent, hospitalization rose by 65 per cent, and group hospitalization costs (Blue Cross premiums) were up by 83 per cent."

This last figure is particularly interesting, since Blue Cross and such plans are the A.M.A.'s alternative to socialized medicine, or, rather, to the timid fumblings toward it that even our most liberal politicians have dared to propose. Such figures throw an unpleasant light on the Senate's rejection of Medicare. The defeat was all the more bitter because, in the usual effort to appease the conservatives (with the usual lack of success—only five Republicans and only four Southern Democrats voted pro), the bill was watered down in advance. Not until he had spent $90 of his own money—which is 10 per cent of the annual income of some 3,000,000 aged poor—would a patient have been eligible. And the original program included only people already covered by Social Security or Railroad Retirement pensions and excluded the neediest of all—the 2,500,000 aged poor who are left out of both these systems. These untouchables were finally included in order to placate five liberal Republican senators, led by Javits of New York. They did vote for Medicare, but they were the only Republicans who did.

Mental as well as physical illness is much greater among the poor, even though our complacent cliché is that nervous breakdowns are a prerogative of the rich because the poor "can't afford" them. (They can't, but they have them anyway.) This bit of middle-class folklore should be laid to rest by a study made in New Haven: "Social Class and Mental Illness," by August B. Hollingshead and Frederick C. Redlich (Wiley). They found that the rate of "treated psychiatric illness" is about the same from the rich down through decently paid workers—an average of 573 per 100,000. But in the bottom fifth it shoots up to 1,659 per 100,000. There is an even more striking difference in the *kind* of mental illness. Of those in the four top income groups who had undergone psychiatric treatment, 65 per cent had been treated for neurotic problems and 35 per cent for psychotic disturbances. In the bottom fifth, the treated illnesses were almost all psychotic (90 per cent). This shows there is something to the notion that the poor "can't afford" nervous breakdowns—the milder kind, that is—since the reason the proportion of *treated* neuroses among the poor is only 10 per cent is that a neurotic can keep going, after a fashion. But the argument cuts deeper the other way. The poor go to a psychiatrist (or, more commonly, are committed to a mental institution) only when they are completely unable to function because of psychotic symptoms. Therefore, even that nearly threefold increase in mental disorders among the poor is probably an underestimate.

The poor are different, then, both physically and psychologically. During the fifties, a team of psychiatrists from Cornell studied "Midtown," a residential area in this city that contained 170,000 people, of all social classes. The area was 99 per cent white, so the findings may be presumed to understate the problem of poverty. The description of the poor—the "low social economic status individual"—is blunt: "[They are] rigid, suspicious, and have a fatalistic outlook on life. They do not plan ahead. . . . They are prone to depression, have feelings of futility, lack of belongingness, friendliness, and a lack of trust in others." Only a Dr. Pangloss would expect anything else. As Mr. Harrington points out, such characteristics are "a realistic adaptation to a socially perverse situation."

As for the isolation that is the lot of the American poor, that is a point on which Mr. Harrington is very good:

> America has a self-image of itself as a nation of joiners and doers. There are social clubs, charities, community drives, and the like. [One might add organizations like the Elks and Masons, Rotary and Kiwanis, cultural groups like our women's clubs, also alumni associations and professional organizations.] And yet this entire structure is a phenomenon of the middle class. Some time ago, a study in Franklin, Indiana [this vagueness of reference is all too typical of "The Other America"], reported that the percentage of people in the bottom class who were without affiliations of any kind was eight times as great as the percentage in the high-income class.

Paradoxically, one of the factors that intensifies the social isolation of the poor

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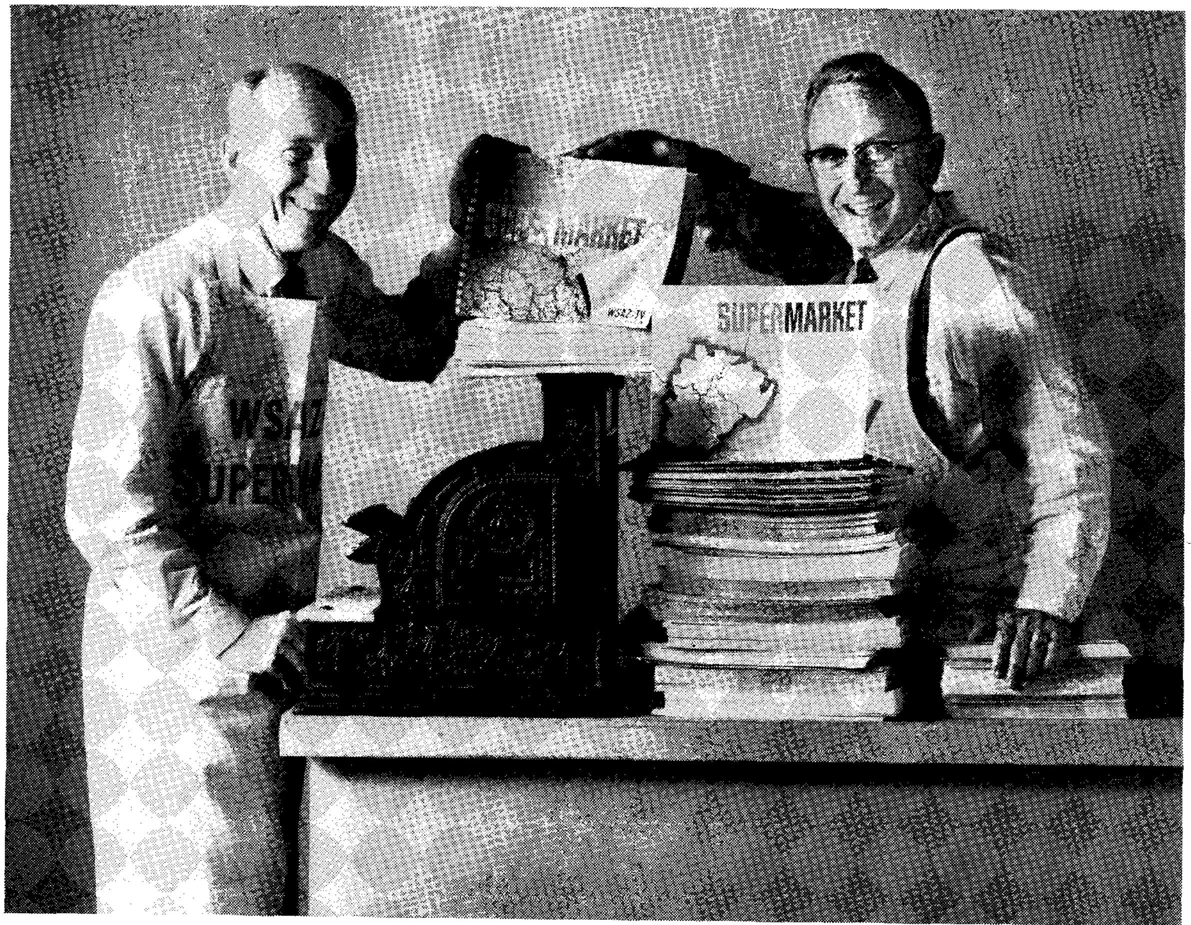

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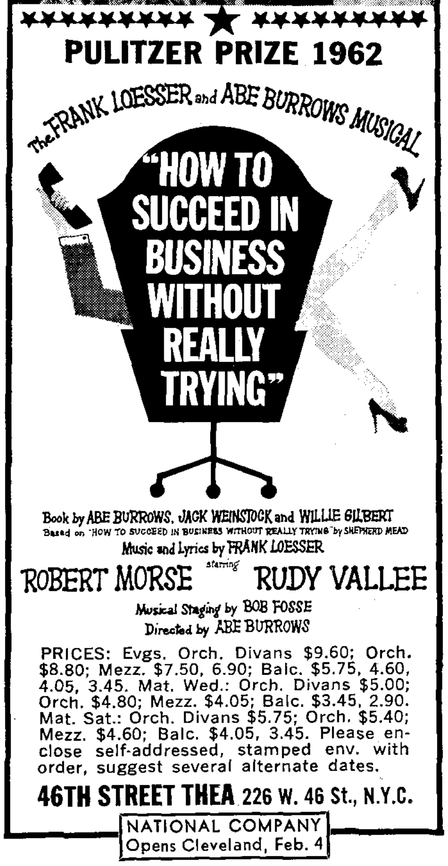
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is that America thinks of itself as a nation without social classes. As a result, there are few social or civic organizations that are separated on the basis of income and class. The "working-class culture" that sociologists have described in a country like England does not exist here.... The poor person who might want to join an organization is afraid. Because he or she will have less education, less money, less competence to articulate ideas than anyone else in the group, they stay away.

One reason our society is a comparatively violent one is that the French and Italian and British poor have a communal life and culture that the American poor lack. As one reads "The Other America," one wonders why there is not even more violence than there is.

THE richest city of all, New York, has been steadily growing poorer, if one looks beyond Park Avenue and Wall Street. Of its 2,080,000 families, just under half (49 per cent) had incomes in 1959 of less than $6,000; for the city's non-white families, the percentage was 71. And a fourth of all New York families in 1959 were below the poverty line of $4,000. These percentages are at present slightly higher than the national average—an ominous reversal of the city's earlier position. In 1932, the average national weekly wage was only 67 per cent of the New York City average. In 1960, it was 108 per cent. The city's manufacturing workers in 1946 earned $11 more a week than the national average; in 1960 they earned $6.55 a week less. The two chief reasons are probably the postwar influx of Puerto Ricans and the exodus to the suburbs of the well-to-do. But whatever the reasons, the city seems to be turning into an economically backward area, like Arkansas or New Hampshire. Even the bankers—the "non-supervisory" ones, that is—are modestly paid: 54 per cent of the males and 78 per cent of the females make less than $80 a week. All these statistics come from John O'Rourke, president of Joint Council 16, International Brotherhood of Teamsters, which has 168,000 members in the area. Mr. O'Rourke has been campaigning to persuade Mayor Wagner to raise the city's minimum hourly wage to $1.50. (The Mayor has gone as far as $1.25.) The New York teamsters are motivated by enlightened self-interest: the more other wages stagnate, the harder it will be to maintain their own comparatively high level of pay. They complain especially about the low wages in the highly organized garment trade, to which Mr. Dubinsky's International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union replies that if it

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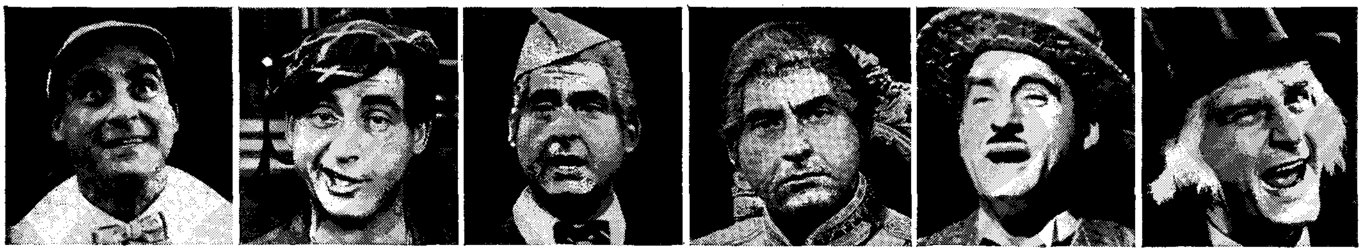

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presses for higher wages the manufacturers will simply move to low-wage, non-union areas, mostly in the South, as the New England textile manufacturers did many years ago—a riposte that is as realistic as it is uncheering. However, Mr. O'Rourke has an enterprising research staff, plenty of persistence, and a sharp tongue. "New Yorkers," he says, "are accustomed to thinking of themselves as pacesetters in an allegedly affluent society [but] at the rate we are going, we will soon qualify for the title 'Sweatshop Capital of the Nation.' "

THE main reason the American poor have become invisible is that since 1936 their numbers have been reduced by two-thirds. Astounding as it may seem, the fact is that President Roosevelt's "one-third of a nation" was a considerable understatement; over two-thirds of us then lived below the poverty line, as is shown by the tables that follow. But today the poor are a minority, and minorities can be ignored if they are so heterogeneous that they cannot be organized. When the poor were a majority, they simply could not be overlooked. Poverty is also hard to see today because the middle class ($6,000 to $14,999) has vastly increased—from 13 per cent of all families in 1936 to a near-majority (47 per cent) today. That mass poverty can persist despite this rise to affluence is hard to believe, or see, especially if one is among those who have risen.

Two tables in "Poverty and Deprivation" summarize what has been happening in the last thirty years. They cover only multiple-person families; all figures are converted to 1960 dollars; and the income is before taxes. I have omitted, for clarity, all fractions.

The first table is the percentage of families with a given income:

	1935-6	1947	1953	1960
Under $ 4,000	68%	37%	28%	23%
$4,000 to $ 5,999	17	29	28	23
$6,000 to $ 7,499	6	12	17	16
$7,500 to $14,999	7	17	23	31
Over $15,000	2	4	5	7

The second table is the share each group had in the family income of the nation:

	1935-6	1947	1953	1960
Under $ 4,000	35%	16%	11%	7%
$4,000 to $ 5,999	21	24	21	15
$6,000 to $ 7,499	10	14	17	14
$7,500 to $14,999	16	28	33	40
Over $15,000	18	18	19	24

Several interesting conclusions can be drawn from these tables:

(1) The New Deal didn't do anything about poverty: The under-$4,000 families in 1936 were 68 per cent of

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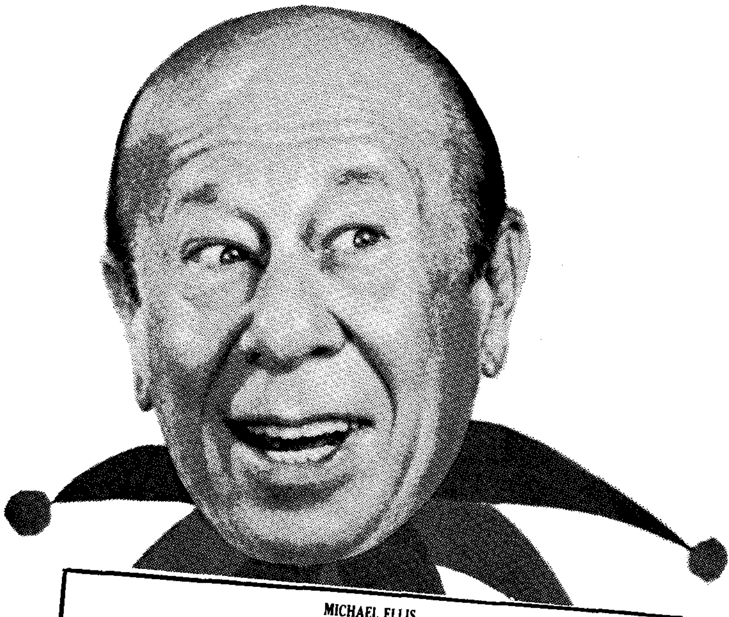

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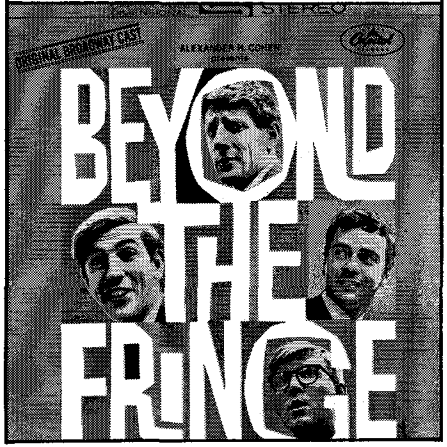

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the total population, which was slightly *more* than the 1929 figure of 65 per cent.

(2) The war economy (hot and cold) did do something about poverty: Between 1936 and 1960 the proportion of all families who were poor was reduced from 68 per cent to 23 per cent.

(3) If the percentage of under-$4,000 families decreased by two-thirds between 1936 and 1960, their share of the national income dropped a great deal more—from 35 per cent to 7 per cent.

(4) The well-to-do ($7,500 to $14,999) have enormously increased, from 7 per cent of all families in 1936 to 31 per cent today. The rich ($15,000 and over) have also multiplied—from 2 to 7 per cent. But it should be noted that the very rich, according to another new study, "The Share of Top Wealth-Holders in National Wealth, 1922-1956," by Robert J. Lampman (Princeton), have experienced a decline. He finds that the top 1 per cent of wealth-holders owned 38 per cent of the national wealth in 1929 and own only 28 per cent today. (Though let's not get sentimental over that "only.") Thus, *pace* Dr. Kolko, there has in fact been a redistribution of wealth—in favor of the well-to-do and the rich at the expense of the poor and the very rich.

(5) The reduction of poverty has slowed down. In the six years 1947-53, the number of poor families declined 9 per cent, but in the following seven years only 5 per cent. The economic stasis that set in with Eisenhower and that still persists under Kennedy was responsible. (This stagnation, however, did not affect the over-$7,500 families, who increased from 28 per cent to 38 per cent between 1953 and 1960.) In the New York *Times Magazine* for last November 11th, Herman P. Miller, of the Bureau of the Census, wrote, "During the forties, the lower-paid occupations made the greatest relative gains in average income. Laborers and service workers . . . had increases of about 180% . . . and professional and managerial workers, the highest paid workers of all, had the lowest relative gains—96%." But in the last decade the trend has been reversed; laborers and service workers have gained 39% while professional-managerial workers have gained 68%. This is because in the wartime forties the unskilled were in great demand, while now they are being replaced by machines. Automation is today the same kind of menace to the unskilled—that is, the poor—that the enclosure movement was to the British agricultural population centuries

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ago. "The facts show that our 'social revolution' ended nearly twenty years ago," Mr. Miller concludes, "yet important segments of the American public, many of them highly placed Government officials and prominent educators, think and act as though it were a continuing process."

"A REDUCTION of about 19% [in the under-$6,000 families] in more than thirty years, or at a rate of about 0.7% per year, is no ground for complacency," the authors of "Poverty and Deprivation" justly observe. There is even less ground for complacency in the recent figures on *extreme* poverty. The authors estimate the number of families in 1929 with incomes of under $2,000 (in current dollars) at 7,500,000. By 1947 there were less than 4,000,000, not because of any philanthropic effort by their more prosperous fellow-citizens but entirely because of those first glorious years of a war economy. Six years later, in 1953, when the economy had begun to slow down, there were still 3,300,000 of these families with incomes of less than $2,000, and seven years later, in 1960, "there had been no further reduction." Thus in the last fifteen years the bottom dogs have remained on the bottom, sharing hardly at all in the advances that the income groups above them have made in an ascending scale that is exquisitely adjusted, by the automatic workings of capitalism, so that it is inversely proportionate to need.

There are, finally, the bottomest bottom dogs; i.e., *families* with incomes of *under $1,000.* I apologize for the italics, but some facts insist on them. According to "Poverty and Deprivation," the numbers of these families "appear to have risen slightly" of late (1953-60), from 800,000 to about 1,000,000. It is only fair, and patriotic, to add that according to the Commerce Department study, about 10,000,000 of our families and unattached individuals now enjoy incomes of $10,000 a year and up. So while some 3,500,000 Americans are in under-$1,000 families, ten times as many are in over-$10,000 families. Not bad at all—in a way.

THE post-1940 decrease in poverty was not due to the policies or actions of those who are not poor, those in positions of power and responsibility. The war economy needed workers, wages went up, and the poor became less poor. When economic stasis set in, the rate of decrease in poverty slowed down proportionately, and it is still slow. Kennedy's efforts to "get the coun-

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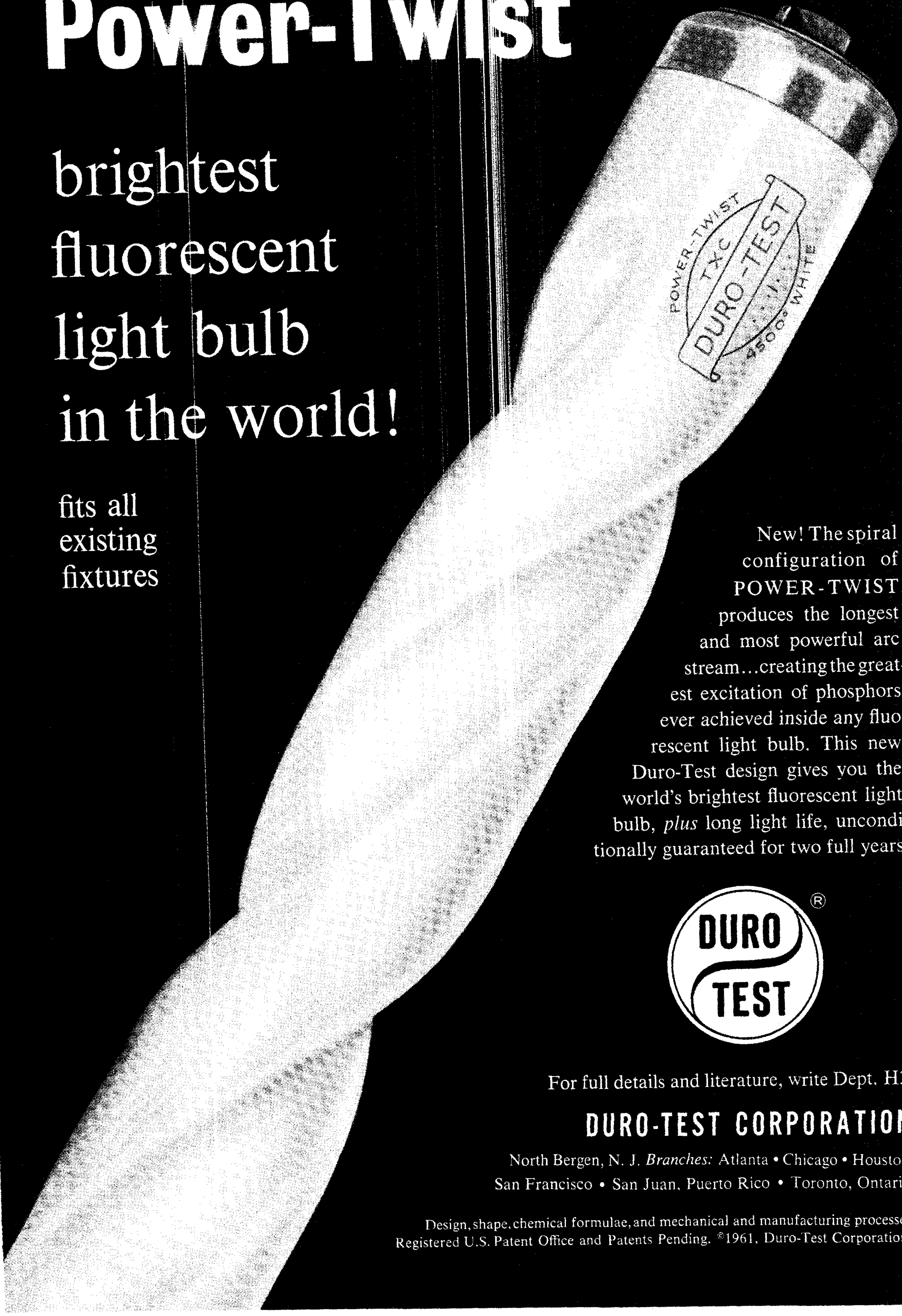

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try moving again" have been unsuccessful, possibly because he has, despite the suggestions of many of his economic advisers, not yet advocated the one big step that might push the economy off dead center: a massive increase in government spending. This would be politically courageous, perhaps even dangerous, because of the superstitious fear of "deficit spending" and an "unbalanced" federal budget. American folklore insists that a government's budget must be arranged like a private family's. Walter Lippmann wrote, after the collapse of the stock market last spring:

> There is mounting evidence that those economists were right who told the Administration last winter that it was making the mistake of trying to balance the budget too soon. It will be said that the budget is not balanced: it shows a deficit in fiscal 1962 of $7 billion. . . . But . . . the budget that matters is the Department of Commerce's income and product accounts budget. Nobody looks at it except the economists [but] while the Administrative budget is necessary for administration and is like a man's checkbook, the income budget tells the real story. . . .
>
> [It] shows that at the end of 1962 the outgo and ingo accounts will be virtually in balance, with a deficit of only about half a billion dollars. Thus, in reality, the Kennedy administration is no longer stimulating the economy, and the economy is stagnating for lack of stimulation. We have one of the lowest rates of growth among the advanced industrial nations of the world.

One shouldn't be hard on the President. Franklin Roosevelt, a more daring and experimental politician, at least in his domestic policy, listened to the American disciples of J. M. Keynes in the early New Deal years and unbalanced his budgets, with splendid results. But by 1936 he had lost his nerve. He cut back government spending and there ensued the 1937 recession, from which the economy recovered only when war orders began to make up for the deficiency in domestic buying power. "Poverty and Deprivation" estimates that between 1953 and 1961 the annual growth rate of our economy was "only 2.5 per cent per annum contrasted with an estimated 4.2 per cent required to maintain utilization of manpower and other productive resources." The poor, who always experience the worst the first, understand quite personally the meaning of that dry statistic, as they understand Kipling's "The toad beneath the harrow knows/Exactly where each tooth-point goes." They are also most intimately acquainted with another set of statistics: the steady postwar rise in the unemployment rate, from 3.1 per cent in 1949 to 4.3 per cent in 1954 to 5.1 per cent in 1958 to over 7 per cent in 1961. (The Tory Gov-

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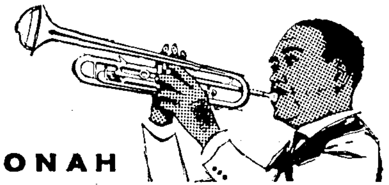

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ernment is worried because British unemployment is now at its highest point for the last three years. This point is 2.1 per cent, which is less than our lowest rate in the last fifteen years.)

Some of the post-1940 gains of the poor have been their own doing. "Moonlighting"—or holding two or more jobs at once—was practiced by about 3 per cent of the employed in 1950; today this percentage has almost doubled. Far more important is what might be called "wife-flitting": Between 1940 and 1957, the percentage of wives with jobs outside the home doubled, from 15 per cent to 30 per cent. The head of the United States Children's Bureau, Mrs. Katherine B. Oettinger, announced last summer, not at all triumphantly, that there are now two-thirds more working mothers than there were ten years ago and that these mothers have about 15,000,000 children under eighteen—of whom 4,000,000 are under six. This kind of economic enterprise ought to impress Senator Goldwater and the ideologues of the *National Review*, whose reaction to the poor, when they think about such an uninspiring subject, is "Why don't they *do* something about it?" The poor have done something about it and the family pay check is bigger and the statistics on poverty look better. But the effects on family life and on those 4,000,000 pre-school children is something else. Mrs. Oettinger quoted a roadside sign, "IRONING, DAY CARE AND WORMS FOR FISHING BAIT," and mentioned a baby-sitter who pacified her charge with sleeping pills and another who met the problem of a cold apartment by putting the baby in the oven. "The situation has become a 'national disgrace,' with many unfortunate conditions that do not come to public attention until a crisis arises," the *Times* summed up her conclusion. This crisis has finally penetrated to public attention. The President recently signed a law that might be called Daycare. It provides $5,000,000 for such facilities this fiscal year, which works out to $1.25 for each of the 4,000,000 under-six children with working mothers. Next year, the program will provide all of $2.50 per child. This is a free, democratic society's notion of an adequate response. Almost a century ago, Bismarck instituted in Germany state-financed social benefits far beyond anything we have yet ventured. Granted that he did it merely to take the play away from the Social Democratic Party founded by Marx and Engels. Still, one imagines that Count Bismarck must be amused—in the circle of Hell re-

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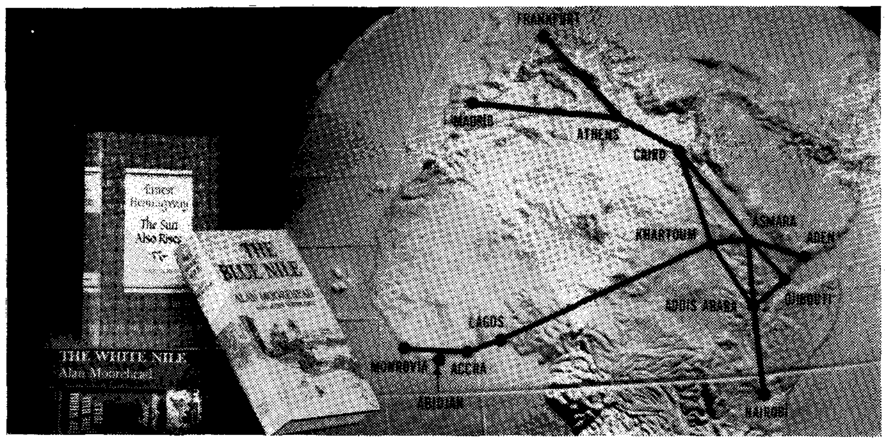
Beginning in January, 1963, new Boeing 720B jets will appear in the skies over Europe and over Africa . . . jets emblazoned with the green, yellow and red of the Empire of Ethiopia and bearing two golden Lions of Judah . . . jets of Ethiopian Airlines.

The new Ethiopian jets will provide you and all other adventure-bound travelers with the first direct link between Spain and Africa's Valleys of the two Niles—the world's most romantic lands celebrated by Ernest Hemingway and by Alan Moorehead.

The new jets will fly over the sun-drenched olive groves of Iberia . . . the famed land of Don Quixote and of Carmen, the home of the dramatic corridas, the Spain which Hemingway found so exciting and portrayed so vividly in his great "The Sun Also Rises" and "For Whom the Bell Tolls."



The Ethiopian 720Bs will also soar over the fabulous Nile, ancient stronghold of countless dynasties with its Pyramids and Sphinx, its prehistoric Empire of Axum ruled by the Queen of Sheba and its legendary Land of Prester John—which have become present-day Ethiopia—the mysterious area whose history is so brilliantly revealed by Moorehead in "The Blue Nile" and "The White Nile."

The date, January, 1963, is significant because it will mark the 17th anniversary of the creation of Ethiopian Airlines by an extraordinary man, His Imperial Majesty Haile Selassie I, Emperor of Ethiopia, and the lifting of the ancient "Land of the Queen of Sheba" from its centuries of isolation.

From Madrid, you'll jet non-stop over the azure blue Mediterranean, over Sardinia, over the "boot" of Italy and on across the Ionian Sea to Athens. As your plane circles for a landing at the Athens airport you'll see the majestic Acropolis with its crown, the Parthenon.

Or, if your travels have brought you to northern Europe, you can also fly by Ethiopian jet from Frankfurt to Athens and continue on your African adventure from there.

By jet to Cairo you'll enter another world, the world of the two Niles, an area filled with unforgettable experiences. Cairo, a city of bazaars, mosques and museums, is the prelude to the mystery and fascination of Africa.

You can fly Ethiopian to Khartoum, capital of the Sudan made famous by "Chinese" Gordon and Lord Kitchener, where the White and Blue Niles merge. Nearby is thousand-year-old Shendy Market, declared by Moorehead to have been the great crossroads of the Nile, where traders sold everything including slaves.

Your Ethiopian jet will fly over Ethiopia's vast Lake Tana, source of the Blue Nile, and over that river's Tisisat Falls which Moorehead calls the grandest spectacle offered by the Blue or the White. In Ethiopia you can visit the prehistoric towns of Axum, Sheba's capital with its mysterious obelisks, and Lalibela with its incredible churches carved completely from solid rock. Addis Ababa, one of Africa's most exotic cities, warrants several days' stay.

Ethiopian then will jet you to Nairobi in Kenya from where you can retrace the steps of Stanley and Livingstone, Burton and Speke in the dramatic explorations which revealed the White Nile's source at Lake Victoria. You can view the unforgettable spectacle of the river roaring through a 19-foot gorge at Murchison Falls. And there's much more to be seen—the romantic Mountains of the Moon, the pygmies of Bundibugyo, the great Rift Valley. In the large game parks nearby, you can photograph lions, rhinos and elephants from safe seats in a car. You can also stop overnight at Treetops, the extraordinary hotel set high in a fig tree. As you enjoy a leisurely dinner, you'll see a procession of African game in its wild state.

Or, after you have viewed the unique attractions of Ethiopia, you can fly, also by Ethiopian jet, to the new nations of West Africa—Nigeria, Ghana and Liberia—nations which are intriguing to visit. Ethiopian was the first airline to span the continent from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic Ocean and thereby help to unify the countries south of the Sahara.

In the air on an Ethiopian jet you'll soar in a truly Imperial manner because the airline's inflight service is superb. It has been described by many veteran travelers as "excellent" and "second to none." You'll find the utmost courtesy and hospitality which makes every flight an outstanding experience. And at meal time, you'll enjoy gourmet food prepared under the supervision of the former chef to the Emperor of Ethiopia.

From the pilot's cockpit, over the plane's loudspeaker, you may well hear frequently during your flight the familiar twang of an American captain who hails from Corpus Christi, Texas, or from Pasco, Washington—veterans who have flown millions of air miles during hundreds of flying hours.

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It's not that Public Opinion doesn't become Aroused every now and then. But the arousement never leads to much. It was aroused twenty-four years ago when John Steinbeck published "The Grapes of Wrath," but Mr. Harrington reports that things in the Imperial Valley are still much the same: low wages, bad housing, no effective union. Public Opinion is too public—that is, too general; of its very nature, it can have no sustained interest in California agriculture. The only groups with such a continuing interest are the workers and the farmers who hire them. Once Public Opinion ceased to be Aroused, the battle was again between the two antagonists with a real, personal stake in the outcome, and there was no question about which was stronger. So with the rural poor in general. In the late fifties, the average annual wage for white male American farm workers was slightly over $1,000; women, children, Negroes, and Mexicans got less. One recalls Edward R. Murrow's celebrated television program about these people, "Harvest of Shame." Once more everybody was shocked, but the harvest is still shameful. One also recalls that Mr. Murrow, after President Kennedy had appointed him head of the United States Information Agency, tried to persuade the B.B.C. not to show "Harvest of Shame." His argument was that it would give an undesirable "image" of America to foreign audiences.

THERE *is a monotony about the injustices suffered by the poor that* perhaps accounts for the lack of interest the rest of society shows in them. Everything seems to go wrong with them. They never win. It's just boring.

Public housing turns out not to be for them. The 1949 Housing Act authorized 810,000 new units of low-cost housing in the following four years. Twelve years later, in 1961, the A.F.L.-C.I.O. proposed 400,000 units to complete the lagging 1949 program. The Kennedy administration ventured to recommend 100,000 to Congress. Thus, instead of 810,000 low-cost units by 1953, the poor will get, if they are lucky, 500,000 by 1963. And they are more likely to be injured than helped by slum clearance, since the new projects usually have higher rents than the displaced slum-dwellers can afford. (There has been no dearth of government-financed *middle*-income housing since 1949.) These refugees from the bulldozers for the most part simply emigrate to other slums. They also become invisi-

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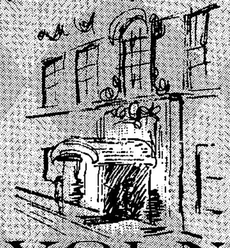

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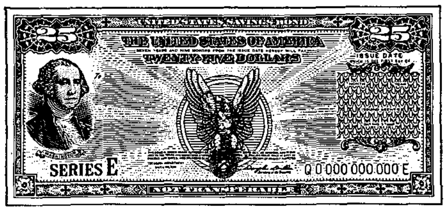

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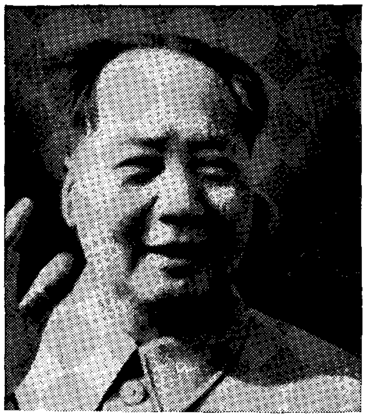

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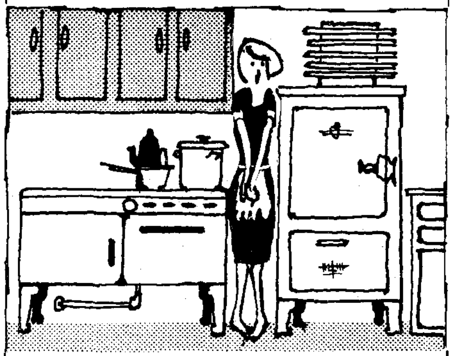

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ble; Mr. Harrington notes that half of them are recorded as "address unknown." Several years ago, Charles Abrams, who was New York State Rent Administrator under Harriman and who is now president of the National Committee Against Discrimination in Housing, summed up what he had learned in two decades in public housing: "Once social reforms have won tonal appeal in the public mind, their slogans and goal-symbols may degenerate into tools of the dominant class for beleaguering the minority and often for defeating the very aims which the original sponsors had intended for their reforms." Mr. Abrams was probably thinking, in part, of the Title I adventures of Robert Moses in dealing with New York housing. There is a Moses or two in every American city, determined to lead us away from the promised land.

And this is not the end of tribulation. The poor, who can least afford to lose pay because of ill health, lose the most. A National Health Survey, made a few years ago, found that workers earning under $2,000 a year had twice as many "restricted-activity days" as those earning over $4,000.

The poor are even fatter than the rich. (The cartoonists will have to revise their clichés.) "Obesity is seven times more frequent among women of the lowest socio-economic level than it is among those of the highest level," state Drs. Moore, Stunkard, and Srole in a recent issue of the *Journal of the American Medical Association.* (The proportion is almost the same for men.) They also found that overweight associated with poverty is related to mental disease. Fatness used to be a sign of wealth, as it still is in some parts of Africa, but in more advanced societies it is now a stigma of poverty, since it means too many cheap carbohydrates and too little exercise—which has changed from a necessity for the poor into a luxury for the rich, as may be confirmed by a glance at the models in any fashion magazine.

Although they are the most in need of hospital insurance, the poor have the least, since they can't afford the premiums; only 40 per cent of poor families have it, as against 63 per cent of all families. (It should be noted, however, that the poor who are war veterans can get free treatment, at government expense, in Veterans Administration Hospitals.)

The poor actually pay more taxes, in proportion to their income, than the rich. A recent study by the Tax Foundation estimates that 28 per cent of incomes

(MOVING)

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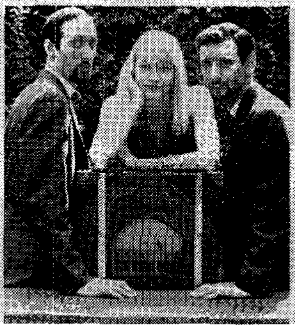
(MOVING)



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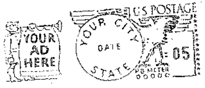

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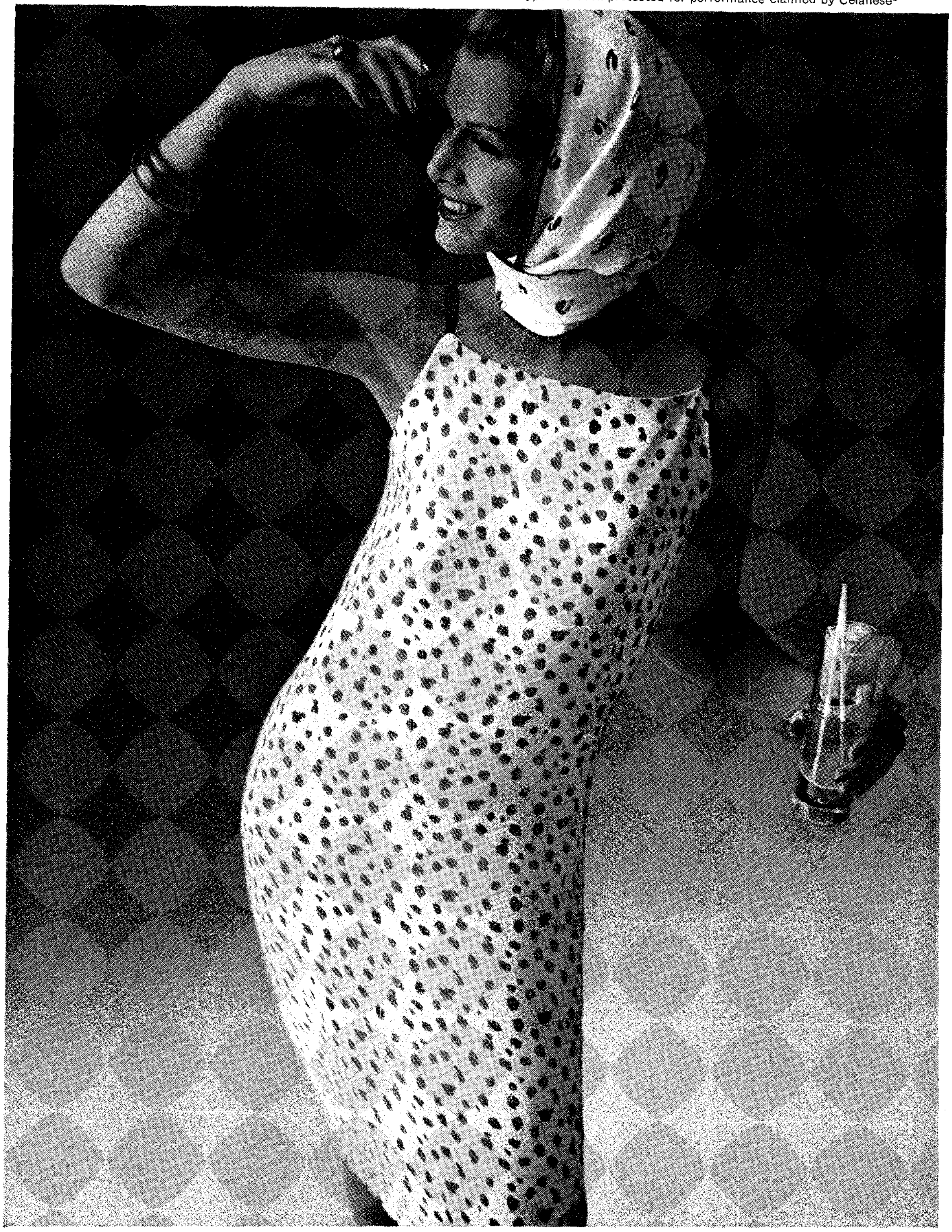

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under $2,000 goes for taxes, as against 24 per cent of the incomes of families earning five to seven times as much. Sales and other excise taxes are largely responsible for this curious statistic. It is true that such taxes fall impartially on all, like the blessed rain from heaven, but it is a form of egalitarianism that perhaps only Senator Goldwater can fully appreciate.

The final irony is that the Welfare State, which Roosevelt erected and which Eisenhower, no matter how strongly he felt about it, didn't attempt to pull down, is not for the poor, either. Agricultural workers are not covered by Social Security, nor are many of the desperately poor among the aged, such as "unrelated individuals" with incomes of less than $1,000, of whom only 37 per cent are covered, which is just half the percentage of coverage among the aged in general. Of the Welfare State, Mr. Harrington says, "Its creation had been stimulated by mass impoverishment and misery, yet it helped the poor least of all. Laws like unemployment compensation, the Wagner Act, the various farm programs, all these were designed for the middle third in the cities, for the organized workers, and for the . . . big market farmers. . . . [It] benefits those least who need help most." The industrial workers, led by John L. Lewis, mobilized enough political force to put through Section 7(a) of the National Industrial Recovery Act, which, with the Wagner Act, made the C.I.O. possible. The big farmers put enough pressure on Henry Wallace, Roosevelt's first Secretary of Agriculture—who talked a good fight for liberal principles but was a Hamlet when it came to action—to establish the two basic propositions of Welfare State agriculture: subsidies that now cost $3 billion a year and that chiefly benefit the big farmers; and the exclusion of sharecroppers, tenant farmers, and migratory workers from the protection of minimum-wage and Social Security laws.

No doubt the Kennedy administration would like to do more for the poor than it has, but it is hampered by the cabal of Republicans and Southern Democrats in Congress. The 1961 revision of the Fair Labor Standards Act, which raised the national minimum wage to the not exorbitant figure of $1.15 an hour, was a slight improvement over the previous act. For instance, it increased coverage of retail-trade workers from 3 per cent to 33 per cent. (But one-fourth of the retail workers still excluded earn less than $1 an hour.) There was also a considerable amount of shadowboxing involved: Of the

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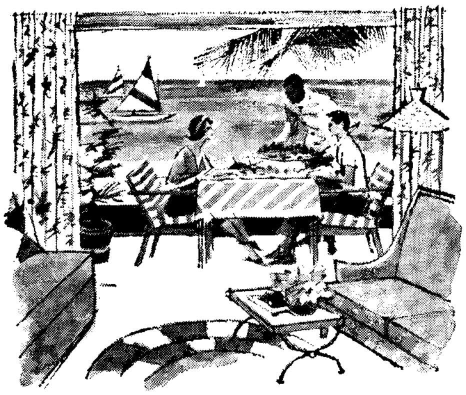

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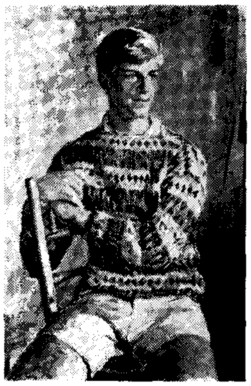

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3,600,000 workers newly covered, only 663,000 were making less than $1 an hour. And there was the exclusion of a particularly ill-paid group of workers. Nobody had anything against the laundry workers *personally*. It was just that they were weak, unorganized, and politically expendable. To appease the conservatives in Congress, whose votes were needed to get the revision through, they were therefore expended. The result is that of the 500,000 workers in the laundry, dry-cleaning, and dyeing industries, just 17,000 are now protected by the Fair Labor Standards Act.

In short, one reaches the unstartling conclusion that rewards in class societies, including Communist ones, are according to power rather than need. A recent illustration is the campaign of an obscure organization called Veterans of World War I of the U.S.A. to get a bill through Congress for pensions of about $25 a week. It was formed by older men who think other veterans' organizations (such as the American Legion, which claims 2,500,000 members to their 200,000) are dominated by the relatively young. It asks for pensions for veterans of the First World War with incomes of under $2,400 (if single) or $3,600 (if married)—that is, only for *poor* veterans. The editorials have been violent: "STOP THIS VETERANS' GRAB," implored the *Herald Tribune;* "WORLD WAR I PENSION GRAB," echoed the *Saturday Evening Post.* Their objection was, in part, that many of the beneficiaries would not be bona-fide poor, since pensions, annuities, and Social Security benefits were excluded from the maximum income needed to qualify. Considering that the average Social Security payment is about $1,000 a year, this would not put any potential beneficiary into the rich or even the comfortably-off class, even if one assumes another $1,000, which is surely too high, from annuities and pensions. It's all very confusing. The one clear aspect is that the minuscule Veterans of World War I of the U.S.A. came very near to bringing it off. Although their bill was opposed by both the White House and by the chairman of the House Committee on Veterans' Affairs, two hundred and one members of the House signed a petition to bring the measure to a vote, only eighteen less than needed "to accomplish this unusual parliamentary strategy," as the *Times* put it. These congressmen were motivated by politics rather than charity, one may assume. Many were up for reëlection last November, and the two hundred thousand Veterans of World War I had two advantages over the

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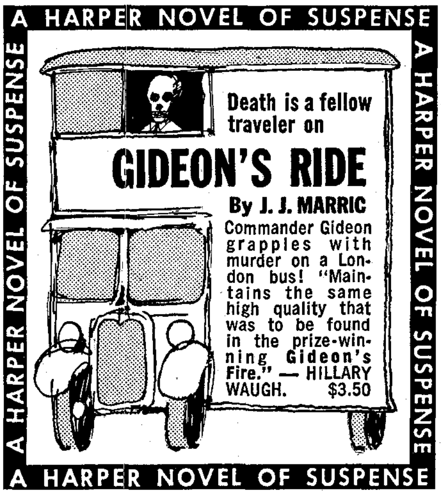

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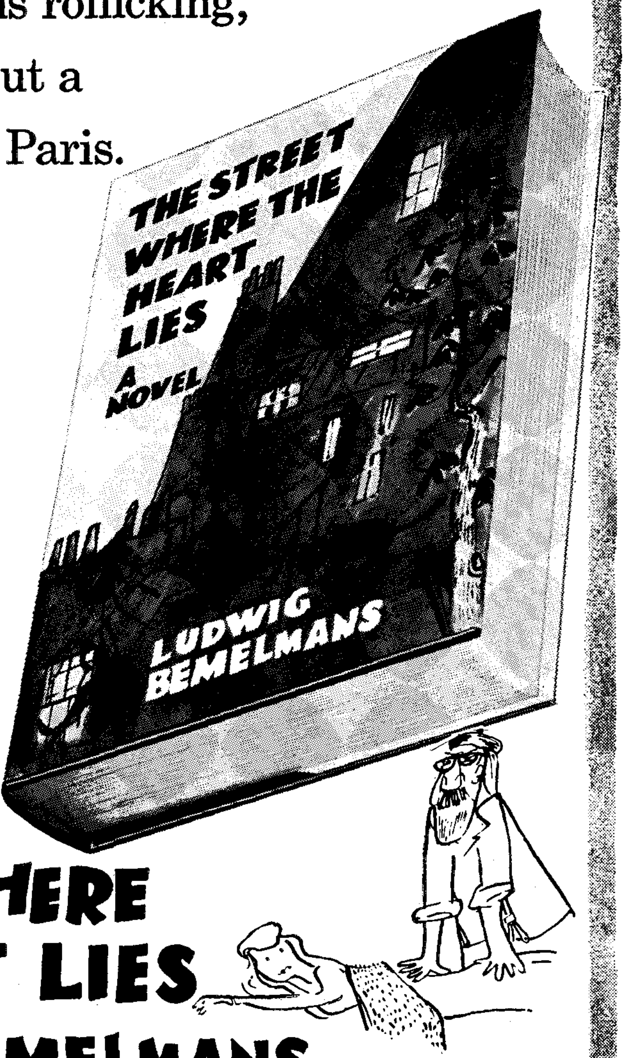

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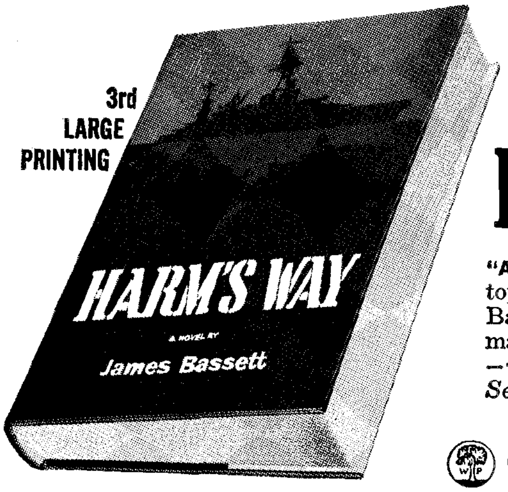

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fifty million poor: They were organized, and they had a patriotic appeal only a wink away from the demagogic. Their "unusual parliamentary strategy" failed by eighteen votes in the Congress. But there will be another Congress.

It seems likely that mass poverty will continue in this country for a long time. The more it is reduced, the harder it is to keep on reducing it. The poor, having dwindled from two-thirds of the population in 1936 to one-quarter today, no longer are a significant political force, as is shown by the Senate's rejection of Medicare and by the Democrats' dropping it as an issue in the elections last year. Also, as poverty decreases, those left behind tend more and more to be the ones who have for so long accepted poverty as their destiny that they need outside help to climb out of it. This new minority mass poverty, so much more isolated and hopeless than the old majority poverty, shows signs of becoming chronic. "The permanence of low incomes is inferred from a variety of findings," write the authors of the Michigan survey. "In many poor families the head has never earned enough to cover the family's present needs." They give a vignette of what the statistics mean in human terms:

> For most families, however, the problem of chronic poverty is serious. One such family is headed by a thirty-two-year-old man who is employed as a dishwasher. Though he works steadily and more than full time, he earned slightly over $2,000 in 1959. His wife earned $300 more, but their combined incomes are not enough to support themselves and their three children. Although the head of the family is only thirty-two, he feels that he has no chance of advancement partly because he finished only seven grades of school.... The possibility of such families leaving the ranks of the poor is not high.

Children born into poor families today have less chance of "improving themselves" than the children of the pre-1940 poor. Rags to riches is now more likely to be rags to rags. "Indeed," the Michigan surveyors conclude, "it appears that a number of the heads of poor families have moved into less skilled jobs than their fathers had." Over a third of the children of the poor, according to the survey, don't go beyond the eighth grade and "will probably perpetuate the poverty of their parents." There are a great many of these children. In an important study of poverty, made for a Congressional committee in 1959, Dr. Robert J. Lampman estimated that eleven million of the poor were under eighteen. "A considerable number of younger persons are starting life in a condition of 'inherited

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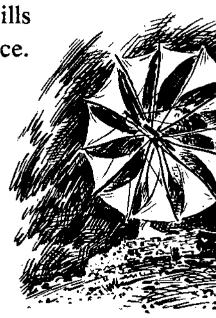

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poverty,' " he observed. To which Mr. Harrington adds, "The character of poverty has changed, and it has become more deadly for the young. It is no longer associated with immigrant groups with high aspirations; it is now identified with those whose social existence makes it more and more difficult to break out into the larger society." Even when children from poor families show intellectual promise, there is nothing in the values of their friends or families to encourage them to make use of it. Dr. Kolko, citing impressive sources, states that of the top 16 per cent of high-school students—those scoring 120 and over in I.Q. tests—only half go on to college. The explanation for this amazing—and alarming—situation is as much cultural as economic. The children of the poor now tend to lack what the sociologists call "motivation." At least one foundation is working on the problem of why so many bright children from poor families don't ever try to go beyond high school.

Mr. Raymond M. Hilliard, at present director of the Cook County (i.e., Chicago) Department of Public Aid and formerly Commissioner of Welfare for New York City, recently directed a "representative-sample" investigation, which showed that more than half of the 225,000 able-bodied Cook County residents who were on relief were "functionally illiterate." One reason Cook County has to spend $16,500,000 a month on relief is "the lack of basic educational skills of relief recipients which are essential to compete in our modern society." An interesting footnote, apropos of recent happenings at "Ole Miss," is that the illiteracy rate of the relief recipients who were educated in Chicago is 33 per cent, while among those who were educated in Mississippi and later moved to Chicago it is 77 per cent.

The problem of educating the poor has changed since 1900. Then it was the language and cultural difficulties of immigrants from foreign countries; now it is the subtler but more intractable problems of internal migration from backward regions, mostly in the South. The old immigrants wanted to Better Themselves and to Get Ahead. The new migrants are less ambitious, and they come into a less ambitious atmosphere. "When they arrive in the city," wrote Christopher Jencks in an excellent two-part survey, "Slums and Schools," in the *New Republic* last fall, "they join others equally unprepared for urban life in the slums—a milieu which is in many ways utterly dissociated from the rest of America. Often this milieu is self-perpetuating. I have been unable to

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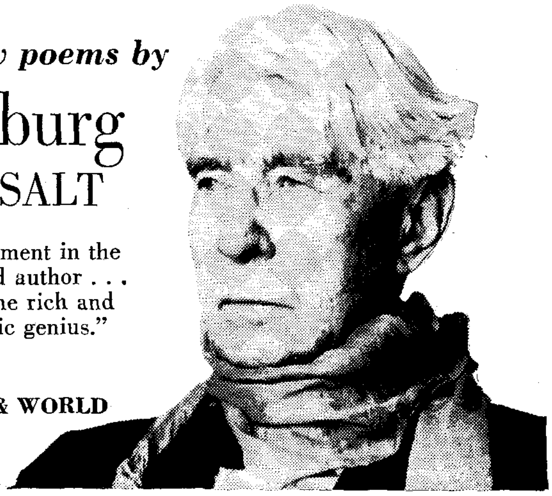

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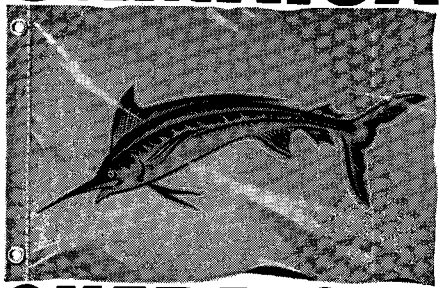
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find any statistics on how many of these migrants' children and grandchildren have become middle-class, but it is probably not too inaccurate to estimate that about 30,000,000 people live in urban slums, and that about half are second-generation residents." The immigrants of 1890-1910 also arrived in a milieu that was "in many ways utterly dissociated from the rest of America," yet they had a vision—a rather materialistic one, but still a vision—of what life in America could be if they worked hard enough; and they did work, and they did aspire to something more than they had; and they did get out of the slums. The disturbing thing about the poor today is that so many of them seem to lack any such vision. Mr. Jencks remarks:

> While the economy is changing in a way which makes the eventual liquidation of the slums at least conceivable, young people are not seizing the opportunities this change presents. Too many are dropping out of school before graduation (more than half in many slums); too few are *going to college. . . . As a result there are* serious shortages of teachers, nurses, doctors, technicians, and scientifically trained executives, but 4,500,000 unemployables.

"POVERTY is the parent of revolution and crime," Aristotle wrote. This is now a half truth—the last half. Our poor are alienated; they don't consider themselves part of society. But precisely because they don't they are not politically dangerous. It is people with "a stake in the country" who make revolutions. The best—though by no means the only—reason for worrying about the Other America is that its existence should make us feel uncomfortable.

The federal government is the only purposeful force—I assume wars are not purposeful—that can reduce the numbers of the poor and make their lives more bearable. The authors of "Poverty and Deprivation" take a dim view of the Kennedy administration's efforts to date:

> The Federal Budget is the most important single instrument available to us as a free people to induce satisfactory economic performance, and to reduce poverty and deprivation. . . .
>
> Projected Federal outlays in the fiscal 1963 Budget are too small. The items in this Budget covering programs directly related to human improvement and the reduction of mass poverty and deprivation allocate far too small a portion of our total national production to these great purposes.

The effect of government policy on poverty has two quite distinct aspects. One is the indirect effect of the stimulation of the economy by federal spending. Such stimulation—though by war-

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time demands rather than government policy—has in the past produced a prosperity that did cut down American poverty by almost two-thirds. But I am inclined to agree with Dr. Galbraith that it would not have a comparable effect on present-day poverty:

> It is assumed that with increasing output poverty must disappear [he writes]. Increased output eliminated the general poverty of all who worked. Accordingly it must, sooner or later, eliminate the special poverty that still remains. . . . Yet just as the arithmetic of modern politics makes it tempting to overlook the very poor, so the supposition that increasing output will remedy their case has made it easy to do so too.

He underestimates the massiveness of American poverty, but he is right when he says there is now a hard core of the specially disadvantaged—because of age, race, environment, physical or mental defects, etc.—that would not be significantly reduced by general prosperity. (Although I think the majority of our present poor *would* benefit, if only by a reduction in the present high rate of unemployment.)

To do something about this hard core, a second line of government policy would be required; namely, direct intervention to help the poor. We have had this since the New Deal, but it has always been grudging and miserly, and we have never accepted the principle that every citizen should be provided, at state expense, with a reasonable minimum standard of living regardless of any other considerations. It should not depend on earnings, as does Social Security, which continues the inequalities and inequities and so tends to keep the poor forever poor. Nor should it exclude millions of our poorest citizens because they lack the political pressure to force their way into the Welfare State. The governmental obligation to provide, out of taxes, such a minimum living standard for all who need it should be taken as much for granted as free public schools have always been in our history.

It may be objected that the economy cannot bear the cost, and certainly costs must be calculated. But the point is not the calculation but the principle. Statistics—and especially statistical forecasts—can be pushed one way or the other. Who can determine in advance to what extent the extra expense of giving our 40,000,000 poor enough income to rise above the poverty line would be offset by the lift to the economy from their increased purchasing power? We really don't know. Nor did we know what the budgetary effects would be when we established the prin-

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Henry James once said, "America is too large for any human convenience." Of course, that was before jet planes carried passengers from coast to coast in five hours, before one could sit in Boston and dial a friend in Los Angeles for a long-distance telephone chat, and before radio and television sped information and entertainment across the country and even around the world.

Not that James would have cared for such things. He preferred the more stately pace of life in Europe. But if he had been an investor, he might have appreciated the scientific marvels that make possible the handling of orders to buy and sell most stocks —from the placing of the order to the reporting of the execution —in a matter of minutes, regardless of where the buyer and seller are. Perhaps even James would have wondered at the electric and electronic miracles that are worked every day in the brokerage business as a matter of routine.

The financial community today is, in fact, a combination of the traditional and the modern, of long-established custom and newly developed facilities, and of contrasting points of view that James would have found fascinating if he had subjected it to his scrutiny.

And as for the inconvenient largeness of America, *nous avons changé tout cela.*

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ciple of free public education. The rationale then was that all citizens should have an equal chance of competing for a better status. The rationale now is different: that every citizen has a right to become or remain part of our society because if this right is denied, as it is in the case of at least one-fourth of our citizens, it impoverishes us all. Since 1932, "the government"—local, state, and federal—has recognized a responsibility to provide its citizens with a subsistence living. Apples will never again be sold on the street by jobless accountants, it seems safe to predict, nor will any serious political leader ever again suggest that share-the-work and local charity can solve the problem of unemployment. "Nobody starves" in this country any more, but, like every social statistic, this is a tricky business. Nobody starves, but who can measure the starvation, not to be calculated by daily intake of proteins and calories, that reduces life for many of our poor to a long vestibule to death? Nobody starves, but every fourth citizen rubs along on a standard of living that is below what Mr. Harrington defines as "the minimal levels of health, housing, food, and education that our present stage of scientific knowledge specifies as necessary for life as it is now lived in the United States." Nobody starves, but a fourth of us are excluded from the common social existence. Not to be able to afford a movie or a glass of beer is a kind of starvation—if everybody else can.

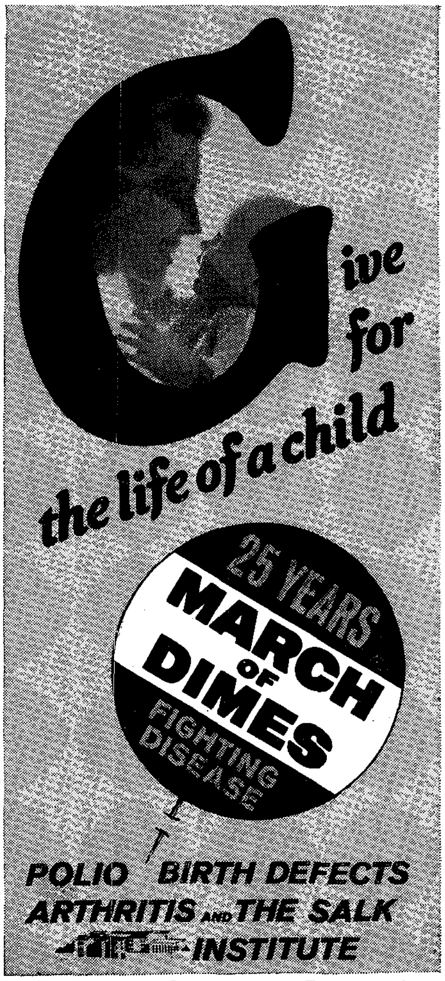
The problem is obvious: the persistence of mass poverty in a prosperous country. The solution is also obvious: to provide, out of taxes, the kind of subsidies that have always been given to the public schools (not to mention the police and fire departments and the post office)—subsidies that would raise incomes above the poverty level, so that every citizen could feel he is indeed such. "*Civis Romanus sum!*" cried St. Paul when he was threatened with flogging—and he was not flogged. Until our poor can be proud to say "*Civis Americanus sum!*," until the act of justice that would make this possible has been performed by the three-quarters of Americans who are not poor—until then the shame of the Other America will continue.

—DWIGHT MACDONALD

•

JAKARTA—(AP)—Indonesia's growing air force has been found near a Judean hill from close to Jerusalem.—*Houston Post.*

And finders is keepers!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